THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

Second Volume

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

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THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

THE MARVELS OF NATURE AND THE CREATIONS OF MAN

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138
J6
1924
V.2

EDITED BY

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

AND

DR. HADEN GUEST

WITH 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS
INCLUDING 50 FULL PAGE PLATES IN COLOUR

IN FOUR VOLUMES

★ ★

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SPAIN (Concluded)

SPAIN (Concluded)

The Story of Poblet

THE great excursion from Tarragona, indeed one of the most thrilling sights of Spain, is afforded by Poblet, the most modern and at the same time the most melancholy ruin in the world, perhaps the most terrible scene of desolation imaginable. Vengeance and violence remains inscribed on every stone. If a tornado had swept over the immense walls, the beauteous courts, the peaceful cloisters, the devastation could not have been more complete.

This is the story of Poblet. In the year 1149, a King of Aragon built a monastery on the spot where a hermit named Poblet had fled from the Moors. It soon became the Westminster Abbey of Aragon, the burial place of kings and queens and all the great personages in the land. Dukes and grandees were buried in the principal cloister, while marquesses and counts had to be content with a strip of ground about the apse. Every monarch lavished vast wealth until the domains of the five hundred monks covered a province, their jewelled chalices and gorgeous vestments were worth a royal ransom, and it was said of the priceless library that, if a whole set of waggons were employed for a whole year, it would not suffice to bring away the books. In process of time, the monks became more exclusive, their number was reduced to sixty-six, and none were admitted unless they could satisfy the Chapter of the purity of their pedigree. Each had two servants and rode upon a milk-white mule, whose pedigree was as strictly investigated as that of his master.

It was a period of amazing fame and riches, but gradually strange rumours began to be heard about peasants who had entered the gates never to return. Children came to regard the monks as bugbears and there were whispers of torture in secret

dungeons. There must be people still alive who remember the day in the nineteenth century when the excited people of the neighbourhood broke in and, streaming through court and cloister, reached a room where a rack was found against the wall and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones.

§ 8

"The Brightest Pearl" of Valencia

The Kingdom of Valencia, the land known as " the brightest pearl in the diadem of the Kings of Spain," was conquered in turn by Carthaginians, Romans, Goths and Moors, but it was the Moors who loved it best and made of it the Garden of Spain.

It is to the Moors that the incredible fertility of the soil is due, the luxuriant tropical vegetation and the fruits of a promised land. The whole plain is covered with a network of canals, ditches, aqueducts, water wheels, all the abundance of many waters, distributed through a thousand rills and pipes, which, after eight centuries, remain the same as when the Moors first created them. And yet the waters have still to be watched with ceaseless vigilance; they are still described as liquid gold.

The Tribunal of the Waters

And there remains, bequeathed also directly by the Moors, a strange and very ancient institution known as the Tribunal of the Waters, independent of all law, defiant of all governments, so old-fashioned that it does not even possess written records. The Court meets every Thursday morning at the Apostles' Gate of the Cathedral to try all disputes over the precious water which is the life-blood of the province. There are seven syndics or judges, one for each of the chief canals, elected by the peasantry, grave and burly men with tanned faces and close-cropped hair. They are dressed in black, and the only note of colour about them is the bright kerchiefs like turbans on their heads. The proceedings are conducted with great dignity and everybody who speaks out of his turn must pay a fine; each must await the tapping of the President's foot before entering, and then, if he does not immediately remove his kerchief, it will be torn off by the *alguazil,* or old-world constable, and a fine will be imposed.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

CAVE DWELLINGS.

Murcia is the most primitive part of Spain, and villages are to be found there on absolutely prehistoric lines, like hives of wild bees, scooped out of the soft rock. Sometimes a door is framed in plaster, but more often the only apertures are mere holes, and Nature provides porticoes of graceful stalactites.

Photo: E. N. A.

HOLY WEEK IN OLD WORLD MURCIA.

Murcia is the most mediæval province of Spain, and her religious ceremonies have remained unchanged for centuries. During Holy Week the various confraternities carry through the streets huge groups of figures representing the scenes of the Passion, beautiful coloured carvings by the famous artist Salzillo. The front car is that of the Kiss of Judas, which is represented on the other side. The scene in front shows St. Peter striking off the ear of the High Priest's servant.

Photo: E. N. A.

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

One of the richest and largest Gothic churches in Christendom, a museum of art and a treasury of historical associations. Here, three times a year, the choir boys dance a mystic minuet in front of the high altar, as described in the text.

With all the irrigation, with all the blessings of an everlasting summer, fertilised every year with thousands of tons of the richest manure, the soil yields as many as six crops in succession. Lucerne is mowed as many as seventeen times; corn and maize are incredibly luxuriant; oranges grow to an enormous size and produce remarkable riches; there are countless mulberries for a prosperous silk trade; and the cochineal insects are successfully reared for their precious dye. Melons are everywhere, and a Valencian finds three uses for them—eating, drinking, and washing his face. For a towel he uses his mantle, which serves also as cloak, bag, horsecloth, almost as tent when he wanders in the wilds.

The Valencians

If the dress of the Catalans still recalls far-off Carthaginian days, that of the Valencians remains but slightly changed since Moors and Beduins occupied the land. The men wear richly embroidered velvet waistcoats with short sleeves and filigree buttons, loose white linen kilts, stockings without feet and hemp sandals, purple sashes, gaudy cloaks, and coloured kerchiefs. The women wear short bodices, velvet jackets, silk kerchiefs, silver-gilt pins with knobs through coils of hair, and very high silver combs; also many large uncut jewels, heirlooms from the time of Columbus, and numerous charms, crosses and holy images. In appearance the men are tall and wiry, with fiery black eyes and very white teeth, they have mobile features and a nervous temperament. They are at the same time poetical, imaginative, lively, enterprising, hospitable, predatory and revengeful. "Neither forgive nor forget" is their constant motto. They love the colours and joy of life, dancing and love-making; they indulge in fierce tavern brawls and draw their long knives at the slightest provocation. But they are a laborious race and devout in a superstitious way. The women are fair and buxom, like Venetians, with soft, rather cow-like smiles inclined to melancholy; they go out little, retaining traditions of harem days and respecting a local proverb—"Each one at home and God in every home." The comment of a French writer was, "These black devils of Valencia have white angels for their wives."

The Oasis of Europe

Elche is but a few minutes' rail from the bustling seaport town of Alicante, yet in appearance and manners it might be thousands of miles away in the interior of Africa, or hundreds of years back in the Middle Ages. Of course, there are plenty of palm groves in various parts of Southern Europe, but they are mere shrubberies when compared with the date forests of Elche, which could replenish them all without suffering appreciably.

It is a real oasis, great clusters of palm groves forming an island, not indeed surrounded by a sea of sand, but amid the ordinary vegetation of Eastern Spain. Close down to the edge of the railways are dense groves of feathery palms. The houses, like the costumes and the scenery, are in every detail Oriental, and the sight of the flat roofs against the background of palms carries us far away, as if by magic, into the heart of the land of the Moors.

It will be observed that certain trees are carefully tied up so that they look like gigantic fingers. These are the male palms, the ladies of whose harem are, by a strange reversal of human habits, allowed full liberty. The only contribution of the males to the production of dates is the pollen, which is gathered in spring-time to fertilise the other trees. As the male is of no other use, his branches are mewed in this way in order to bleach them; then as Palm Sunday approaches they are cut off and twisted into fantastic shapes for use in the elaborate church ceremonials.

Climbing Date Palms

Strolling through the forests we see a man engaged in the amazing occupation of walking, or rather running, up the side of a perpendicular palm, like some gigantic insect. And he does it with the same simple unconcern with which a fly might stroll over a ceiling. Starting with bare feet, he swings a loose coil of rope round the trunk and ties the ends tightly round his waist. Bending towards the trunk, he jerks the coil upwards some thirty inches running up at the same moment, and then leans back so as to afford himself ample support. The operation is repeated a number of times in rapid succession and the picker finds himself in no time at the cluster of dates where the branches begin. For bringing the dates down to the ground he uses a basket on a pul-

Underwood.

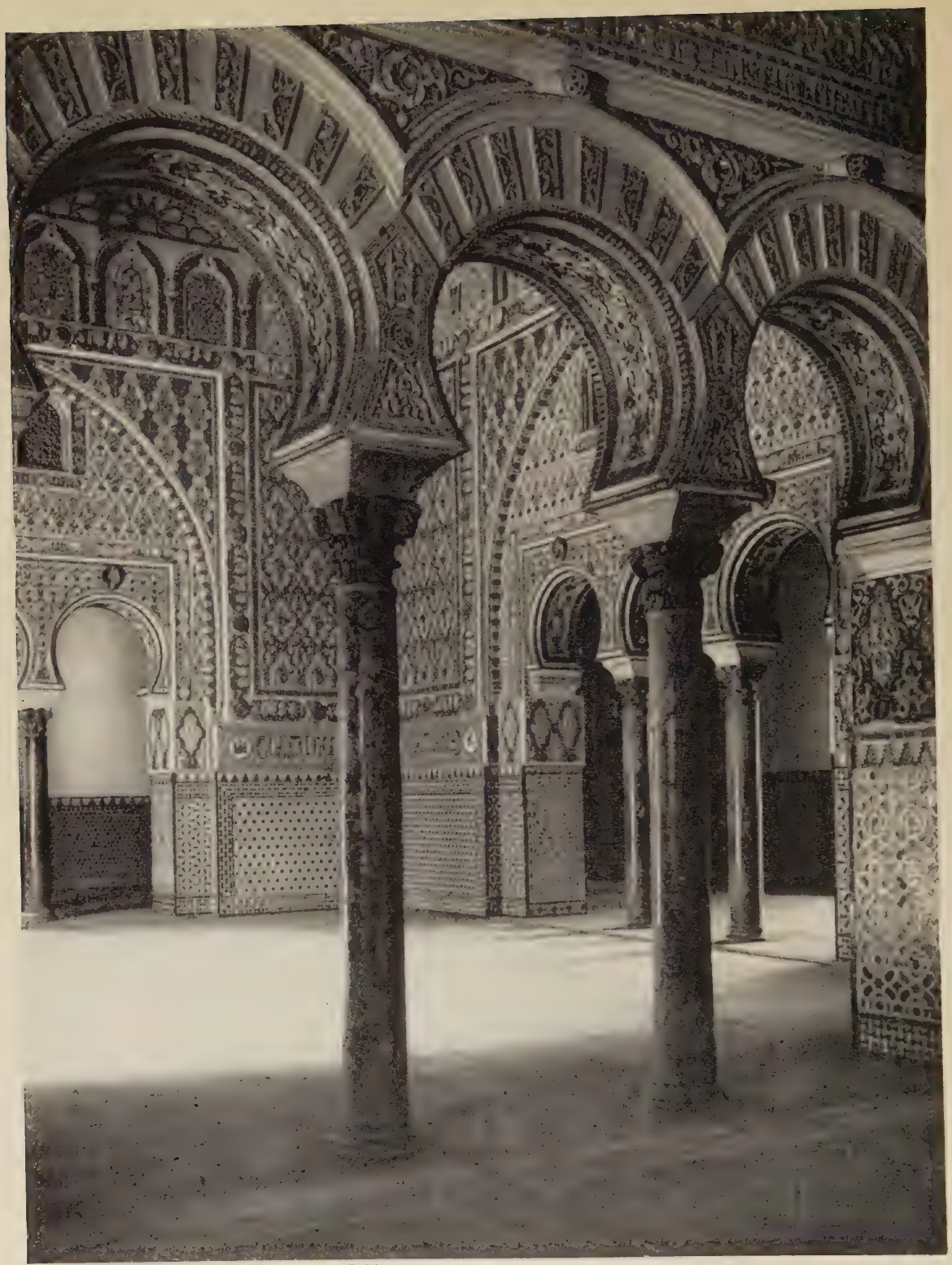
BARCELONA: COLUMBUS COLUMN.

The great feature of Barcelona is flanked by a broad boulevard named after Columbus, and here a column was raised in his honour in 1888. It is two hundred feet high, and adorned with eight bronze lions and reliefs of scenes in his life.

Photo: E. N. A.

PALM GROVES AT ELCHE.

Elche is an European oasis, and might be in the wilds of the Sahara. The natives walk up the palm trees, swinging themselves by rope to gather the dates, which yield a valuable revenue. Note the strange spiral shape of the central tree.



From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

SEVILLE: THE ALCÁZAR.

The Alcázar is a portion of a Moorish palace built when Seville became an independent kingdom, and the Hall of the Ambassadors, shown above, is an almost perfect specimen of Moorish architecture

ley. Such is the profusion of dates at Elche, that big baskets of them are left outside the cottage, so that wayfarers may eat their fill and load their pockets, leaving a small coin in payment on the doorstep.

Elche is not only an oasis of fertility but also an oasis of ancient religious fervour in a desert of modern free-thought. This fervour is attributed to the special favour bestowed upon Elche by Our Lady of the Assumption, who sent her miraculous image once upon a time across the seas in a magnificent chest with a cover inscribed *"Soy para Elche"* (I am for Elche).

An Opera in a Cathedral

How Elche came to organise an opera in her Cathedral in honour of this image has been forgotten in the lapse of centuries, but there is a legend that the libretto was found in the chest which brought the image over the seas. The opera is performed every year on August 14th and 15th (the Eve and Feast of the Assumption), and strangely enough there is nothing irreverent about it. The Cathedral is given over to carpenters who rapidly change it into an opera house. The scenery is of the simplest, and, as was the case in most mediæval play-acting, requires a good stretch of imagination to eke it out. There is a little tumble-down cave to depict the Garden of Gethsemane; a plain coffin represents the Holy Sepulchre, and, upon the roof, a blue cloth with rough designs of clouds and angels bearing harps gives us a glimpse of the heavens into which the Virgin will presently ascend in all her glory. The Virgin herself is a pretty boy of eleven or twelve, dressed in blue silk with a white cambric napkin folded over her head. She recites a long mediæval poem, kneels down upon a bed covered with silver brocade and proceeds to invoke death. Thereupon the heaven (that is to say, the blue cloth in the roof) opens, and amid a great peal of bells and a rain of golf-leaf, a large blue globe, known as the "ecclesiastical grenade," is let down very gently.

Next day the Virgin's body is brought back for the second act of the drama. The scenery is the same, except that there is now a hole to represent the Virgin's tomb. Just as the body is being let down into the tomb, St. Thomas appears and explains: " Oh! how great a misadventure! I am inconsolably sad not to

have been present at this holy funeral. I pray you, most excellent Virgin, hold me excused. I was detained by the Indians."

§ 9

Wonderful Murcia

Murcia is the most Moorish part of Spain, indeed the name is said to be the same as Al Misr, the Arabic name of Egypt. Travellers have smiled over " this marmot, vegetable people," " this petrified nation," and urged that it should be walled in as a European curiosity, with admittance only by ticket on rare occasions. But those of us who care to see precisely how the world wagged a thousand years ago cannot fail to be entranced by the surprises of this extraordinary survival.

Murcia would certainly be an Eden where all the fruits of the earth might be had for the plucking were it not for the great drought, which often lasts for two and three successive years. There is a wonderful system of irrigation, but even so, water remains even more precious here than in the parched regions of Valencia.

A Water Auction

Indeed, it is by no means uncommon for water to be sold at auction to the highest bidder. At Lorca the sale takes place in a dark hall with bare walls and a door opening on to the street. At eight in the morning the town crier pronounces these words in a singing, monotonous voice without a pause: "In honour of the holy sacrament of the altar who buys the first lot of *Sotellana* water?"

Immediately the bids are shouted, one voice overpowers the others, wide mouths vociferate loudly, necks are strained, muscles bulge. The bidders press and crush each other against the iron railings, for the one nearest has the best chance of being heard. The auctioneer listens and follows the frantic shouting with majestic calm. Suddenly with a quick gesture, he points to the highest bidder, and at once the clamour ceases.

All Murcia is by no means Eden, and there is a wild, fierce region where the sun scorches all vegetation on the hills. Deep and terrible chasms yawn between the rugged mountains; there

Photo: E. N. A.

PALM GROVES OF ELCHE.

This boy is swinging himself up the trunk of a palm tree to gather dates, and he is evidently a novice, for his mother is watching him as anxiously as a hen with ducklings.

are sharp and rocky peaks that seem to have been thrown up by sudden upheavals of the earth, and at their feet lie great stretches of tawny desert recalling the burning sands of the Sahara.

An Extraordinary Procession

Murcia has not many monuments, but is very strong in the matter of religious zeal, which finds remarkable expression in the outdoor ceremonies of Holy Week. Chief among these, less hackneyed than the pageants of Seville, is the ancient Good Friday procession with its wonderful sculptured groups, masterpieces of the unique Spanish art of coloured wood-carving, comprising the works of Salzillo, the most famous master of that art. No fewer than 1,792 wooden sculptures, known as *pasos*, are ascribed to him, though it is said that, proud as he was of his work, he was prouder still of his official position as one of the familiars of the Holy Inquisition.

§ 10

Joyous Andalucia

Andalucia is a land enriched by many fertile rivers and great mountains full of precious ores. It was the Tarshish of the Bible, whither King Solomon sent ships for gold and silver. Devastating Vandals named it Vandalucia, then the Moors came and made of it an empire known as the Khalifate of Cordova, which broke up into the kingdoms of Granada, Seville, Cordova and Jaen. And Andalucians remain almost as Moorish as the Murcians, with the same love of flowers and fountains and white houses, with an added sense of the joyousness of life.

Seville the Unique

Seville is set in a great grey plain, where the yellow Guadalquivir makes its lazy way from dim and distant mountains beneath a scorching sky. Seville was the home of luxury and refinement under the Moors, who lavished their treasure to adorn, and their blood to defend. Its schools were a beacon of learning to the world, its marts were filled with silks that gave employment to hundreds of thousands. To-day the wondrous monuments of Moorish architecture remain with glory unimpaired

amid an atmosphere of tumultuous joy and serene repose. Life seems one perpetual holiday, the sweetness of doing nothing has been raised to a fine art. Here is a garden city of myrtles and palms. Bowers dip their leaves into plashing fountains; marble basins and groaning orange trees fill every square, overflow into the cool courtyards inside the flat-roofed houses. Awnings are used to protect each courtyard from summer suns, and there are few more pleasing sensations than to stand in a blinding white street and peer beneath a sculptured arch through the exquisite ironwork of an ancestral gate into the soft greenery of one of these pleasaunces of the Arabian nights.

Seville is one of the half dozen cities which stamp themselves indelibly on the traveller's mind; but she must be approached with reverence and sympathy in an old-world mood, with the prejudices of modern progress left far behind at home. Seville is a shrine for artistic pilgrimage. The pilgrim gazes breathless as he catches his first glimpse of her, soaring like some fairy palace above the thirsty plains, a cluster of pink pinnacles and domes and spires with the majestic Giralda towering above them all. Seville needs years to study and volumes to describe. Hurry is an outrage on her atmosphere.

But more than passing homage must be paid to the Giralda, the venerable minaret, where through four centuries was heard the Moslem call to prayer. It is flushed with pale pink and very beautiful with its delicate arabesques and arched windows of the style known as *ajimez* with slender columns and ornate capitals. The foundations are very deep, the walls at the base are very thick, and there is an inclined plane within wide enough for a man to ride up on horseback. Originally 150 feet high, it was raised to more than 300 when the Christians turned it into a belfry. It used to have a spire with four enormous gilt balls which were visible twenty-five miles away, but these were thrown down by an earthquake in 1395, and now it is crowned by a bronze figure of Faith, inappropriately used as a weather cock, and turning easily, though it weighs 2,800 pounds.

The Alcazar

The Alcázar is another world-famous edifice, which, like the Alhambra, Tivoli, etc., has given its name to music halls. Origi-

Photo. "Le Tour du Monde."

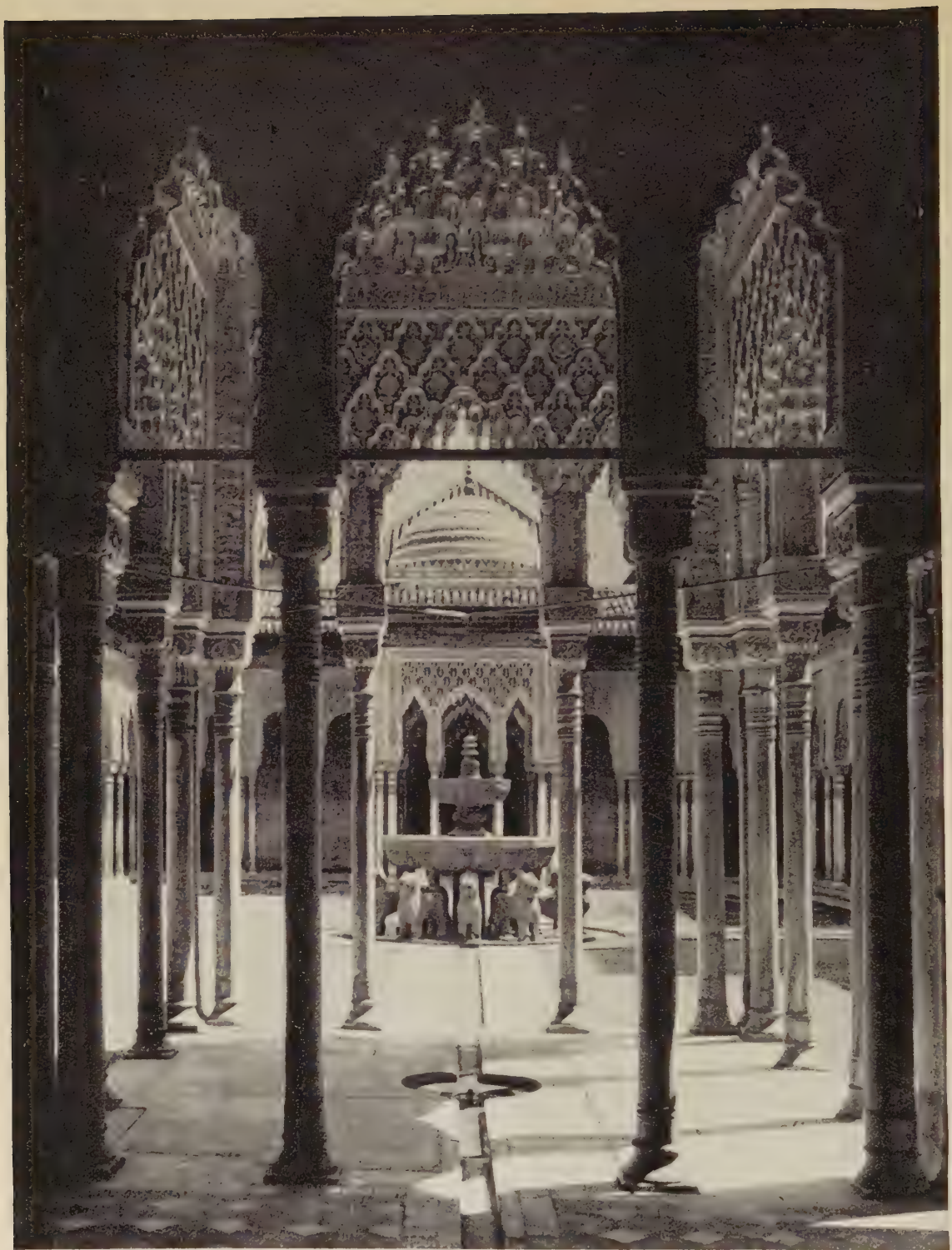
A GIPSY DANCE.

The Spanish gipsies are a strange turbulent people and surpass the fiercest Andalucians in the wildness of their dances. But they also display stately movements as graceful as the minuet. The women in the background are clasping castanets, whose whimsical clatter is an essential part of the accompaniment. It takes a lifetime to learn to play them properly.

Photo: E. N. A.

HOLY WEEK AT SEVILLE.

People come to Seville from all parts of the world to witness the famous procession at Holy Week, when huge cars are carried through the streets. This group represents Christ before Pilate, who is in the act of washing his hands, while the Jews are accepting that His blood shall be upon them and their children.



From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

THE ALHAMBRA.

The wonderful Alhambra is described in the text. The Court of the Lions is the most celebrated portion of the Alhambra and has been beautifully restored. The coloured tiles and slightly pointed arches are reckoned among the most perfect Moorish work. The fountain is of alabaster, supported by white marble lions, the Eastern symbol of power. According to historians, all the children of Abu Hasen by Ayesha, except Boabdil, were beheaded over this fountain by order of their father.

nally a Moorish palace and citadel, surrounded by thick walls and towers, it was rebuilt by Pedro the Cruel and wonderfully decorated within on Moorish lines. The Courtyard of the Maidens is a cloister with many columns and a wealth of coloured tiles; a legend attributes the name to the tribute of a hundred maidens annually paid to the Khalif of Cordova.

Behind the Alcázar are gardens which count amongst the most beautiful in the world. They are full of terraces and myrtle hedges and brightest flowers; fountains spring up suddenly from the edges of the paths, dancing in the sunlight and leaping in the air or playing practical jokes to drench unwary visitors. Lately they have been somewhat spoiled by adaptation to modern taste.

A Dance in a Cathedral

Perhaps the most strange and remarkable sight in Seville is the religious dance which still takes place three times every year in front of the high altar of the Cathedral. The choir-boys wear blue or red silk coats with wide stripes of gold galoon and puffed sleeves of Philip and Mary period, short little capes which twirl about vigorously in the movements of the dance, lace collars, streamers at the back of the arms, scarves across the breast, white silk shoes and stockings. Under their arms they carry blue hats with white feathers. It might be a ballet of young cavaliers in an opera. The organ strikes up the overture of sweet, simple *seis* music, and almost before the last sound has died away, the orchestra of stringed instruments takes up the tune and the congregation joins in the strange old-world songs. After the singing has proceeded for some little while, the boys all make a little bow to the altar and, turning round to face each other, proceed to put on their hats and begin to sway to and fro very gently. Their dance may best be described as a sort of *pavane* with a vague suggestion of the minuet. Presently they begin to use their castanets, not with the professional rat-tat-tat of the Seville gipsy, but with a rippling sound appropriate to the rhythm. The dance grows faster and more varied; there is a circular figure in which the dancers chase each other round and round, swaying their bodies as they rattle their castanets, and sing rhymed couplets to "The glory of Mary and her conception, her con-, her con-, her conception," in the soft slovenly accent of Andalucia.

Holy Week at Seville

Seville is the home of dramatic religion on a scale no less striking and elaborate than the worship of the old classical deities, which depended above all on amusing and interesting the masses. The piety and fervour of Seville are altogether amazing to the Protestant mind. Religion is not a mere outward form, but a vital part of the daily life of the people.

All the innumerable feasts of the Church are zealously observed in Spain, but the Holy Week processions at Seville are certainly the most elaborate expression of Christian ritual to be found anywhere in the world. Therefore it is easy to understand why they attract countless visitors from every part of the world year after year, why prices are doubled and trebled, and why the whole population abandons itself to a perfect carnival of religious enthusiasm.

Cock-Fighting

One of the favourite sports of the people at Seville, indeed to a certain extent throughout Spain, is cock-fighting, that delight of the British of an earlier day which has succumbed to humanitarian prejudices. Perhaps there was cruelty about the practice of attaching long steel spurs to the birds' legs, just as there is cruelty in providing soldiers with swords and rifles instead of letting them fight with teeth and feet and fists. But in Spain the natural spurs are used, though they are often filed until they are as sharp as nails. With steel spurs a cock-fight is all over in a minute or two, but in Spain with the natural spur it often lasts three-quarters of an hour. And the spectators do not engage in their sport with constant fear of interruption by the police as they would do in England or Guernsey, the last stronghold of cock-fighting in the British Isles.

Cock-fighting is a recognised institution in Spain. There are regular clubs in most of the chief towns and the police attend only to maintain order as at bull-fights and race-courses. The cockpit consists of a circular table surrounded by wires and stands some three feet from the ground; there are scales to weigh the birds, lemons to clean their spurs, hour-glasses to time the equivalent of a knock-out, elaborate printed rules on the walls, and a staff of time-keepers, judges and various attendants. Nu-

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

GRANADA: THE ALBAICIN.

This quarter, formerly known as Falconers' Hill, was once occupied by Moorish aristocracy, but is now mainly peopled by rather savage gipsies.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

DURANGO: THE STONE CRUCIFIX.

Erected in the fourteenth century, this strange old crucifix contains representations from both the Old and the New Testaments. At the top we see Christ on the Cross, with the mediæval conception of guardian angels above and the twelve apostles below. On the sides of the pedestal are the heads of Adam and Eve, while the serpent is coiled round the stem below.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.)

THE FAMOUS SPANISH MANTON.

This beauty has donned her ceremonial mantilla and spread out her *manton de Mantilla* on the wall as a background. It is an immense shawl of China silk, heavily fringed and richly embroidered, often used by Spanish dancers to add grace to their performance.

merous and very noisy bookmakers add to the excitement, and large sums are won or lost in the course of a Sunday afternoon. The best birds come from the Canary Islands.

§ 11

The Alhambra. The Marvel of the World

Granada is the chief magnet of all visitors to Spain, but solely on account of the Alhambra. The town itself seems to have forgotten its ancient glories and accepted the full somnolence of decay. The Cathedral is one of the finest examples of Renascence architecture in Europe, and there are churches built on the foundations of mosques with minarets turned into Christian belfries. The Alhambra, however, is the glory of Spain, the outstanding inheritance of the civilisation of the mysterious Moors. For more than a century, down to the year 1828, it was utterly neglected, and the mouldering atmosphere may disappoint at first, but sufficient wonders remain to entrance every lover of the beauties of the past. The Alhambra still remains impressive, with tremendous walls of exceeding strength and many towers; impressive too for its exceeding size—3,000 feet in length and 700 feet at the greatest width, a blood-red landmark for miles around.

Passing through a lofty gateway, surmounted by an open hand to protect the buildings from the evil eye, we enter the Square of the Water Carriers, where the people of Granada still gather with quaint old-fashioned vessels to fetch water from the arched cisterns of the Moors. On one side of this square are the remains of an unfinished palace of Charles V, beautiful in itself, but out of keeping here. Now an insignificant door leads into the Arab palace itself, most of it constructed in the fourteenth century. First comes the Court of Myrtles, containing a large pond bordered by myrtles and orange trees; at each end are arcades with slender Moorish columns and wide arches and alcoves and lattice windows, and above one arcade is the square tower of Comares, which is filled by the great Hall of the Ambassadors, the gem of the palace, alive with all the brightest memories of Moorish sovereignty. A perfect square with subdued light streaming through eight great windows and twenty smaller ones above, it presents a scene of the Arabian Nights. The wooden

dome is adorned with painted stars, the walls and arches are splashed with faded tints of once brilliant reds and blues and golds; there are rich tiles, the carvings might be of needlework, especially the inscriptions in those graceful Arabic characters which are artistic decorations in themselves. Texts from the Koran or praises of the builders and decorators chiselled in this twisting, mysterious script, travel like endless snakes along the friezes, over the lintels of the doors, round the arches of the windows, with carved flowers and fruits in their folds.

Returning to the Court of Myrtles we pass through a narrow corridor and enter the famous Court of the Lions, which has a low gallery lined by 124 white marble columns, pavilions with "half-orange" domes, and walls of filigree. In the centre are twelve peculiar lions of white marble supporting the alabaster basin of a fountain. Everywhere throughout this fairy palace, the courts, columns, arches, carvings, alcoves, offer fresh joys and fresh surprises, but a volume would be needed to describe them all in detail, and after all they are but different symphonies in stone, each contributing to the chorus of the same entrancing theme.

A Strange Town

Ronda, which could be within easy reach of Gibraltar if Spanish railways were more accommodating, is certainly the strangest town in Spain by reason of its astounding situation. In the centre of a vast circle of mountains, five-and-twenty miles in diameter, above sheer, natural walls 200 yards high, Ronda stands on rocky ledges facing each other across a chasm 300 feet wide, at the foot of which the waters of an angry river fleck the shadows with white foam. Three bridges span the gorge and an underground staircase goes down to the river with 365 steps hewn out of the rock by the Moors to guard against a water famine in case of siege.

§ 12

Cordova

Cordova, the ancient and glorious capital of the Moorish empire in Spain, is now shocking in her somnolence and decay. Christianity and civilisation seem to have combined to batter and

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

CORDOVA: THE MOSQUE.

Begun in 786, this Mosque is considered the most perfect specimen of Moorish religious architecture in Spain. Originally the roof was higher and glistened with gilding and vivid colours and thousands of gold and silver lamps; the walls were worked like lace, and the arches, studded with rubies and emeralds, rested on mosaic columns of porphyry and jasper. But now whitewash and neglect have impaired some of the past magnificence.

Photo: Underwood.

WALLS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

The old red fortress of the Moors, the chief architectural glory of Spain, one of the marvels of the world. The gentleman in the centre is the so-called "King of the Gipsies," who dwell in rock-caves opposite.

Photochrom.

TOLEDO: BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA.

Built in the thirteenth century to replace one built by the Moors on the site of one even older. The Hospital of Santa Cruz in the background, now an Infantry College, was built in 1494 in the shape of a Maltese Cross, and is considered one of the gems of the world.

destroy every wonder of the past, stone by stone, pinnacle by pinnacle, until only a few ruins and the grand old mosque remain. This mosque, a cathedral since 1238, was the largest Arab temple in Spain, surpassed only by the tremendous Kaaba of Mecca, the holy city of the Muhammadans. The first impression is of a labyrinth of nearly a thousand stunted pillars of precious stones —jasper, porphyry and marble—forming a score of aisles adorned with mosaics and traceries of great beauty in an atmosphere of gloom.

Castile

The Castiles, so called from the countless castles on their frontiers, were the first Christian kingdoms to resist the Moors. Save for some picturesque mountain districts and the rivers Ebro, Duero and Tagus, these provinces are composed of trackless, lonely, wind-blown plains of great fertility but much exposed to drought and thinly peopled. The Castilians are stern, silent, trusty, manly, poor, and proud. They wear curious caps and long, brigand-like cloaks. In Spain it is not customary to talk of speaking Spanish—the thing to say is, "Do you speak Castilian?", for that is the purest form of the language; indeed, the Emperor Charles V said Castilian was the only tongue in which man could presume to address his God. Of other tongues it was said in the eighteenth century that French was for birds; Italian for love; English for horses, and German for pigs.

§ 13

Madrid

Madrid is magnificent, but she is not Spain. She is no more characteristic of Spain than Turin is of Italy, for both are Frenchified. She is the centre of a web of railways; her streets are wide, well paved, illuminated, full of bustling trams; there are parks with cedars, lawns, and statues; smart shops, restaurants, hotels and blocks of flats. But for romance we search in vain. There is not even any shade. The climate is a proverbial terror—"nine months of *invierno* (winter)," is the Spanish verdict, "and three of *infierno*" (hell). Icy winds come from the snowy Guadarrama hills, and cut throats like knives; the sun scorches and blisters cruelly. The people are friendly and well behaved.

No hooligans exist, scarcely a factory or working class. Late to bed and late to rise are the order of the day. Nearly every blind is drawn till noon, the dinner-hour is nine, the nights are devoted to pleasure of every kind, to dances, theatres, music halls, crowded coffee-houses and so-called clubs, where gambling is suppressed from time to time.

The sights are few. We may visit the magnificent Throne Room and stables of the Royal Palace, and see in its chapel some relics of the Crown of Thorns and a nail from Christ's Cross. There are an unfinished Cathedral, begun in 1895, and a superb collection of old armour. Otherwise there is little except the Prado Museum, which attracts lovers of art from all the world. The picture gallery there is considered the most important in Europe, chiefly for the masterpieces of Velasquez (1599-1660).

Velasquez

Half his works are scattered in foreign lands, but nearly all his most remarkable creations are gathered at the Prado in one saloon, some sixty of them, in all his phases. To know and appreciate Velasquez, a pilgrimage to the Prado is indispensable. Here we behold that noteworthy example of historical painting, "The Surrender of Breda," better known as "The Lances," which shows the sympathetic charm of the Spanish conqueror receiving the submission of Justin of Nassau. "It is perhaps the finest picture of Velasquez," says Ford; "never were knights, soldiers or national character better painted, or the heavy Fleming, the intellectual Italian and the proud Spaniard more nicely marked, even to their boots and breeches; the lances of the guards actually vibrate." "The Drunkards," a group of peasants engaged in Bacchic rites is full of humour and feeling, and such details as the bowl of wine are marvellously real. Everything is perfect in this mock coronation of a drinker by his sodden friends. The British artist Wilkie, an ardent lover of Velasquez, used to sit for hours in silence before this work with admiration growing every day.

Among the mountains some thirty miles away from Madrid is the famous monastery of the Escorial, a huge, gloomy building overlooking a wilderness of rocks. Indeed, this leviathan of architecture has been described as a mountain of granite shaped

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd).

"YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH!"

The Aragonese drink straight from their wine-skins, which give a peculiar animal flavour to the wine. Some skill is needed to squirt the liquid down their throats.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

GRANADA: A STREET ON THE DARRO.

This river is said to contain particles of gold, and poor people earn small sums every day by sifting the soil. Note the quaint old bridges leading direct to the backyards of the houses.

into a palace, a church, and a monastery. The Spaniards reckon it as the eighth wonder of the world, but its very size and grandeur are oppressive, almost wearisome.

Toledo

Toledo, the city of swords, the provider of all the best blades of chivalry, the Court of Charles V when he was master of the world, has now fallen low among provincial towns but still wears an air of proud reserve. The high rock on which she stands is almost perpendicular on all sides, save where it slopes towards the Tagus. Her sombre houses spread like terraces on tiers and the river winds like a horseshoe round the walls. Toledo is a buried city that seems to have been slumbering for centuries. Her churches without steeples, her crumbling palaces and dilapidated walls are full of individuality and colour, especially when twilight shadows cover up the scars of time and produce a solemn and mysterious vision of the past. The streets are steep, narrow and winding labyrinths, the houses and courts have all the retiring glamour of the Moors. A Spanish poet says: "Toledo surpasses in beauty the most extravagant descriptions; she is, indeed, the city of treasures and delights."

Burgos

Burgos must not be missed before leaving Spain: a backward city, where traditional types still strut like Roman senators in tattered cloaks. Its Cathedral is one of the most perfect specimens of thirteenth century Gothic. In one of the chapels is the figure of Christ, possibly carved by Nicodemus after he helped to bury the Redeemer. It was found inside a box floating at sea and is admirably modelled with perfect anatomy, and a haunting expression of pain. The hair, beard, eyelashes and thorns are all real. It is believed to sweat on Fridays and bleed from time to time; often through the dim light it seems to devout worshippers to be terribly alive.

POPULATION AND OTHER PARTICULARS

The seven Canary Islands (area, 2,807 square miles), are reckoned an integral part of Spain. The remnant of the vast Spanish Empire,

(entirely African) consists only of the North Morocco sphere of influence, Ifni, Rio de Oro Protectorate, the islands of Fernando Póo and Annobon, and the Muni River Territory; altogether about 129,000 square miles, with a population of about 786,500.

The area of Spain is 190,050 square miles (with the Balearic Islands), and the population 21,347,335. Chief towns:—Madrid, 751,352; Barcelona, 710,335; Valencia, 243,783; Seville, 205,527. Agriculture, viticulture, fruitgrowing, and mining are the chief industries. The cod, tunny and sardine fisheries are considerable.

VIII
PORTUGAL

PORTUGAL

PORTUGAL is even less familiar to us than Spain. Apart from commercial Oporto—the metropolis of port wine—and Lisbon, with her neighbouring beauty spots; apart from memories of the Peninsular War and of Portuguese legions in Flanders, the land of England's ancient ally might be over the edge of the world. It may possess few attractions in the way of art and architecture, but for natural charm it is unsurpassed. It may be sunk in seeming indolence and offer little temptation to traders, but it possesses the richest soil in the world. Though vast tracts lie fallow, it has been well described as "a land abounding in meat and drink." Nature persists in lavishing her boundless treasures.

There is an abundance of many waters, and for miles and miles every hill and plain and dale lies smothered in agaves of Mexico, eucalyptuses of Australia, stately pines and cypresses, maples, cork trees, poplars, limes, monkey-puzzles, magnolias, junipers and every fragrant shrub.

The wealth of flowers suggests a fairyland. In spring, the railway embankments are smothered in honeysuckle and wild roses; azaleas, camellias and rhododendrons are everywhere; huge moors are covered with bright yellow cistus like seas of molten gold; whole provinces are vast orchards of luscious fruit. There are immense pastures for sheep and pigs, and Portuguese honey has been famed since classic times.

The sea is as fruitful as the land, and in April we may behold miraculous draughts of the best sardines in the world being drawn ashore in nets with the whole population of a coast village at the ropes, sometimes even cows and oxen pressed into the service.

Scenery

The variety of scenery is infinite. There are highlands in the north full of springs and trickling streams and terraces of vines and tiny meadows whose winter grass and clover yield to waving crops of maize in summer-time. Some of the mountains are almost Alpine, and there are rugged coasts and bold headlands of bare rock and huge sand-dunes and marshes and lagoons.

There is none of the sublime grandeur of Spain. Sometimes we seem to be in Holland; then the valley of the Tagus is like the Elbe at Dresden; the wine district of the Douro recalls the vineyards of the Rhine. The chief buildings are small farm-houses of grey granite standing amid cattle-yards and sheds and orange and lemon trees and patches of garden and many vines. Vines are trailed over arbours, where the ground is trodden flat by the naked feet of men and women at vintage-time or when in summer they dance their rustic rounds to the chanting of their strange old-world songs.

The People

The Portuguese are a brunet people, with perhaps a black strain in their blood round Lisbon, though in the northern highlands their appearance suggests a Germanic origin. In the south, the African type recurs, especially at Lisbon, which contains a great number of negroes and half-castes, a relic of the extensive colonies of olden times. Reclus, the French geographical authority, says the people of Lisbon are " strongly crossed with negro," and though that may be an exaggeration the native character is certainly tinged with much of the clamorous vanity of the dark races. There is also a touch of the Celtiberian about them, revealing itself in a vagueness of character, lack of precision, superficial good-nature, a belief in rhetoric, a tendency to exaggerate and wait for something to turn up. Though seventy-five per cent. of the population is illiterate, nearly everybody is a minor poet. There is a strain of melancholy equal to any we find in Ireland. As the Portuguese tell us in one of their countless songs, they have "on their lips a smile," but they are "sad at heart the while." On the whole, the Portuguese to-day seem rather a drifting people and their simplicity is a constant theme of Spanish stories, but at the same time they are sly. They are

Photo: E. N. A.

LISBON: TOWER OF BELEM.

Built on a rocky islet of the Tagus in 1520 to protect Lisbon. The turrets are imitations of Indian architecture. The dungeons in the basement were used for political prisoners, and receive light and air only through a grating in the floor of the casemates.

Photo: A. W. Cutler.

PORTUGUESE PEASANTS.

Costumes are dying out in Portugal as elsewhere, but the dress of the women still retains quaint characteristics. Colour is considered more important than gracefulness, and the donkey in the picture may lay claim to the prize of beauty. The lady on the right has put her work-bag on her head while posing to the camera.

Photo: A. W. Cutler.

A LISBON FISHWIFE.

Portugal is very rich in fish, and the greater part of the population spends most of its time in their sale and capture.

Photo: A. W. Cutler.

LISBON: GARDENS OF SAÕ PEDRO DE ALCANTARA.

Gardens are a great feature of Lisbon, where the vegetation is almost tropical. One specially attractive feature is the trailing of creepers to hang from the walls. These gardens contain many busts of famous men.

at once indolent and adventurous, they rise to heights of rapture and sink to depths of despair. They cover themselves with cheap trinkets and immediately imagine themselves to be very rich. They talk much of liberty and it goes to their heads like wine. They are casual at business, but cheat themselves as often as they do their customers. They think of the future more than of the present, they leave pennies to take care of themselves, they are always hunting the bird in the bush, they fritter away their energies, toiling away over futile details.

Women

The women are less good-looking than the men and are treated practically as slaves, though they are placed on a poetic pedestal all the time. Among the peasants they do twice the work and receive half the wages.

Poetical Peasants

The peasants are the cream of the people, imaginative, witty, sober, patient, kindly and sensitive. Though scarcely any of them can read, they always express themselves clearly, and some of their unwritten poetry is full of pretty fancies. They have all sorts of charming names for flowers. Thus fuchsias are "tears," anemones are "little kisses," while down-hanging creepers are called "weepers." Their story about these "weepers" is that one of them grew so fast that God thought it wanted to reach heaven, so it was sentenced to progress downwards. Then again, there is a great rock near Cintra covered with yellow moss. How to account for that? The Portuguese story is that an old woman thought it contained hidden treasure, so she pelted it with eggs in order to break it open, and though she did not succeed, the yolks left a golden imprint.

The Portuguese peasants are not artistic, as we may tell by the colours of their clothes and houses, the shape of their tables and chairs and the fact that their water-jars, like our domestic jugs, have only one handle. They love tinsel of every kind, and at their funerals we may see pink coffins covered with silver scales. But they display a keen sense of enjoyment at sheep-shearing, at the *esfolhada,* when they separate the maize pods from its husk, and all their village fêtes, known as *romarias.*

Superstitions

All sorts of legends have been handed down from the Moors, though twenty generations have passed since they departed. Portugal, like Spain, owes her water supplies to the Moors, and many Moorish words still remain in this connection—*chafariz* (a fountain), and *nora* (a water wheel, with an endless chain of buckets). From the Moors comes the belief in enchanted wells, and as many votive offerings are made to wells and trees in Portugal as to saints in Spain. On May Day in North Portugal the stable doors, sheepfolds, and ploughs are decked out with brooms to propitiate witches and spirits of the air.

The Portuguese were great pioneers, and it is difficult to account for the completeness of their decay. Their discovery of the Indies seems to have stopped their development early in the sixteenth century. The peasantry still possess a national sentiment of their own, but the masses of the people who go to town and put on black coats and become lawyers and statesmen make it their one ambition to imitate the French.

Bull-Fighting

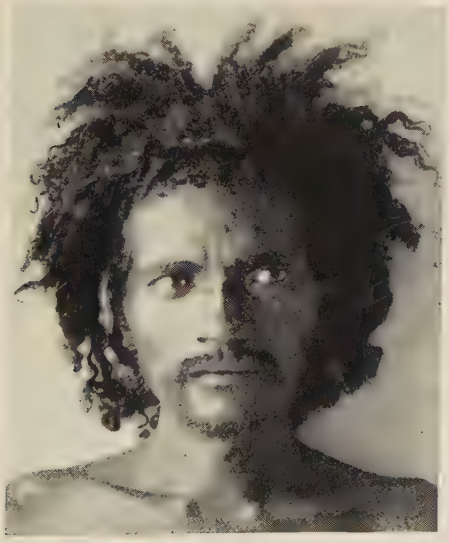
The difference between the Portuguese and Spanish characters is illustrated by their bull-fights. In Portugal the bull wears leathern pads on his horns—not always a successful precaution, for a famous bull-fighter was killed in 1904, causing an immense sensation. The bull is never slain, the man merely pretending to stab him with a foil or wooden sword. Nor are horses brought in to shed their blood as in Spain. Yet a Portuguese bull-fight is a grand spectacular display, especially since 1880, when nocturnal fights were introduced with dramatic effects in the limelight. The performance is opened by a brilliant procession led by a *cavalheiro* (horseman), wearing old Portuguese court dress and a three-cornered hat. He exhibits all the tricks of the Spanish riding-school as he rides up to salute the President of the ring. The procession retires and the horseman returns on an inferior steed. Then a trumpet sounds, a bull enters, and the horsemen defends his mount with a long lance, while others on foot come to his assistance, waving bright cloaks in the bull's face. Then more men with round hats and thickly padded

1.—An Australoid Aborigine.

2.—A Bushman of Cape Colony.

3.—A Tuburi Negro, N. Central Africa.

4.—An Eskimo: Arctic America.



5.—A Negroid Dravidian: South India.

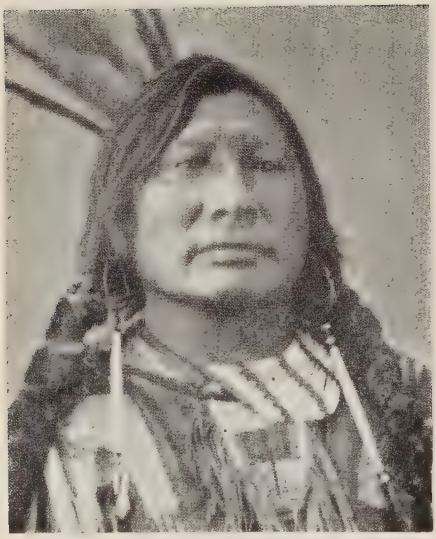
6.—China: A Mandarin.

Photos: Sir Harry Johnston and E. N. A. (Nos. 4 and 6).

7.—A Javanese (Malay).

8.—Oceania: Polynesian.

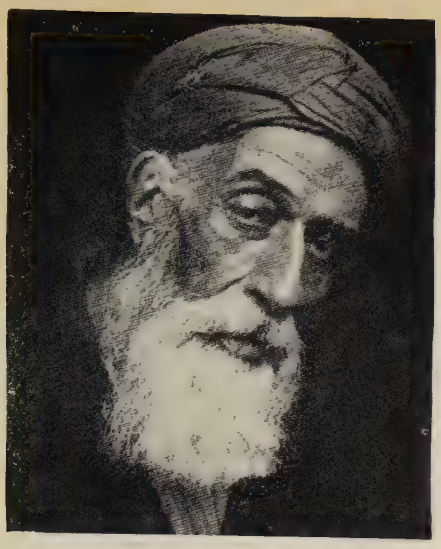
9.—East Africa: Somali.



10.—An Amerindian of North America.

11.—A Sikh Soldier: India.

Photos: Sir Harry Johnston and E. N. A. (No. 7).



12.—Palestine: A Jew.

13.—Egypt: Fellah.

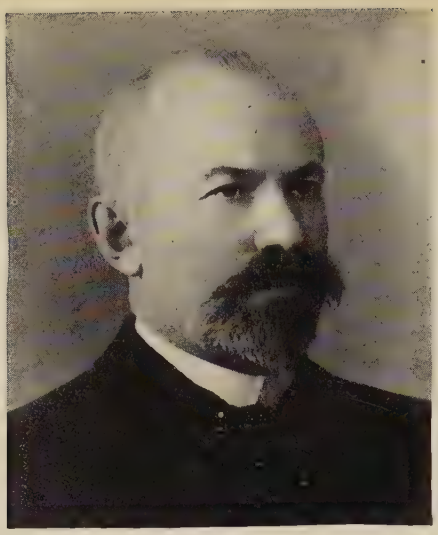
14.—North Africa: Tuareg.

15.—Morocco: Moor.

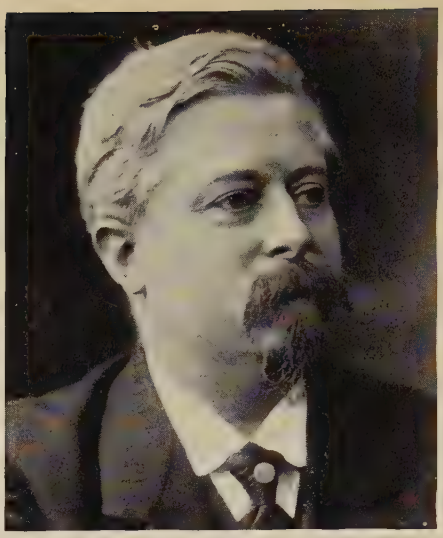
16.—A Romanian Peasant.

17.—Yugoslavia: A Serb Peasant.

Photos: E. N. A. and Harold J. Shepstone (No. 12).

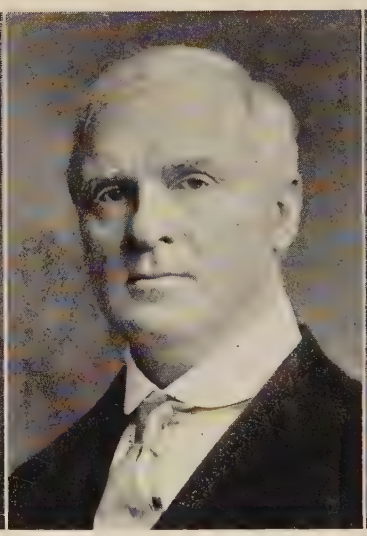


18.—A Russian.



19.—A Frenchman.

20.—A Prussian.



21.—A Norwegian.

22.—A United States Type.

23.—An Englishman.

24.—A Spaniard.

Photos: E. N. A. and Elliott & Fry (No. 23).

breeches face the bull and leap over him as he charges, or swing themselves by his harmless horns.

Lisbon

The approach to Lisbon is one of the scenic wonders of the world, rivalling that to Naples, Constantinople and Stockholm. Like Rome, she is built on seven hills—more imposing ones, that rise majestically from the verdant banks of the glittering Tagus; palaces and former monasteries stand out against the deep blue sky; bright villas nestle in vast orange groves that roll away towards the beautiful range of Cintra; and the great harbour can hold ten thousand ships, the largest of which anchor beside the quays.

But Lisbon herself is disappointing. She has not yet recovered from that dramatic earthquake which interrupted a great bonfire of Jews and heretics in 1775, killed 80,000 persons, destroyed property worth twenty million sterling, and razed all the best buildings to the ground. Nothing old remains save dark and narrow lanes; there are no famous buildings, and the one picture gallery contains a poor collection taken from secularised monasteries.

Noisy cobble pavements minister to the hubbub of hawkers everywhere. We are struck by the many Galician porters, a Spanish colony of black capped athletes who remove wardrobes and mountains of well-filled sacks almost without an effort; also by the many Jews who remain in spite of public burnings and a general expulsion in 1497.

Dom Pedro Square, nicknamed Rocio, is the centre of the city's animation. It has a "rolling pavement" of black and white mosaic with crazy waving lines that give the soberest pedestrians strange qualms of giddiness.

Outside the Town Hall is a famous pillory, where executions used to take place, especially of gentlefolk. Then there is a vast, unfinished church of Saint Engracia, begun in 1650 which originated the phrase "a work of Saint Engracia," meaning something that will never be complete.

The neighbouring shores are studded with lovely watering places, easily reached by tram—Cascaes, Estoril, etc. Indeed, the chief attractions of Lisbon are outside.

Belem

The most famous of them is Belem, or Bethlehem, a monastery erected on the place where Vasco da Gama passed the night before his great voyage of discovery which opened a new trade route to the Indies and founded the Portuguese Empire. It is the most magnificent building in the country, the finest example of that native architecture known as *arte manuelina* or Emmanuel style, which superseded or completed Gothic, introducing fantastic, almost monstrous geometrical designs.

Cintra

Lisbon, though healthy, is very hot in summer, so all who can afford it then retire to Cintra, a little town 600 feet above the mouth of the Tagus, revelling in gorgeous views amid a forest of cork trees, pines, cypresses and eucalyptus all carpeted with astounding flowers. Southey pronounced it "the most blessed spot in the habitable world," and Byron was almost as enthusiastic:

> "Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes,
> In variegated maze of mount and glen,
> Ah, me! What hand can pencil guide, or pen,
> To follow half on which the eye dilates!"

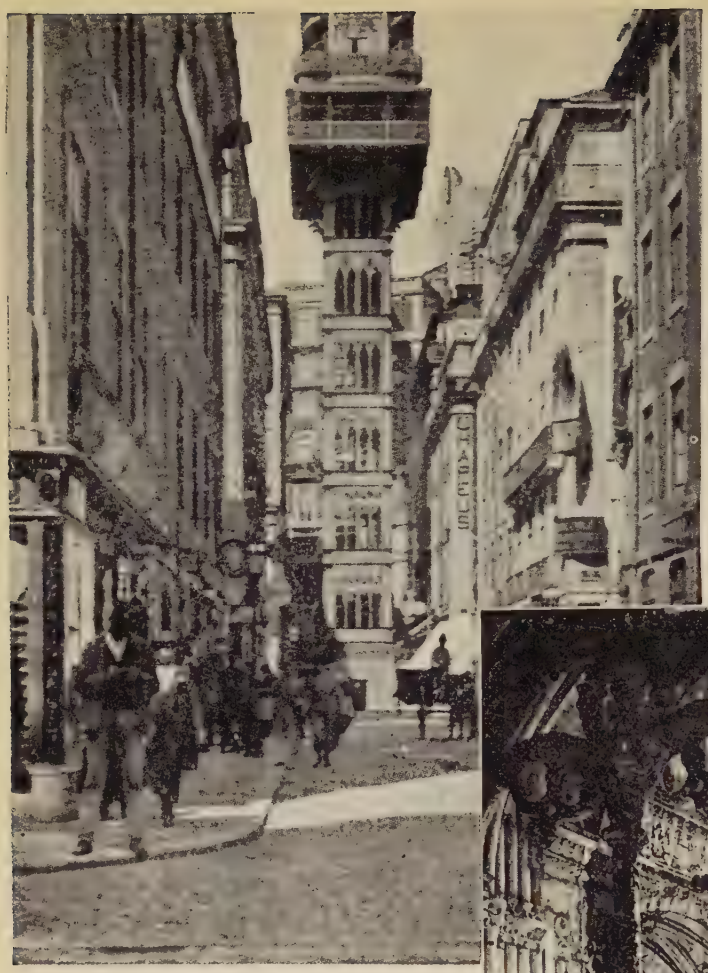
As we approach, the ruins of a Moorish castle stand out with crenellated walls on an abrupt rock of rugged granite, and on the right we see the Royal Palace with two strange chimneys like enormous sugar-loaves. It contains a vaulted bath fifty feet long, and close by is the deserted Cork Monastery, which consists of twenty cells built in the rock and lined with cork to keep out damp.

The Palace presents a strange medley of Moorish and Gothic and Emmanuel architecture with lovely carved windows, rich arabesques, terraces, fountains and gay gardens. It is full of old memories, for here kings received Portuguese navigators on their return from their adventurous voyages, and here a deposed king spent years in prison, leaving traces of his footsteps on the bricks he paced. One of the sights is the Hall of Magpies, painted all over with magpies, each holding a white rose and a leaf inscribed *"Por bem."* King John I was caught here by his English wife kissing a maid of honour and giving her a rose, but he saved the

Photo: E. N. A.

MONASTERY OF BATALHA.

Batalha means Battle and the Monastery is said to have been modelled on Battle Abbey. Earthquakes and French soldiers destroyed much of the old building, but it was skilfully restored in the nineteenth century, and now this monument of Portuguese independence ranks once more among the finest in Christendom.



LISBON: A STREET LIFT.

Being built on seven hills, most of the streets in Lisbon are very steep, and in some cases lifts have to be used for conveying people to the higher levels of the town. This lift leads to an iron bridge eight storeys above the shopping centre. When the lifts and trams are out of order most lazy people stay at home.

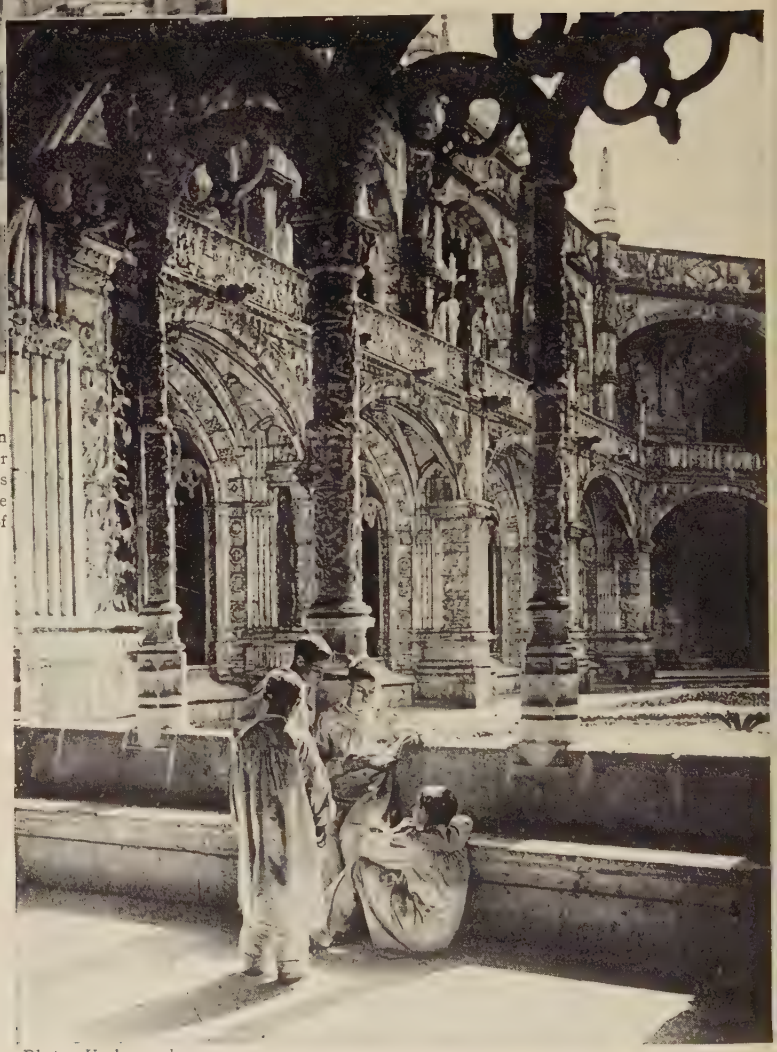


Photo: Underwood.

CLOISTERS OF BELEM (BETHLEHEM) MONASTERY.

They are the chief glory of the wonderful old monastery where Vasco da Gama spent the night before starting on his great voyage of discovery. Since the suppression of religious institutions in 1834 it has been used as an orphanage.

situation by exclaiming *"Por bem"* (all right), and he had the magpies painted as a warning to chattering courtiers.

North of Cintra is the enormous Monastery of Mafra, rivalling the Spanish Escorial. It was founded by King John V in 1517 as a thank-offering for the birth of a son and took thirteen years to build, employing 14,700 workmen every day, sometimes as many as 45,000, and costing over four million sterling, raised by special taxes which were mainly responsible for the financial collapse of the country.

Oporto

From Oporto and Cale (a fort on the opposite bank) comes the name of Portugal, but Oporto is more directly associated in our minds with its port wine, which became the favourite beverage of the British in 1703, when England concluded the Methuen Treaty with the Portuguese. This Treaty was intended to spite the French by excluding their claret and giving a preference to Portuguese wines; incidentally it foisted British woollen goods on the Portuguese and destroyed their industry. Incidentally, too, the British of a later day ascribed their gout to the Methuen Treaty, and the story about Lord Melbourne may be recalled—how his physicians prescribed light French wine instead of port, and how he replied, " I have tasted your light French wine, and of the two I prefer the gout." Apart from port, Portuguese wine is very carelessly prepared.

Even before the Methuen Treaty, British wine merchants were already established at Oporto, which now boasts of a large British colony, and has many British memories. On 11th May, 1809, Wellington's passage of the Douro—one of the most daring feats in the annals of war—was witnessed by delighted crowds of natives. Six weeks earlier the French had taken and sacked Oporto, butchering and drowning over 18,000 men, women and children. Twenty-five British soldiers rowed across in two boats; then three companies of the Buffs were ferried over under cover of artillery fire, climbed up 300 feet of rock and held a desperate position while more troops were brought across. Within two hours the French were in headlong flight, and the success was so sudden that Marshal Soult had to rise hurriedly from a dinner and leave it to be eaten by Wellington and his staff.

Oporto is built picturesquely on two hills above the Douro, some five miles from the sea. The city is full of life and prosperity, and the gilded, painted balconies of the houses are the most pleasing feature. But the streets are mostly steep, dirty, and ill-paved, so that, by a strange Nemesis, it is impossible for gouty people to walk about in the metropolis of port and gout.

Coimbra

The same drawback applies to Coimbra, which is known as "the Portuguese Athens," owing to a University that attracts such natives as have ambitions to become lawyers or Presidents of the Republic. Many of them attend lectures and rarely open a book, preferring to indulge in sport or political discussions or organised riots between "town" and "gown." The gowns are long black cloaks, like those of ancient Romans.

Minho in the north-west is a province of cool maize fields and crystal streams, peopled by dull, dreamy folk, who have been styled the Dutch of Portugal. They wear cloaks of reeds, which keep off water like feathers on a duck's back, and their women gleam with gold ornaments on market days. Their holdings are so tiny that the whole province looks like a patchwork of walls and hedges. In 1908 there were 11½ million holding to 5½ million inhabitants, and some landlords were collecting rents averaging a halfpenny from perhaps a hundred properties. A tree, or even a share in a tree on one man's property may belong to someone else.

The province of Alemtejo is peopled by many stolid shepherds, who dress in brown fleeces and sling big blue umbrellas across their shoulders. They wander about from pasture to pasture, carrying their clothes and food and implements on donkey back.

The lively, chattering Southerners of Algarve form a race apart, the deficiency of railways having cut them off from the world so that it has been said "the Sahara is scarcely more remote."

History

Portugal, the Roman Lusitania, was overrun by Germanic tribes and Moors, conquered by Spain and became an independent kingdom in 1139. With John I (1383) began the heroic

age of Portuguese history. Portuguese navigators occupied Madeira (1420), rounded the Cape of Good Hope (1486) and discovered the sea-route to India (1498). Brazil and parts of India and Indo-China were annexed soon after and Brazil provided great riches of gold and diamonds, but the old glories passed away and the Peninsular War sealed the fate of Portugal. She loyally supported the British in defending the independence of Spain, but suffered severely at the hands of the French. Later on there were dynastic troubles and Dom Miguel, the lawful sovereign, was ousted by his niece Maria, who was succeeded by Princes of the House of Saxe-Coburg. Carlos I and his eldest son were murdered in 1908 by Republicans. His next son, Manuel, succeeded, but there was a revolution in 1910 and he fled to England. Since then the country has been a Republic distracted by incessant strife. For many years the national income has been considerably less than the expenditure, and the currency has been so much depreciated that the dollar, or milreis, was worth only 2. in 1923.

PRODUCTS, ETC., OF PORTUGAL

Area, 35,500 square miles; Population, 6,339,355; Lisbon, 500,276; Oporto, 215,330. The colonies include Portuguese India (1,470 square miles), Macao in China (3 square miles), Timor in the Malay Archipelago (7,450 square miles), Cape Verde Island (1,475 square miles), Portuguese Guinea (14,000 square miles), Sao Thomé and Principe Islands (442 square miles), Portuguese West Africa (480,000 square miles), and Portuguese East Africa (300,000 square miles). The Açores and Madeira are reckoned as an integral part of Portugal.

Agriculture, vine-growing, wine-making, forestry, fruit cultivation and sardine fisheries. Fifty per cent. of the exports are wine. The valuable minerals include wolfram, iron, copper, manganese, antimony, lead, tin and gold, but they are scarcely worked at all.

IX

THE BARBARY STATES

THE BARBARY STATES

MOROCCO—ALGERIA—TUNISIA—LIBYA

BARBARY is a stretch of North African highlands comprising the Atlas and Anti-Atlas Mountains, the long coast range between the Rif country of Morocco and the north of Tunisia, and the Jebel Aures range stretching right across inner Algeria. Except northernmost Morocco on the West (allotted to Spanish direction) and Libya on the East, where the Italians are asserting a Protectorate, the whole region is now more or less under the rule of the French. On the extreme West, they secured a Protectorate of the ancient Empire of Morocco in 1912; next comes Algeria, reckoned as part of France; and then Tunisia, a French Protectorate since 1882.

§ 1

History and Pre-history

Before we discuss these various States let us shortly recall their pre-history and what is known of them since they entered the historical period about three thousand years ago. In the earliest beginnings of *Homo sapiens* the Mediterranean was probably reduced to two huge lakes, separated by the Italian isthmus, which stretched across diagonally and joined Tunis. Spain was united with Morocco at the Straits of Gibraltar. North Africa was then—between a hundred thousand and thirty thousand years ago—the home of an amazing fauna driven out of France, Spain, and the Balkan peninsula by the Ice Ages. There were three or more kinds of elephants, one of which lingered down to

the end of the Roman Empire in the forests of the Atlas Mountains. There were many forms of antelopes, such as have since populated Tropical Africa, hippopotamuses, giraffes, wild asses, the white rhinoceros and other earlier types of the same family, a gigantic buffalo with horns fourteen feet long, sabre-toothed "tigers," nilghai, elands, tragelaphs, and a wild camel which may have been the progenitor of the camel of to-day. That much of this wonderful fauna shared prehistoric North Africa with Man we know from the pictures of them scratched on smooth rock surfaces. Man seems to have been the main exterminator of this wonderful Zoological Gardens, but he was aided by the advance of the Desert to the south. The sea again broke through the Straits of Gibraltar and the Sicilian Channel. Malta, once an appendage of Sicily, became two small islands, and North Africa was isolated from Europe. Judging from the bones collected from superficial deposits, Man has long existed here—first, possibly, as the Neanderthal species, then in some primitive Negro type; and in more modern times, from about 10,000 B.C. onwards, as the dark-haired white race of the Mediterranean known to us as the Iberian, Berber, or "Barbarian."

These Berbers were strong enough, some thirty-four centuries ago, to attack Egypt, then the bulwark of ancient civilisation, and, on the arrival of the first Phœnician colonists in about 1400 B.C., there were prosperous towns in existence. The Phœnicians came as traders, not conquerors, and Carthage, who was to become Rome's great rival, was founded about 800 B.C. by Queen Dido merely for the purposes of commerce. It was not till the sixth century B.C. that a Carthaginian state could be said to exist on the North coast and the Tunisian littoral; but in the spring of 146 B.C. a Roman general beat down the walls of Carthage; the city of Dido was razed to the ground, and the surrounding land was sprinkled with salt so that nothing should grow again.

After Roman, Vandal and Byzantine rule, the natives were conquered at the close of the seventh century by the inrush of the Moslem armies, and an Arab empire stretched right across the present Barbary States from the confines of Egypt to the uttermost parts of Morocco. Arab power was replaced by Muhammadan-Berber domination, which prevailed from the twelfth century to 1573, when the Turks installed anarchy under the

WOMEN WEAVERS.

Arabs are largely self-supporting and make all their few clothes on the most primitive looms.

Photo: E. N. A.

A PRIMITIVE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

In the courtyard of a native caravanserai on the borders of the desert. The board is scooped out of the sand, and stones are used for pieces.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

MOORISH COFFEE-HOUSE.

Here merchants and other well-to-do Moors spend the greater part of the day in dignified ease, smoking water-pipes and consuming innumerable little cups of thick coffee, or very sweet tea flavored with mint.

SNAKE CHARMERS.

Snake charmers are very popular all over North Africa and attract large crowds. The snakes are supposed not to have their fangs removed, and many charmers come to grief early in their careers.

nominal rule of the Beys of Tunis and Constantine, and the Dey of Algiers. This was the golden age of the Barbary corsairs or pirates, whose traditions have continued down the memory of living men. It was one of the strangest periods ever known in history, with a practical democracy of the pirates of all lands; and the strangest thing about it all was the complacency of Europe, who contented herself with friendly treaties for the release of Christian slaves. It was only when the Turco-Arab rulers foolishly attempted to Europeanise their countries that the consequent financial embarrassments gave France an opportunity of intervening in their affairs.

She captured Algiers in 1830, but the natives contested Algeria foot by foot, and the conquest was not complete until 1847. Even so, a serious insurrection broke out in 1871, taking advantage of the Franco-German war. In 1881 an unimportant rising of the Khmir (Kroumir) tribe was seized upon as a pretext for the invasion of Tunis, French troops acting nominally in the interest of the Bey; but the real object of the expedition was soon avowed, and the Bey was given two hours to sign a Treaty by which he handed over the administration of his country to the French, who proceeded to put down all resistance with a heavy hand.

For purposes of convenience, the natives of Algeria and Tunisia are usually known as "Arabs," and the natives of Morocco as "Moors," though the Arabs have been largely fused in the Berber and Latin population during the lapse of thirteen centuries. The Muhammadans of North Africa carry the Patriarchal system to the utmost limits, the head of a family being an absolute master, and if he choose an absolute tyrant. As a rule he takes his meals apart from the rest of his family, but sometimes he permits the presence of some of his elder sons. The servants, even when they are nominally free, occupy very much the same position as slaves used to do in olden times.

Bazaars

In all the towns of North Africa the shops are great doorless cupboards open to the streets. Except in the bazaars all the goods are spread out to the public gaze and the salesmen recline on mats or squat cross-legged on divans. Most charming of all

are the fruit shops, with rows of blood oranges festooned upon the rafters, clusters of chillies like prodigious fairy lamps illuminating the dark corners, and great sacks of glistening dates upon the counters. Even the butchers' shops are picturesque, and it is always a fascination to watch the cross-legged Arabs plying their esparto switches to keep off the flies.

§ 2

Islam

In order to understand the atmosphere of North Africa and the mainspring of the native character, it is quite as necessary to follow the workings of the Muhammadan religion as it was to appreciate the florid phases of Christianity in Spain.

Islam is a democratic religion wherein all believers are nominally equal. Every Moslem is in direct relation with God and therefore needs the intervention of no priest. The Muhammadan clergy are merely the most diligent among the worshippers, and neither undergo consecration nor acquire any greater authority than is conferred upon them by their reputation.

But it is an intolerant religion, believers being taught that they acquire merit by the massacre of infidels, and holy places being jealously guarded against intrusion. When the French conquered Algeria, they insisted on mosques being opened to infidel visitors. When they came to Tunisia they announced that they would respect the mosques of any town which freely opened its gates to them. Kairwan, the holy city, kept her gates closed for a brief space as a kind of protest, so the French general seized the pretext and rode straight into the yard of the chief mosque, an event that produced, as it was intended to produce, a profound impression throughout the country. Since then the mosques of Kairwan have remained accessible to all men.

The services are simple and impressive, consisting chiefly of readings from the Koran and prayers or invocations of Allah and Muhammad, which sound very fine in deep, rolling bass voices. The prayers, which are obligatory five times a day, offer a picturesque sight, especially in a great mosque when rows and rows of men stand erect and prostrate themselves and beat the ground with their foreheads as they rise and fall in unison.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

MOROCCO CITY: THE PERFUME BAZAAR.

One of the prettiest nooks in this immense old city. Here all sorts of strange Oriental scents and spices are sold, as well as hemp and other drugs consumed by the teetotal Moors.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

MOROCCO CITY.

A view over the city to the snow-clad Atlas mountains. The flat roofs serve as gardens and drawing-rooms where the women of the harems exchange visits and gossip and eat sweets.

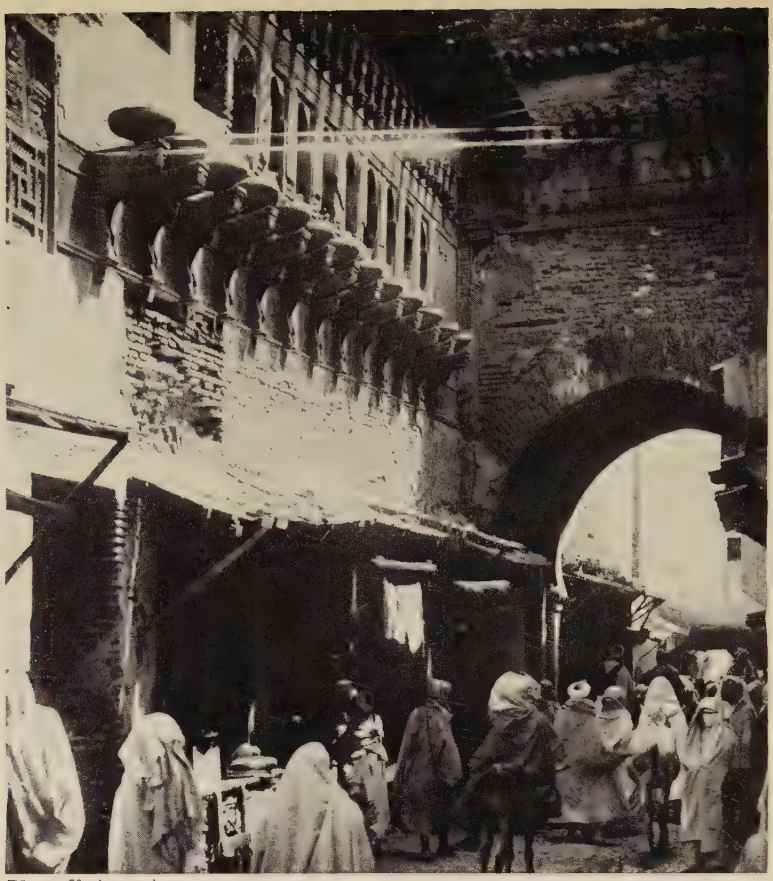


Photo: Underwood.

HIGH STREET, FEZ.

All day long, the narrow streets of the Moorish capital are thronged with every variety of native on foot or on horse, mule or donkey back. The building on the left is known as the House of the Magician.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

MOROCCO: FOUNTAIN OF MOUASSIN.

This enormous fountain, attached to the Grand Mosque, is remarkable for its style, quite unknown in other parts of Morocco. It consists of four big basins, one for humans and three for cattle.

The Aïssawia

Islam, like most other religions, embraces confraternities who express their zeal in an exaggerated way and are regarded by old-fashioned orthodox believers with disapproval. Among these the best known are the Aïssawia, whose fanatical exercises attract many curious spectators all over North Africa, especially in Morocco and at the Holy City of Kairwan in Tunisia. The ceremony takes place in a dark pillared room adorned with coloured glass balls, ostrich eggs and pictures of the Jinns or Genii, who are familiar to readers of the "Arabian Nights." In the centre a number of young men are beating tom-toms furiously and shouting something unintelligible while everyone present keeps time with hand and head to induce the hypnotic state. When the hubbub has lasted long enough for the purpose, a number of volunteers stand up in line and sway to and fro, as the Howling Dervishes do in Turkey, keeping time with the drum beats. Then, one after another, at intervals, they rush forward yelling, whirl their heads about, and tear off all their upper garments. Long dull knives are handed to them and they make a great show of running the blades and points into their flesh. They even employ attendants to hammer the hilts with much noise and apparent vigour. But though the performers have all the appearance of being under the influence of hypnotism, they certainly take good care to do themselves no serious hurt.

The stabbing is done, much as it might be on the stage, with a slight, scarcely perceptible pause just before the incidence of the blow. Moreover, not only is little blood shed, but there is seldom an indentation of the flesh as would have been the case with a real blow inflicted in the hypnotic state. One Aïssawia careers proudly with a thin blade stuck through the upper skin of his shoulder, but anyone can do this with impunity if he take the precaution of first separating the outer skin. Scorpions are duly swallowed, and it is a horrible sight to behold the expression of the hypnotised boys crawling on all fours and staring wistfully at the dispenser of these repulsive creatures.

The whole scene is chiefly remarkable for the wild agitation of the performers. In a state of semi-nudity, with staring eyes and streaming cheeks, they rush round the little mosque, they leap, they crawl, they shout in mad rivalry of the deafening

drums. It is a hideous pandemonium, yet all seem entirely under the control of their chief, a grave and reverend Sheikh who never relapses for an instant from his imperturbable coolness and is able at any moment to repress every excess with a look or a touch. This Sheikh exercises healing powers by trampling on members of his congregation, even on small babies brought for that purpose.

Aïssawia means a follower of Jesus, whom Muhammadans regard as one of the minor Prophets. The story goes that the sect arose in obedience to Christ's command to one of His followers to go out into the desert and live on what he found there, for nothing should hurt him. So he lived for awhile on scorpions and cactus and such things as broken glass.

Fasts and Festivals

The two chief events in Muhammadan life are the great fast which lasts all through the month of Ramadhan from dawn to sunset, and the great feast of Bairam which follows it. They answer to Lent and Carnival, except that, like everything else in the East, they are inverted. It is said that the first ten days of Ramadhan go like a horse's gallop, the next ten like the trot of a mule, and the remainder like the amble of an ass.

Ramadhan lasts only a lunar month, but it is observed far more strictly than the forty days in Roman Catholic or even in Orthodox ("Greek Church") countries. Owing to the vagaries of the Arab lunar calendar Ramadhan may occur in succession at any period of the year. Imagine the hardship, particularly in a hot country, of not being allowed to eat a single morsel or drink a drop of liquid between the small hours and sunset.

Public Story-Tellers

At all times of the year story-tellers are very popular among the Arabs. There is a regular guild or corporation of women who go round the harems, to entertain the inmates with their fantastic yarns, and at every street corner a public story-teller may be seen surrounded by a breathless circle, more especially during these carnival times. First he collects his audience by loud banging of a tambourine. Then he proceeds to spin the most marvellous

tales, stopping only to collect small coins when he reaches a climax of excitement and perceives that his hearers are burning to know what happened next to the princess or the Jinn or the enchanted casket. The stories are always highly dramatic and the listeners show their appreciation of thrilling situations by such exclamations as "God is great!"

Snake-Charmers

Then there are the snake-charmers. They beat a drum to attract a crowd, and then deposit in the centre of a circle a long pear-shaped basket and a bundle or bag of old rags. These contain the serpents which are induced to put out their heads in order to arouse public curiosity; but the performance itself never begins until a satisfactory collection has been made. The serpent will then follow the charmer round and round the circle while he pipes to it upon a rustic flute, or it will sit up and make furious darts at him after a long process of teasing. It is said that the fangs of the serpent are never removed, and that most of the charmers come to grief very early in their careers. Others say that the men rely upon the teasing of the serpent, which makes it dart against a basket until it has spent its venom, but even so, it is not appetising to see a man hold up a serpent in front of his mouth and allow it to bite his outstretched tongue again and again. Sometimes a man remains quite a long time with a serpent hanging from his mouth, and, after he has removed it, he proceeds to squeeze the blood out of his tongue.

In Morocco there are also swallowers of smoke and flames. A man stands up in the market-place and fills his mouth with hay, which the audience is invited to kindle. For a long time it smoulders slowly, and then the smoke gathers in volume until mouth and beard and face are all shrouded in thick grey clouds and the hay is torn out in a blaze of fire. Apart from money-making the object of such exhibitions is to show that the body of a true believer can be rendered immune to fire and sword and poisonous reptiles.

Except in places where the natives have been demoralised by civilisation, travellers will do well to remember that photography is held to be forbidden by the Muhammadan religion. Men scowl and mutter, "The curse of Allah be on those who take por-

traits," women bid little girls cover up their faces; small boys grimace and have been known to run away even from the temptation of small coins. This is due to superstition almost as much as to the ordinance of the Koran against reproducing images of human beings. The superstition is that, if you take anyone's photograph, you acquire the power of bringing disease and misfortune upon him by stabbing his likeness with pinpricks. And tradition adds that in the next world the makers of images will be haunted by their creations, all clamouring to receive souls. "I had no desire to be called into being," an image will say, "but as thou art responsible for my existence, complete thy work and bestow upon me a soul." And, as this is beyond the power of the image-maker, he will be haunted everlastingly. If, however, he be an infidel, and one therefore who has no abode in the realms of bliss, the image may have recourse to its living likeness and wreak a terrible vengeance.

Jinn

A belief in Jinn is universal throughout North Africa. The Jinn are supermen excluded from Paradise because they have no souls, but they are permitted to wander about the world and become invisible and work either good or evil upon mankind. They were controlled by King Solomon with his magic seal, and he made use of their knowledge of the whereabouts of all the secret treasures of the earth. When there is a sandstorm and great columns of dust are whirled about in the air, the natives recognise them unmistakably as Jinn. On rare occasions, too, they are convinced that they have met these strange beings in the flesh, and many are the tales told about them in perfect good faith.

There are very few Arabs who disbelieve altogether in Jinn. Those who may not believe in good ones generally believe in bad ones, known as Afrits, and we hear stories of people being possessed by them. In that case there is a ceremony to exorcise them, incense being burnt and all the neighbours dancing round the possessed person to the accompaniment of loud drums and every sort of incantation. Nearly all the old mosaics and decorations of doorways in North Africa contain representations of the heads of Jinn or Afrits. An Afrit differs from a Jinn in that he is always evil and has a horrid, contorted countenance.

Photo: E. N. A.

AÏSSAWIA UNDERGOING VOLUNTARY TORTURE.

Members of this fanatical Moslem sect induce a semi-hypnotic state by wagging their heads and calling on Allah; then they devour scorpions and prickly pears or pierce their flesh with spears, no blood issuing from their wounds.

N. D. Photo.

A RACING CAMEL.

The Meharis, or racing camels, are taller, more alert and more intelligent than the beasts of burthen, and can cover one hundred and fifty miles in sixteen hours without undue effort. They are very carefully bred, and camel races are held at Biskra for valuable prizes.

Photo. E. N. A.

TANGIER:

The whitewashed houses are dazzling, almost blinding in the fierce African sunshine. They are all huddled

Photo: Underwood.

MARKET OUTSIDE THE GATES.

City gates in Morocco are closed from sunset to sunrise and many travellers have to wait outside before they can enter. Here, too, villagers hold regular markets of their produce. The women hide their charms in thick white veils and shapeless garments.

THE WHARF.

together in a maze of narrow, precipitous streets, where Oriental life assumes its most varied and lively phases.

Photo: Underwood.

FEZ: FOUNTAIN AT THE UNIVERSITY.

In the illustration we see a Muhammadan making his customary ablutions before prayer. It is more a formality than a wash, and when water is scarce sand is used in its place.

Photo: E. N. A.

BERBER GIRL.

Some of the Berber women are very good-looking, especially in extreme youth. They have tattoo marks on their cheeks and chins, sometimes on the tips of their noses, and wear silver necklaces with all sorts of charms, but not much else in the way of clothing.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

MOROCCO: ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

The Moors were always pioneers of irrigation and they still make use of every drop of water in their thirsty land. After toiling through deserts, an oasis of palms and streams seems to them a vision of Paradise.

The Evil Eye

The great preoccupation, not merely among Muhammadans but among Jews and all other aboriginal inhabitants of North Africa is to ward off the evil eye. The chief safeguard against it is an outstretched hand, either the so-called hand of Fatima, which is worn in gold and silver and common metals, or as horns and upturned horse-shoes, roughly representing the thumb and little finger with the rest of the hand clenched. Other favourite amulets are an axe, a bean set in gold, and various jingling whirligigs, used here as in the South of Italy and Spain for warding off the evil eye, more particularly from horses.

I.—MOROCCO

The greater part of Morocco is a French Protectorate destined, if all goes well with France, to become a French colony. The French rely on two methods. Their roads are giving access to the cities and tribes that have remained inaccessible during centuries, and their professions of equality, borrowed from the Muhammadan religion, are expected to ingratiate the Moors as they have ingratiated the Senegalese. But Morocco remains in a state of transition and uncertainty; the process of assimilation must be slow.

The ports afford the most conspicuous examples of recent French efforts. The whole coast is indented with beautiful but unprotected bays; the mouths of rivers are sandy and obstructed by bars; commerce will not begin to tap the vast resources of the Moorish Empire until gigantic works of engineering have been carried out. These works, we are told, are only a question of time; Casablanca, the model port, the Moorish Marseilles, "seems destined to a great future," but her steamers still anchor a thousand yards away from her quays. The other harbours remain even more primitive, and have scarcely changed since traders and travellers risked their lives in the tremendous surf. Moorish boats are strong and high-bowed, but catastrophes are by no means rare at Casablanca, while even in fair weather it is often impossible to land at Saffi.

Mogador, the port for Morocco City, "presents during violent gales from the west a scene of awful and, perhaps of its kind,

unequalled grandeur; for the waves, breaking as they do on the rocks at both sides of the channel with a perpetual upcast of white foam, seem animated by a savage fury. At short intervals a mountain of water, backed by the tremendous force of the ocean, rises swiftly but smoothly inwards until checked by the rocks within the port. A ground-swell is thus raised in which no craft can remain at anchor. For these reasons, Mogador as a port is a disappointment, and it is questionable whether these natural defects would be rectified by the outlay of any amount of capital."

The French announce that security is now practically complete but no one is allowed to travel out of the beaten track without their authority, which is not always readily granted. For those, however, who are ready to brave discomforts and dangers, the interior of Morocco still presents one of the few remaining opportunities of studying very ancient modes of life as they have remained during the last ten, twenty, or thirty centuries.

Primitive Government

The old primitive autocratic government is controlled, but has not been suppressed; native judges, semi-religious persons full of prejudices and always open to traditional bribes, continue to dispense fantastic justice. Slavery has been nominally suppressed by the French, but continues very much as it has done in the past. There are still markets in the interior, where men, women, and children are openly sold; slaves are still bred in studs; raiding parties still go out into the interior to collect slaves, much as naturalists go out to collect monkeys and birds for the Zoo; and there is undoubtedly a good deal of cruelty attached to the institution, though it compares favourably with American slavery in the nineteenth century. The Koran, like the Old Testament, authorises slaves, but they are adopted into Moslem families and enjoy the equality which Muhammadanism accords to all believers. Except that a slave is not free to give notice when dissatisfied and families can be parted by sale, the lot of a slave is not much worse than that of a European servant. He is well fed and well cared for and, in rare cases of ill-treatment, the law entitles him to demand to be re-sold. One proof of this is that slaves have rarely accepted liberation or, when persuaded to do so, have soon requested to be restored to their masters.

§ 1

Tangier

Tangier was traditionally founded by Phœnician traders some three thousand years ago, and pillars recording this fact are said to have survived there until the nineteenth century.

Tangier was internationalised before the War, and European countries maintain their own post offices and Courts of Justice as they did at Constantinople; as late as December, 1923, the French were still negotiating with the Powers for the settlement of its status, claiming nominal rule for their puppet Moorish Emperor.

This strange African city, some ten miles across the water from Spain, rises from its bay in the form of an amphitheatre with many-coloured minarets and whitewashed houses and terraces glistening in the sunshine. It is entirely surrounded by walls and has an inner wall round the fortress at the top of the hill. The precipitous streets are full of Oriental life, which overflows into the great Soko, or market, outside. Here is the terminus of caravans, which wait a night after depositing the merchandise they have brought from distant mountains and deserts; and a perpetual fair is in progress. Men and women are to be seen crouching beneath gigantic straw hats, selling skinny chickens and luscious fruits; jugglers, acrobats, fortune-tellers, horse-copers, public scribes, negro water-carriers, wild tribesmen supply a constant whirligig of surprising scenes. Powder-play is still to be seen, a particular delight of the Moors since very old times. A number of men stand opposite each other as though about to dance a quadrille. They carry long guns and look both savage and serious in their flowing robes and big turbans. While a negro band beats drums and plays all sorts of outlandish instruments, a wild dance begins, in which the guns take a prominent part. The warriors threaten each other, fire at each other singly and in fusilades, twist themselves in every conceivable position, lying on their backs or their faces and resting their weapons on their elbows or the soles of their feet. One exercise consists in throwing the gun with a whirling motion high in the air and catching it cleverly as it comes down. The powder is never measured, but poured from a pouch into the hand, yet no accidents ever occur

beyond a burnt whisker. The chief joy of the play seems to consist in the tremendous noise.

Fez

Pending the promised railway, we may travel the 186 miles to Fez by motor-car in a day at a cost of 400 francs a head. Fez is the chief of the four capitals of Morocco, and months may be spent there without the flagging of interest for an instant. For centuries Fez remained isolated from the world with an ancient civilisation of its own and, until 1912, a wheel had never been seen there by the inhabitants. Wheels, indeed, seem almost impossible in the maze of her inexplicable and tortuous streets. The animation is incessant between the forbidding walls which hide the sumptuous palaces and gardens of rich Moors, the homes of prosperous merchants, artists and men of letters, who have safeguarded the relics of the culture of the conquerors of Spain. In old Fez, the Sultan's Palace and all the labyrinth of fortifications are very imposing with their huge yellow walls and gigantic gates, while new Fez is a cascade of yellow houses pouring down a steep valley, and every house there possesses an elaborate water-supply and perfect drainage. Oddly enough, Fez is one of the safest cities in the world, crime being almost unknown.

The most important sights are the tomb of Mulai Idris; a strange minaret shaped like a cross; the Saaidian tombs, which are perfect examples of the richest Moorish work in stone, marble, plaster and wood; an old vaulted prison supported by enormous pillars, now a caravanserai; the slave market (now clandestine); a clock of the year 1357; markets and bazaars of incredible variety; many *medersas,* native universities conducted like Sunday schools with the pupils all squatting on their haunches and wagging their heads as they learn the Koran; above all, the Moristan, a lunatic asylum that has remained unchanged since its foundation in 1350. The patients still wear iron rings round their necks to chain them perpetually to the walls of their cells; the men and women occupy different floors, and the women include a certain number whose only foolishness has been to displease the Pasha of Fez. The odd thing about the severity of this treatment is that most lunatics are venerated as saints in Morocco. It is believed that they become insane only through neglecting mundane affairs

Photo: E. N. A.

A VEILED TUAREG.

The Tuaregs are a wild and savage race in the deserts of Algeria, generous and chivalrous to each other, but inclined to be treacherous and cruel to strangers. In one tribe the men wear veils, while the women leave their faces bare.

Photo: A. Bougault.

TIMGAD: THE ARCH OF TRAJAN.

This wonderful piece of Roman architecture was the western gate of the city which the Emperor Trajan brought forth from the wilderness. It is now only a grey ghost of a city, but it still forms one of the most impressive monuments to a vanished empire.

N. D. Photo.

BLIDAH.

One of the pleasantest provincial towns in Algeria, with a strong French garrison. Since its foundation in 1535 by Andalucian Moors after their expulsion from Spain, Blidah has suffered much from a succession of earthquakes.

in order to concentrate their minds on religion. Pigs are kept at lunatic asylums to receive the troubled souls of the patients, according to a tradition derived from the Gadarene swine.

Mequinez

Mequinez, or Meknes, another imperial city, is two hours' drive from Fez. Her history remained obscure until the eighteenth century, when Mulai Ismail, the contemporary of Louis XIV, attempted to turn her into a Moorish Versailles. During his long reign of fifty-five years he employed an army of Christian captives to erect twenty-four miles of walls and bastions, monumental gates and granaries, stables for 12,000 horses, lovely gardens and fountains, as well as palaces for the vast harems, where he begat 800 children. So great was his pride that he sought the hand of Louis XIV's daughter, but she seems to have doubted his conjugal fidelity. Bab Mansur-al-Aleuj, the principal gate, has beautiful prismatic pillars and a ceiling of green and gold mosaics; here the Pasha of the town sits in state every Friday to dispense justice to all comers. A few yards away—it all sounds like a chapter in a fairy story—is the tent of a living saint, Mulai Ahmed-al-Wazzani, who, like many Oriental saints, is half-witted and half-paralysed. His sanctity was discovered when he was a gardener and somebody locked him up in a shed, from which he escaped without opening door or window, and his fame has been growing ever since. In 1913, he was still crouching against the wall, exposed to the elements; in 1915 a tent was set up over him; and now he occupies a comfortable chapel.

At Mequinez there is an ostrich farm, which has been in existence for 200 years. It owes its origin to a couple of birds offered to a Moorish ruler by an Arab from the south. They were let loose in the neighbouring prairies and multiplied so rapidly that in a hundred years they numbered fifty-five, and in 150 years they had reached a total of 112. Later on they suffered from an epidemic, but there still remain thirty-two big birds who lay 800 eggs of over 4 lbs. weight every two years. Thirty-two little birds were hatched in 1917, and great hopes are entertained for the eventful development of commerce in eggs and feathers.

Rabat, another imperial city, was built to commemorate Moorish victories in Spain and became for a while an independent

Republic in the seventeenth century. It is the port of Mequinez, and perhaps the whitest town in the world with its array of flat houses shining like seagulls beside the blue Atlantic.

Casablanca

Casablanca, the chief port of Morocco, is still far from complete, but unlike Tangier, has thriven since the French occupation. Its patron, Sidi Belyut, a saint of the nineteenth century, knew the language of all animals and used to walk about accompanied by an escort of lions; he also possessed the gift of ubiquity, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, and anyone who drinks the water at his tomb is certain to return to Casablanca.

§ 2

Morocco City

There is a railway of 168 miles from Casablanca to Morocco City, but motor-cars travel more quickly at the same price. Morocco City or Marakesh, the southern capital, stands 1,500 feet above the sea amid a forest of 86,000 palm trees, which cover 32,500 acres. They are due to a siege in the seventeenth century, when the assailants fed entirely on dates and threw away the stones, which presently took root. The climate is ideal in winter and almost every known fruit tree thrives here abundantly, but the heat is terrific in summer and the mud walls of the houses seem to glow and crumble in the sunshine. This immense old city with its teeming streets and Titanic walls and countless palaces deserves its title of the Gate of the Desert. The chief square, Jemaa-al-Fna, "Meeting-place of the Dead," owes its name to the innumerable public executions which took place there long ago, but now it seems to abandon itself to diversions of all kinds; every afternoon it is thronged by public dancers laden with jewels, wrestlers, story-tellers, buffoons and other entertainers to an extent unequalled even in Morocco.

The Kutubia tower is the most beautiful and complete of all the minarets in the world, surpassing even the famous Giralda of Seville, which was built at the same time. It is 220 feet high and consists of seven storeys, surmounted by mosaic tiles of the most exquisite turquoise blue, and three great domes said to be

N. D. Photo.

CONSTANTINE: GORGES OF THE RUMMEL.

The exit from the Gorges, which are considered the grandest natural beauties of Algeria. [illegible] alarming path along the sheer sides of [illegible]

Photo: E. N. A.

ALGERIA: AN ULED NAÏL.

The girls of this tribe leave their desert villages to sing and dance in towns, wearing all their savings as head-dresses and necklaces. A successful dancer may be told by the number of coins she wears. When she is rich enough she returns to her native village, marries one of the desert men, and settles down to be a model wife.

N. D. Photo.

TLEMCEN: CANDELABRUM OF THE BIG MOSQUE.

A modern copper reproduction of the old candelabrum whose remains are now in a museum. This mosque suffered severely from a fire at the time of the French occupation, and many of the old beauties have been disfigured by whitewash.

× *Photo.*

BISKRA: NATIVE QUARTERS.

"The Garden of Allah" has been much spoiled by tourists, but the old mud houses of the natives retain their simplicity and picturesqueness, and their drainage is even more primitive than their architecture.

of pure gold and encrusted with precious jewels, which are under the special guardianship of the Spirits of the Air.

The University is rendered particularly fascinating by a long dark passage which leads suddenly into a court of fairyland, where a great white fountain appears in a bath of light surrounded by pink mosaics, marbles and delicate carvings.

The *gottaras,* or underground canals of Morocco City are also remarkable. There are no less than 350 of them, some bringing water from a distance of three miles at a depth of one to forty yards; they were built and are still maintained by a guild of workmen, and they belong either to the municipality or to ecclesiastical estates or to rich landowners. A long line of wells defines their course.

II.—ALGERIA

The French have divided Algeria into three departments and a desert district, but travellers will be more interested in the three natural divisions, the Tell, the High Plateaux and the Sahara. The Tell is a strip of undulating, cultivated land extending from sixty to one hundred miles from the coast. The most interesting part of it is the great mountain range inhabited by the Kabyles, with snow on the peaks during six months of the year, one of the most imposing features of the landscape from Algiers. The High Plateaux are vast plains separated by parallel ranges of mountains which rise from the coast and descend to the desert. They form a region of much rain and produce many cereals, but offer few attractions, being chiefly composed of monotonous scrub. The Sahara consists of the lower and higher deserts, the former including various oases and stretching away into Tunisia and south-eastwards to the border of Egypt; the latter, rocky steppes with sand in their depressions, stretching away into Morocco.

§ 1

Algiers

The old Corsair stronghold of Algiers, for many centuries the terror of the civilised world, has now been tamed, harnessed and modernised by the French. Let us imagine the old triangular city as it was in the days of the pirates—the grim massive walls

studded with iron hooks for suspending tortured Christians, the lordly towers and gates and lovely fountains, the Badistan, where white folks were brought in by pirates and exposed stark naked for sale by auction, the barracks of the Corsairs and the palace where they came to clamour for their pay. The 15,000 houses of old Algiers were so huddled together that they were compared to a fir cone, but some of them near the shore belonged to successful pirates and were magnificent in a strange barbaric style, half European, half Oriental.

Now a very important port has come into existence, second only to Marseilles in point of tonnage, and a serious rival to Malta and Gibraltar. The modernising of Algiers obtrudes itself everywhere; the old Palace of the Deys of Algiers was first turned into the Palace of a French Archbishop and is now a Government office which seems somewhat incongruous, amid the pretty courtyards, carved woodwork, tiles, traceries, and Oriental glass. Here we may still disturb French officials in the room where a native independent chieftain was strangled in his bath by the famous pirate Barbarossa. The French Cathedral occupies the site of a mosque and the Citadel of 1516 has been turned into barracks for the French. Almost all that remains of the old edifices is the Jamā-al-Jedid, or New Mosque, which the French have renamed the Mosque of the Fisheries. It was built in 1660 in the shape of a Latin cross, and the story goes that this was a freak of a Christian slave who was employed as architect and was promptly impaled as soon as his trick had been discovered. Here we may see one of the most splendid manuscript Korans in the world, each page of it a marvel of decoration and illuminated script. The Great Mosque of the tenth century is very imposing on the lines of the Mosque at Cordova, with seventy-two square white pillars supporting beautiful arches, and the open court with its beautiful fountain leaves an imposing impression.

And the native town remains unspoiled, with its fearfully steep streets, some of them less than four feet wide. They turn abruptly, they twist themselves into coils like serpents, they leap up sharply into the air or fling themselves down almost vertical slopes. Most of them are strangely silent during the day, seeming to protest against the presence of conquering infidels; they appear to hug themselves in secrecy behind their windowless walls, and

Photochrom.

AT HOME IN MOROCCO.

The chief food of the Moors is Kus-Kus, a mixture of rice and mutton, which the women of a harem are here seen preparing in the beautiful courtyard of a palace.

almost the only sound is an occasional nasal song celebrating a birth or a marriage; even the traders' streets have little animation with their little fruit shops and groceries and fried fish stalls and barbers' alcoves and coffee-houses. But in an open space we may find the mosque and tomb of an old saint whose remains are visited by native women desirous of motherhood; and there is an exquisite little cemetery known as the Cemetery of the Princesses, where the daughters of two old Corsairs sleep beneath the shade of three gigantic fig trees, hundreds of years old.

Presiding over the melancholy labyrinth of old Algiers is the Citadel where the last Dey but one took refuge with his treasures and 2,000 Kabyle guards to escape from a conspiracy of his pirate Janissaries. They attacked him there, but were overcome and massacred to a man. During the reign of his successor, another historic scene took place. On 30th April, 1827, the French Consul came to pay his respects on the Feast of Bairam, and the Dey, being in a bad humour, struck him with his fan. This led to the French seizure of Algiers, and the room where the incident took place is still known as "the Pavilion of the Fan."

Algiers has now become a great winter resort by reason of its wonderful Riviera-like climate. It never freezes there, and the worst months are like an English summer at its best. The most fashionable quarter is at Mustapha Supérieur on the wooded heights behind the town, a lovely pleasaunce with villas and gardens and shady walks and splendid views, stretching away to the snow mountains of the Kabail.

The Interior

Since the development of motoring, travel in Algeria has become easy and to a certain extent comfortable. Blidah, some thirty miles south of Algiers, is one of the most charming and smiling places in the country, named by the natives Urida, "the little rose," perched amid exquisite scenery with a wealth of orange and lemon groves, olive trees and mimosas. Blidah is celebrated for its tangerines, which are exported in vast numbers, and perfumers from Grasse have planted vast gardens of geraniums, tuberoses and other fragrant flowers, transforming what was once a pestilential swamp into a scented and beautiful Eden. In the neighbourhood are romantic gorges, torrents tumbling in

cascades, and pleasant forests where the monkeys are so tame that they often stroll up to the hotels at meal times.

The Wonders of Timgad

The French called Timgad the African Pompeii, though no volcano came to smother it in molten sulphur, and all that remains of this great colonial city of the Romans has lingered in the open air. There was a Roman legion at Lambessa at the beginning of the second century, and the Emperor Trajan ordered the soldiers to build a great colonial city at Timgad, sixteen miles away, during the intervals of their warfare with the Berbers. It was only one of the many great monuments of Roman splendour and is scarcely mentioned by any contemporary author, so we know only what we see. It was destroyed and rebuilt several times during the sixth and seventh centuries, and has probably remained very much in its present condition during the last thirteen hundred years. But what we do see of this great, busy, prosperous city, now standing a mass of ruins in a lonely plain, is very wonderful indeed. Even at Pompeii, which was potted and preserved by natural forces, we do not find more of the intimate details of bygone life than we do here. No great effort is needed to reconstruct everything in the mind's eye.

To begin with, we note with surprise that Timgad was laid out on the newest American lines in chessboard fashion and might easily have designated the streets by numbers in the American way. The Forum, a big central square, 162 feet by 140 feet, is surrounded by porticos and approached by a flight of twelve stairs. There are statues on foot and statues on horseback, and on their bases we read the names of Emperors, provincial Governors and local celebrities. There is a Court of Justice with a platform which served as a tribunal; there is a temple; there is a platform where orators addressed the people; there are the halls of borough councillors, shops and even gambling tables, on one of which someone has written, "Hunting, bathing, gaming, laughters, these are what it means to live." Elsewhere we find the temple of the Capitol with forty stairs; the triumphal Arch of Trajan, restored in 1900; a library with niches for the books; markets with colonnaded courts and shops, under whose big counters the tradesmen had to climb in order to reach their homes; and a thea-

× *Photo.*

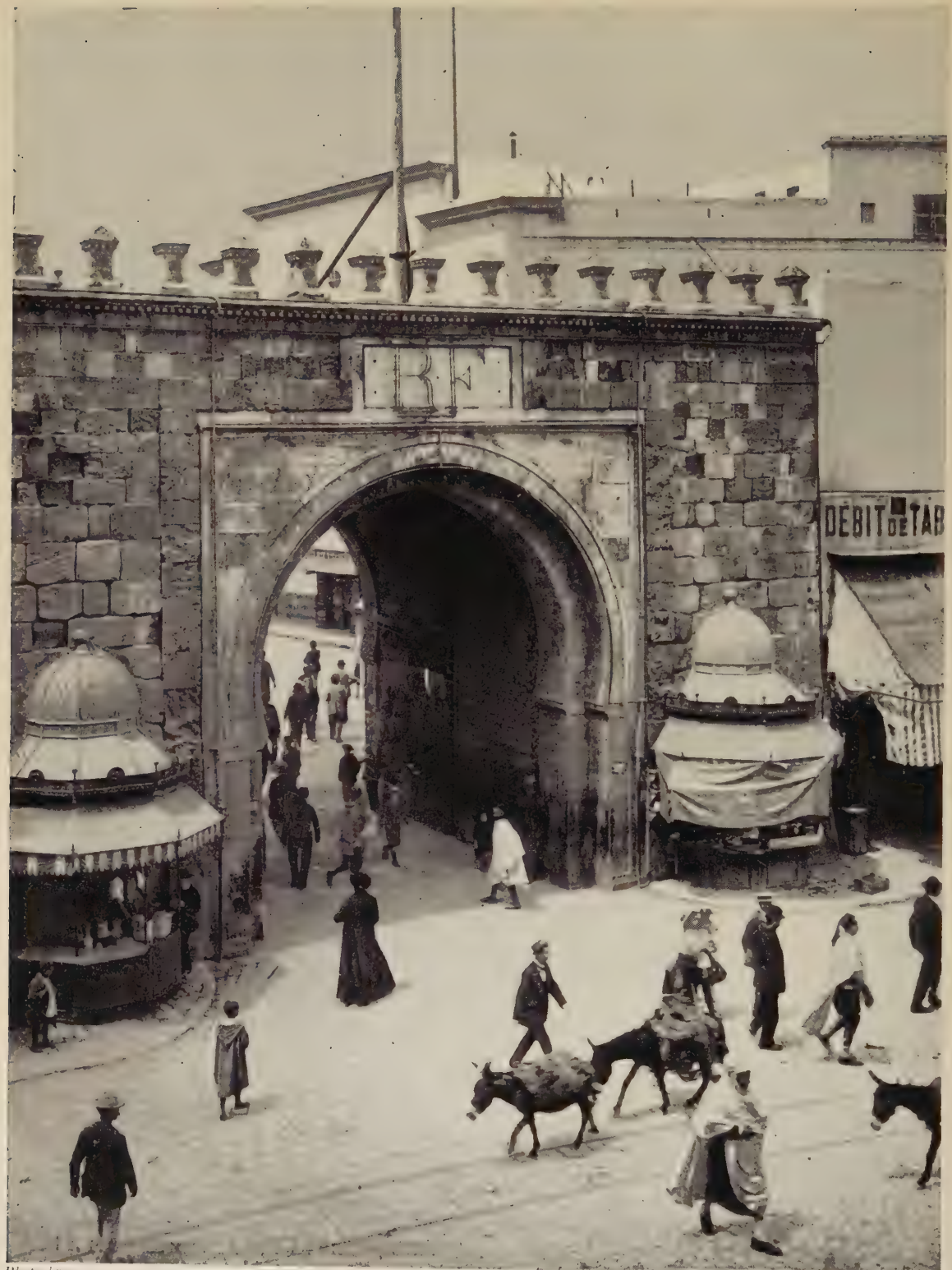
KROUMIR (KHMIR) PRISONERS OF THE FRENCH.

French imperialism still finds resistance in Tunisia, the Kroumirs in the north-west of the country being specially restive and needing suppression with a heavy hand.

N. D. Photo.

BEDROOM OF THE BEY OF TUNIS.

The Bey is now a puppet of the French, and lives in comparative retirement at his palace about a mile outside the capital. His quarters are magnificent, but Parisian rather than Oriental in their decorations.



Photochrom.

TUNIS: THE FRENCH GATE.

French Tunis is very modern and holds itself aloof from Arab Tunis, so that when we step through this lofty gateway we soon find ourselves in another world and another age, where the streets are like a rabbit warren.

tre seating 3,500 people, with a little staircase on each side of the orchestra and three broad platforms close in front for the reserved seats. The various baths are perhaps the most striking remains. The largest of them is 260 feet by 214 feet and has thirty halls with many beautiful mosaics. There were hot rooms paved with brick, furnaces in the basement, and three cold plunges. Also cooling rooms and places for massage and gymnastics, and very elaborate latrines. The drains under the main streets equal if they do not surpass those of the great European cities of to-day. And the streets themselves do not seem utterly deserted even now. We can still trace the ruts of Roman chariot wheels and discover rude drawings on the pavements, one of a Roman woman spinning beside a child in swaddling clothes, a circus driver with four horses, and so on.

South of Algiers an interesting excursion is to be made to the Mzab and the country of the Uled-Naïl, or Children of Naïl, a tribe whose women have long had a very bad reputation, especially for the freedom of their dances, though there have been found critics to discover graceful mimicry and tender passions in the exercises of these African geishas.

On the way we pass a very surprising valley filled with stones. Imagine a land full of earth and boulders beaten by winds, a clay soil polished like pottery, so bare and so dry that it seems to have been baked in an oven, without the least trace of cultivation, without a blade of grass, without even a thistle; horizontal hills that might have been beaten flat with the palms of giant hands, or else cut out into all sorts of fantastic shapes like lacework or hooks or horns or horseshoes; in the midst of them narrow valleys as clean and bare as a threshing floor; and all of it as far as the eye can reach neither red nor altogether yellow, nor even biscuit colour, but exactly the colour of a lion's skin. Then we come to a rock known as the Pillar of Salt, whose face is covered with sharp angles of kaleidoscopic colours, yellow, green, red, violet, all bound together by a greyish cement and forming a two-headed mountain. All this mass of clay and salt is constantly forming itself into ravines with the greatest facility by the action of the atmosphere, and the melting of the salt by subterranean waters causes great hollows inside, which burst or sink from time to time and produce great crevasses on the surface,

every sort of fantastic accidentation where thousands of pigeons make their nests.

The Mzab

Further on the Chebka or "net," a calcareous plateau, is even more desolate and sterile. It is perhaps the saddest place in the world, the utmost limit of desolation, with the view confined in a narrow circle of yellowish rocks blistered by the sun. Here the Mzab, or Mozabite people, an heretical sect of the Berbers, took refuge when expelled from the Tell in the eleventh century, and by dint of incredible industry contrived to create oases out of the inhospitable wilderness. Digging very deep wells, extracting water by a peculiar system of relays of buckets, and bringing earth from a distance, they actually made their own land, and all day long, far into the night, scarcely any noise is heard among them save the incessant grinding of the pulleys which support their ropes.

Ghardaïa, the chief town of the Mzab, is shaped like a pyramid, with the houses rising above each other and terraces supported by arcades, giving a general impression of a beehive. The mosque is dark, bare, cold, puritanical; its only decoration consists of a large collection of clothes and kitchen utensils, which enquiry proves to be lost property waiting to be claimed by its owners.

The Mozabites are strict enough but the neighbouring holy city of Beni Isguen is even stricter. Smoking is absolutely prohibited, and no strangers are allowed to remain there for the night. Even the French school is forced to remain outside the walls. And virtue is evidently rewarded, for all the inhabitants are as rich as they are industrious.

A Forest of Cedars

Another journey from Algiers, no less interesting in a different way, is to Teniet-al-Had and its forest of cedars. The cedars of the Atlas are very imposing and long-lived. Some of them reach a height of 120 feet and one of them is known to be 310 years old, while a couple of centuries are regarded as almost youthful. Some of the seniors have been given names. One of them, Sultan, was recently cut down, but his neighbour Sultana is

A [illegible] by W. [illegible]

BARBARY — SUN AND SAND.

Sandy shores and rocky bays mark all along the North Coast of Africa [illegible]

still standing and has a girth of twenty-nine feet, while Messaud is bigger still. The wood is said to be absolutely incorruptible, however long it may be kept, and as it takes polish very well, it is highly prized in carpentry. An interesting discovery has just been made in the Egyptian records of three to four thousand years ago: that the Egyptian temple-builders had come to know of the existence of these Algerian cedars, and used to traffic for their planks.

Hammam Rhirha

Following the railway westward from Algiers, we may branch off to the bath of Hammam Rhirha, adjoining vast pine forests. They have been frequented ever since Roman times and now attract not only fashionable folk, but thousands of natives, who come every year in caravans with camels and mules and donkeys; they indulge in all sorts of rites, singing processions, ablutions, and the sacrifice of all kinds of animals to help the restoration of their health. They believe that King Solomon has a stable full of camels inside the mountain, all laden with coal to keep alive the subterranean fire to which they attribute the high temperature of the water; and it is one of their practices to help his labours by the ceremonial burning of benzine.

A Picturesque Legend

Following the main line we come to a mysterious monument known as Ḳbur-ar-Roumia, or the Tomb of the Christian Woman. It is a vast circular heap of stones, decorated with sixty Ionic columns and four mock doors, restored to a great extent in 1920. It was probably the tomb of kings in the first century after Christ, but the natives have a picturesque legend about an Arab who was made a prisoner of war by the Christians and sold as a slave to a scientist in Spain. As he spent all his time in weeping over his captivity, the scientist offered him freedom if he would do exactly as he was told. This was to take a certain paper to the Tomb of the Christian Woman, turn to the East, and burn it on a brazier. "Whatever happens," he was told, "be astonished by nothing, but go back to your tent. That is all I ask in exchange for your liberty." The man did as he was bid, and, as soon as the paper was burnt in the brazier, the Tomb

of the Christian Woman opened and there issued forth a great cloud of gold and silver pieces which flew away towards the sea and the lands of the Christians. The tomb closed itself and the man caught a few coins in his cloak, but eventually he talked about the miracle, and the Pasha Salah Rais, who ruled from 1552 to 1556, sent a number of workmen to demolish the tomb and carry off its treasures. But the work had scarcely begun when the figure of a woman appeared at the top of the building, stretching her arms over to the lake and screaming "Hallula! Help!" and immediately an enormous cloud of mosquitoes issued from the tomb and put the workmen to flight.

Wonderful Quarries

Oran is a dull old town with modern houses which have a pleasant French appearance, but the neighbourhood of Oran is interesting. There are the extraordinary marble quarries of Kleber, which were highly prized by the old Romans, but seem to have been utterly neglected by the French. The quarries consist of a chain of hills covering nearly 2,000 acres with scarcely any soil or vegetation, nothing, in fact, to hide from the most superficial observer that it is an uninterrupted mass of marble, probably the largest and finest that the world contains. The iron ore has imparted an infinite variety of tints to this precious stone, exquisite coral pink, rich creamy white, all the most precious hues which great architects have prized for centuries under the names of *giallo antico, giallo avorio* and *rosso antico,* besides a great variety of wonderfully beautiful *breccias.* Another quarry in this neighbourhood, not neglected to the same extent, provided the material for the columns of the Paris Opera.

Tlemcen

Tlemcen, not far away, seems to have benefited from these quarries in the past. Indeed, it is the only town in Algeria where we find buildings of the Arab-Berber epoch worthy of comparison with those in Spain. Except the great Mosque of the twelfth century they are nearly all contemporaries of those of Granada. The natives, both Moslems and Jews, have kept their original race and customs in the other towns of Algeria, and we find typical Moors with almost European complexions, descendants of the

old Moslem conquerors, and negroes sprung from slaves of long ago. It is a very beautiful country, fresh and green and shady with numbers of carub trees and olive trees of incredible age.

§ 2

The Morocco Border

The region on the borders of Morocco is savage and little known. There are extraordinarily beautiful effects of light, grottoes, cascades, wildernesses, oases, great seas of palms, and a great sea of halfa grass with an immense monotonous horizon, where mirages arise—imaginary visions of shining sheets of water, forests and flocks and herds. There are great stretches of gold red sand, which strike bright and unexpected notes in the landscape. The sand seems always to be threatening the villages, and when the South wind blows it fills the streets ankle deep, so that many trees and shrubs have been planted as a protection and give a pleasant garden effect. Many of the soft rocks have been carved in primitive fashion, representing hunters with bows and arrows and—at a far later date—tufts of feathers on their heads, animals which have long disappeared from the region, and caricatures of Frenchmen whose disappearance the natives would probably welcome still more.

An Ancient People

The Kabyle highlands, east of Algiers, are the most extraordinary part of the whole country. The great chain of mountains remains covered with snow until June and is often inaccessible; its panoramas are supremely magnificent; the charm of the mysterious forest and the strange customs of the natives make up for all the dangers and difficulties of travel. During the French operations of 1852, a column of 1,200 men was assailed by a tempest of such violence that not a single tent remained standing and all perished of cold. The crystalline mountains (under 7,000 feet at their highest point) are cut into very deep valleys and the native villages are mostly perched on peaks, where they contrived to maintain their independence longer than any others in the country.

The people belong to the oldest and purest Berber race, which strove in Africa long before the conquests and immigra-

tions of historical periods. No account need be taken of the fact that they include the whitest and the brownest complexions, wide and narrow skulls, short and tall men, for they had amalgamated themselves into a distinct and individual people in the remotest ages. They are the old Numidians, the descendants of the subjects of King Massinissa, Syphax and Jugurtha, and their language is a Berger dialect quite different from Arabic. As a collective name they use the word Zuawa, from which comes the French Zouave, but they have rarely been united as a nation, though various villages and tribes have formed temporary confederations.

When the French came, every village formed an absolutely autonomous little republic, displaying the most conspicuous form of self-government to be found anywhere in the world. The sovereignty of the people expressed itself in a general assembly of the tribesmen, each of whom was theoretically entitled to a vote on reaching his majority. As a matter of fact, however, affairs were usually controlled by fifteen or twenty elders, who elected a sort of President called an *amin*. These assemblies still exist and may be visited in their simple one-room buildings, but they have lost all their power and the French have forbidden the election of their *amins*. This was perhaps wise, for the different communities were always at war with one another and indulged in terrible vendettas, worse than any in Corsica or Albania, continuing their revengeful murders from generation to generation.

The Kabyles are good agriculturists and tend their vast plantations of fig trees very carefully. Socialism is unknown among them, indeed, there is no sort of collective property; sometimes a plot of land belongs to one man and the trees upon it to another; sometimes even a single tree is divided up, different branches belonging to different people. The villages look very picturesque at a distance, but are primitive at close quarters. The houses have no chimneys or windows and only one room for human beings and animals. Huge jars, some of them cunningly decorated, are attached to the walls and contain the whole winter's provisions—corn, oil, and dried figs. There are stone benches against the walls with mats where the people can escape from the animals at bedtime. The filth is incredible, the air is always dense with smoke, and there is always a large dung heap

Photo: A. Bougault.

TUGGURT: TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

In the desert far away south of Biskra, the natives revere the tombs of their ancient kings. The monument in the centre was raised to French soldiers killed at Tuggurt during the insurrection of 1871, which followed the defeat of France by the Germans.

Photo: A. Bourgault.

WARGLA.

A celebrated city in an oasis of the Northern Sahara, surrounded by walls and much frequented by caravans.

Photo. Creed.

THE RUINS OF TIMGAD:

The ruins of Timgad have remained unchanged for thirteen centuries. In the centre is the High-street of this was the Arch of Trajan; there were markets on the

THE "AFRICAN POMPEII"

vast city, which was built by Roman legions in the intervals of fighting the natives. The monument on the left right, and the distant columns belonged to the Capitol

× *Photo.*

CONSTANTINE: NATIVE QUARTERS.

These lively, narrow streets lie in the lower part of the town, and look very picturesque with their quaint little shops and Mozabite merchants sitting in the cobbled roadways. The Mozabites are heretics from the Muhammadan point of view.

N. D. Photo.

TOMB OF THE QUEEN OF MAURETANIA.

This strange old building near Blidah is the subject of many fanciful legends and traditions, but has so far baffled archæologists.

at every door. The Kabyles were the most obstinate in resisting the French invasion, and though put down in sanguinary fashion by three French divisions in three successive campaigns, had to be conquered all over again in 1871.

Constantine

Constantine is one of the most striking towns in the world, crouching on a rocky plateau and peering over giddy precipices. The river Rummel, tearing through a ravine a hundred yards below, is crossed by an enormous suspension bridge which seems to sway dizzily in the slightest breeze, and there is a striking bird's-eye view from it over the strange white limpet houses of the town, the mills and waterfalls of the foaming torrent, and an alarming path along the sheer sides of the cliff, leading to the astounding gorges of the Rummel, which are accounted among the grandest natural beauties of Algeria.

Constantine is a natural fortress, which successfully resisted a French army of 10,000 men in 1837, and was taken only after a desperate struggle and the loss of a general in the following year; the garrison was pursued from house to house and tried to escape from the citadel but their ropes broke and they were all plunged into the abyss. A wide, modern street has been cut through the native quarters, but they retain much of their vivacity and colour. Fat Jewesses may be seen at their doors in gorgeous raiment on their Sabbaths, and the wild Aïssawia have a mosque for their barbaric ritual.

Southern Algeria

The Aures country on the way to Biskra contains a wonderful wealth of vegetation, forests of cedars, prairies and orchards and clusters of date palms, picturesque valleys and cañons of marvellous aspects. The population is half-nomadic, half-sedentary. The necessity of defending their lives has led them to build their villages in the most inaccessible crannies, on the flanks of vertical cliffs or round the tops of pinnacles which are crowned by a *guelaa,* which is at once a granary and a fortress where provisions are stored for bad years and refuge may be taken at times of attack. The land is full of contrasts, with fresh waters in the mountainous oases, fertile gardens, and the sombre verdure of

the palm trees emphasised by the absolute sterility of the chaos of stones, the thirstiness of the calcined rocks, and the grey lights of the desert. It is almost necessary to guess at the villages, which are of the same colour and the same appearance as the rocks and only to be discovered through long-distance glasses by the traces of their secret openings.

On and on we toil and at last from some summit we descry the tender greens of Biskra and the oasis of the Ziban and, in a ruddy cup, the joyful greens of the lake of Mshunesh. Then we come to the wonderful defile and bridge of Al-Kántara, which the natives call Fum-as-Sahara, or mouth of the Sahara, where the desert displays itself suddenly through a golden gate. It is an established belief among the Arabs that the rocks of Al-Kántara arrest all the clouds of the North, that here the rains find their death-warrant. The effects are unique. On one side the mountain is black and the colour of rain, on the other side pink and the colour of eternal spring.

§ 3

"The Garden of Allah"

In Biskra we are in another world, not quite the world which Mr. Hichens fabulated in his romantic "Garden of Allah," but a wonderful avenue to all the delights of the desert, in spite of throngs of tourists, tennis-courts, casinos, cinemas, beggars, tramways, aerodromes and other infections of Europe.

The oases of Biskra contain 150,000 palm trees and thousands of other fruit trees encompassing villages made of bricks that have been dried in the sun. The date palm is the characteristic tree of the Sahara and its fruit is the basis of the food of all the populations of these regions. It flowers in the spring when the temperature reaches sixty-four degrees, that is to say in March at Biskra, and, being artificially fertilised, reaches maturity in the autumn. Abundant irrigation is necessary to an extent that justifies the native saying that a palm tree must always have its head in the sun and its feet in the water. It begins to bear fruit at the age of six or seven, but does not maintain itself profitably until twenty, when it may yield from 88 lbs. to 132 lbs. a year. The time of fertilisation is the occasion of fantastic festivals with all sorts of peculiar rites handed down from remote

antiquity. Scorpions abound and are to be found in almost every house.

The Desert

The desert is a great charm of Biskra, and the further it is explored the more fascinating are its mysteries. Away to the South it contains sand so soft that the least breath suffices to disperse it, and a man cannot hold it for a minute in his hand. Sometimes, gazing across the vast expanse, we perceive a series of undulations which cannot be distinguished from the movements of the waves of the sea. And the desert is not entirely sterile. It possesses a vegetation adapted to the conditions of its existence, powerfully developed roots and leaves reduced to their simplest expression, flowers of subtle pungency and strange latent fertility. Transplant a desert shrub and give it water and it will blossom exceedingly. The dunes, beaten by the winds, become granaries and sponges; they hold every drop of water and allow it to filter slowly to the seeds which are hidden away in their inmost depths. Progress is painful through these moving sands, for horses as well as men, but travellers will find ample compensation in the sublime grandeur of the scenery, in the wonders of savage Nature, in the violent contrasts of light and shade, in the solemn silences of these empty solitudes, where tiny little noises have an importance of their own and reveal unsuspected marvels or inexpressible joys.

III.—TUNISIA

Tunis

The City of Tunis stands on a rocky tongue of land separating two salt or "fœtid" lakes, which are for the most part less than a yard in depth. A channel flanked by dykes leads from the sea to the very costly harbour, beside which the French town is laid out like a chess board, looking very bright and very new with its pretentious hotels and boulevards and trams. Luckily, however, French Tunis keeps aloof from Arab Tunis, and we may step through a lofty gateway into another world and another age, where a network of streets and lanes teems with Oriental life. The old Citadel has given place to French barracks, but the

bazaars and the Bey's palace remain intact. The Bey, now a puppet of the French, visits his palace only once a week, coming on Monday mornings with a pompous retinue to hold ceremonial audiences; at other times visitors may wander through his imposing halls and enjoy an amazing view from the roof terraces over the white houses and domes and minarets of old Tunis steeped in a bath of blinding blue. The mosques are rigidly closed to unbelievers and do not need lengthy notice, but we may admire the Byzantine columns and new minaret of the Mosque of the Olive Tree, as well as the coloured marbles of Italian high-relief adjoining the Mosque of Sidi Ben Arus. The Mosque of Sidi Mahrez is also remarkable for the number of its domes, recalling some of the Byzantine churches of Constantinople. This is close to the Halfawin quarter, which affords a moving picture of Tunisian life amid the coffee-houses and the open stalls of the butchers and bakers and silk weavers.

The bazaars of Tunis used to be considered the best in Africa if not in the Orient, bearing comparison even with those of Stambûl, but they have lost much of their reputation since the French occupation. They consist of whitewashed arcades with a number of niches where the smaller tradesmen make or sell their goods, and regular shops where the merchant princes dwell. At the back of one shop is an open court with an orange tree in the middle and little rooms giving onto a gallery all round. This, we are told, is the old slave market, and the human wares used to be lodged in those little rooms until they were sold. With the exception of the big shops, which are bazaars in our sense of the word and contain a large variety of goods, the various trades are divided into separate quarters, each with a gate of its own, to be closed in case of need.

The Saddlers' Bazaar is perhaps the most pleasing and highly considered in Tunis. Any occupation remotely connected with horses acquires dignity there, and many of the better class Arabs take a pleasure in apprenticing themselves for some years to a saddler. It is, moreover, in the centre of this bazaar that one of the most famous of the Tunisian saints has been buried. His tomb, a wooden box brightly painted with green and red, stands in the middle of the roadway, and all who pass through on foot or on horseback must step aside in deference to his memory.

§ 1

Desolated Carthage

Carthage, some twelve miles from Tunis, is reached by an embankment across the fœtid lake, which is often rendered very beautiful by vast flocks of pink flamingoes. Apart from historical sympathies a visit to Carthage is laden with melancholy. Of the great conquering capital with her population of a million souls, little more remains than a rude mound, some fine cisterns, a garish, whitewashed modern Cathedral, and some trumpery fragments in a museum. Practically the whole of Carthage is still underground. As if the work of the Romans had not been sufficiently thorough, it would seem that every one of their successors had set himself to continue the destruction of Carthage. She has become, in process of time, a quarry for the whole world, and even the uttermost of her foundations have been dispersed. The native quarters of Tunis have for the most part been constructed out of the ruins of Carthage, the Cathedral of Pisa and many of the palaces and churches of Genoa were made with Carthaginian marbles, and yet Carthage may not altogether be despised, for she is alive with memories. The moral of Carthage, the memory which lingers longest with us, is afforded by the layer of grim ashes which we discover everywhere a few inches below the surface.

Forty odd miles from Tunis, the French have developed a wonderful harbour at Bizerta, cutting a channel into the great salt lake behind the town. It is equal in area to the whole of Paris, but most naval experts consider that, though all the navies of the world may take refuge there, they may not find it so easy to come out again.

The scenery between Tunis and Susa is agreeable. The soil would appear to be poor, but it gladdens the eye with a rich carpet of wild flowers. The railway line is bordered at intervals with forests of laburnum, tufts of yellow ranunculus, giant orange hemlocks, brilliant broom and delicate mauve asphodels; the meadows are a kaleidoscope of colours; and cornfields, bejewelled with fiery poppies, stretch away towards mysterious hills dotted with glistening villages. To the right is a well-kept road, where processions of disdainful camels and Liliputian don-

keys lounge in long files; to the left a turgid green sea, where shoals of small boats bob among the breakers. Susa is a dismal little port, with the usual Arab citadel and bazaars. The only interest is afforded by the Christian catacombs, which contain 10,000 tombs arranged like those of the Roman catacombs, in storeys of hollow places in the walls. No one comes to Susa except as a stepping stone for the Holy City of Kairwan, where the chief impression is of poverty and squalor.

The Holy City of Kairwan

The bright vestments which gladden every street in Tunis are replaced in Kairwan by dingy rags, or at the best by garments of dull brown, while the women are shrouded from head to foot in black wool. The perennial gaiety of Tunis is absent. Men stalk silently through the narrow streets, and, even when they haggle in the bazaars, there is always a note of irritation in their strident voices.

One of the mosques has 500 marble pillars; all have fine courtyards, some exquisite tiles, and woodwork of considerable antiquity; but they have no galleries, rich carpets or Koranic shields as at Stambûl and the general impression is far from magnificent. There are, however, quaint corners and interesting street scenes. Here is the little Mosque of the Three Doors, carved with ever dainty Arabic characters over the whole front; there a piteous group of camels being smeared all over with tar and lifting up a mew-like complaint the while; yonder a madman with a reputation for sanctity, gibbering and pointing a foolish finger at those who pass; again a pretty market, freshly green, with crowds of sack-like purchasers grovelling on all fours about the various wares spread out upon the ground; and at every turn a row of butchers' booths, where impassive vendors ply esparto whisks in a vain endeavour to chase milliards of flies from the array of unappetising meat. Carpets, leather and chiselled copper work are the chief industries.

Sfax

The old Arab town of Sfax affords a constant delight with its jagged Saracen wall, its narrow lanes, through none of which a carriage can pass, its fantastic balconies, its wonderful green

Photo: E. N. A.

A LIBYAN BOY.

Black but comely, and evidently quite satisfied with life in spite of the scantiness of his attire.

Photo: E. N. A.

MEDNIN: TROGLODYTES.

The cave-dwellings in Southern Tunisia afford one of the most extraordinary sights in the world. At Mednin they have advanced beyond the cave stage and consist of a high rugged wall with rude doorways dotted about haphazard and ledges of masonry for the inhabitants to climb into their homes.

Photochrom.

THE HOLY CITY OF KAIRWAN.

Until the Turkish period neither Christian nor Jew was allowed to enter Kairwan, which was known as "one of the four gates of Paradise." To spend one's last days within its walls and be buried in hallowed earth outside its gates, seem to believers the height of bliss.

gateways and its strange arched bazaars, where blacksmiths struggle with enormous bellows. The children wear parti-coloured clothes, the right half scarlet and the left half Cambridge blue, or one side purple and the other salmon pink, like glorified clowns. The men wear gigantic turbans and convey an air of festivity by the large pink roses or geraniums poised above their ears.

The chief industries are fishing for cuttlefish and sponges. Some 65,000 lbs. of cuttlefish are sold every year at Sfax alone, and their collection forms an important industry all along the coast. They are taken by divers or by spearing or in wicker-work traps. The "poulpe" or octopus is an evil-looking and evil-tasting mollusc, not unlike a devil-fish, and is largely consumed in Greece, especially during Lent. When it has been caught, a hard membrane is removed from its head, which is then beaten with several hundreds of blows to complete the killing of the creature and render it somewhat less like a brickbat. Then any remains of sea-water are squeezed out and it is hung up to dry in the sun.

Sponge Fisheries

Three kinds of sponges are found off Tunisia, varying in value from a shilling to a sovereign, and are taken in three different ways. The Arabs and Sicilians use a kind of trident at the end of a pole, sometimes as much as fifteen yards long. If there be the slightest ripple, it is impossible to see through the water. Until the latter part of the nineteenth century these fishermen secured the necessary calmness by pouring a few drops of oil on the surface of the water; but this was an extravagant plan, and now they generally use a tin cylinder, provided at the end with a piece of looking-glass, and by dipping this below the surface of the water, it is possible to see the bottom as clearly as in calm weather. Having made out where the best sponges are, a fisherman halts his boat and plunges his trident straight down, when a slight twist suffices to uproot and secure the sponge.

The Greeks use a drag called *gangava,* which is a kind of frame with a net in the middle. Three sides of it are of wood and the other is a strong iron bar. It is attached to a rope and dragged along the bottom of the sea by the motion of the boat, tearing up the sponges and collecting them in the net. As soon

as it is full, the boat becomes difficult to propel, the net is brought up, and its contents, consisting of sponges, all manner of shells, and even large fish, are taken out and sorted before the drag is let down again. This is a very extravagant and destructive method of fishing, for it roots up many sponges which it does not collect.

The natives of Jerba and the Kerkenna Islands prefer the more sporting method of diving. This takes place at a depth of twelve or fifteen feet, and each diver is provided with a knife to protect himself against sharks. The value of the sponges taken at Sfax amounts to over £100,000 a year.

An Oasis Outpost

Gabes consists of a cluster of houses built to minister to the wants of the French garrison, and a tropical array of 200,000 palm trees which produce indifferent dates; yet it is perhaps the most fascinating place on the coast. A Roman barrage is still used for distributing water, and there are delightful gardens where pomegranates, bananas, bamboos and many luxuriant flowers abound. The Arab villages of this oasis are of surprising architecture with strange underground streets of exceeding darkness, built of boulders which may puzzle an archæologist. Some of them are well-formed capitals of columns like those of the walls of Al-Jem amphitheatre; others are great stones furnished with round holes, such as have been rashly identified with Baal worship in Tripoli.

§ 2

Troglodytes

The most interesting feature of the Southern district of Tunisia consists in strange underground dwellings, either handed down or imitated from prehistoric times, and it is an excellent retort to people who believe in modern progress that it should still be found advantageous to revert to a kind of habitation which antedates the invention of houses. Cave-dwellers are to be found in Eastern Spain; there are survivals of them in Japan and Mexico; and an adaptation of the fashion survives at Bari and elsewhere; but there is certainly no other place in the world

Photochrom.

TUNIS: MOSQUE OF THE OLIVE TREE.

Natives coming out after morning service. This mosque is close to the Perfumers' Bazaar (seen on the left), and contains many fine columns taken from the ruins of Carthage.

where the various kinds of troglodytes may all be observed so well within a narrow radius as in the South of Tunisia. Near Shnini the caves in the rocks, just as Nature prepared them thousands of years ago, have been taken as dwellings. In neighbouring hillsides, the caves have been improved by scooping them out and providing them with rough masonry at the entrance. Hard by, again, we may witness a third stage of development, the natives having found it less troublesome to scoop their dwellings out of the side of the living rock than to build houses with walls. The appearance of one of these villages, consisting of a succession of burrows along the face of a rock, is fanciful in the extreme, and suggests the abode of rabbits or prairie dogs rather than human beings.

At Mednin we find the very last stage of troglodyte dwellings. It is no longer a cave in any sense of the word, but consists of a high rugged wall with rude doorways dotted about above each other and beside each other in the most haphazard manner imaginable, and there are ledges of masonry for the inhabitants to clamber up into their hovels. Dwirat is perhaps the most striking and characteristic of the mountain-side troglodyte towns, and Tatawin is a village more or less troglodyte in construction. But Shnini is the most mysterious of them all, having the appearance of a great white natural fortress from the outside. The inhabitants used to have close relations with the Tuaregs, and would no doubt continue to do so but for the vigilance of the adjoining French garrison.

Desert Marauders

Some 20,000 Tuaregs occupy, nomadically but effectually, a country as large as France. They have a reputation for courage and fierce intractability. Between their tribes they are said to act generously and even chivalrously, but with strangers no cruelty or treachery is too bad for them. There is a long list of travellers who have succumbed to them during the last fifty years, and the only way of passing through their country in safety is to proceed with a large and well-armed escort, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left and mistrusting every proposal which may come from them. They ride about the desert with veils on their faces corresponding in colour to their rank,

and they exact a tribute from every one who passes. If it were possible to trust them this tribute would be well earned as the price for protection, but their character is such that all who have had anything to do with them despair of ever being able to repose the least confidence in them.

Tunisia is bounded on the South by almost untraversable deserts, where the French have no recognised frontiers, though they cherish hopes of eventually establishing a Saharan Empire rivalling that of the British in India.

IV.—LIBYA

The Italians have been less successful in Africa than the French, and Libya, which they conquered from the Turks in 1912, has proved a source more of anxiety than of profit. The coastline extends for over a thousand miles from Tunisia to Egypt, for the most part an arid and desolate region; there are no rivers, and the rare rains do not afford good harvests more than once in four or five years. But Tripoli, the capital, is the principal commercial avenue from the Barbary States to the interior, and there is a caravan trade in ostrich feathers, ivory, hides, esparto grass and cattle. The Sheikh-es-Senussi, chief of the powerful Senussi confraternity, was at one time strong enough to cause anxiety for the safety of Tripoli, Egypt, and Nigeria, but his power has been completely broken.

Tripoli

Beheld from the steamer, across a dazzling sea of every shade of blue, Tripoli's white sheen and graceful outlines are an incessant delight. At either end of the curving bay are sturdy forts —on one side the Citadel, on the other the Spanish fort and the Borj-al-Lilla or One Night Fort, said to have been built by Jinn in that short space of time. The town itself seems a strange collection of huddled houses, with flat roofs, straggling up the hill, mosque domes and rounded minarets, which strike a contrast after the square turret shapes of Tunisia; and on all hands are visions of verdant gardens with palms whose waving fronds salute the empyrean.

The houses have either an ugly modern frontage or are tumble-down hovels reeking with the refuse of generations; but

nearly every street is covered in with ragged matting and an abundance of flowers which afford a picturesque atonement for every outrage on our æsthetic feelings. Outside is an oasis of luxurious gardens, protected by high mud walls against possible marauders, and the warm air is laden with the perfume of lemon blossom. The profusion of oranges supplies most of the markets of the world, and nearly all those which are known to the trade as Malta Bloods are exported hence. Mulberries and apricots are ripe at the end of April, and Japanese medlars, picked with the sun on them, are peculiarly luscious.

On the Eastern coast is the great promontory of Barca or the Cyrenaica, which offers a striking contrast to the countries on either side. It consists of a succession of wooded hills and smiling prairies well watered by rains and perennial springs.

Further east towards Egypt is the desert and inhospitable country of Marmarica, and Jerbub or Jaghabub, a Senussiyeh *zawia* or collegiate settlement. In the heart of the desert hinterland is the mysterious oasis of Kufara, the Senussiyeh headquarters, the last, but no longer impregnable, stronghold of the Puritans of Islam.

PRODUCTS, ETC.

Morocco.—Actual area about 231,500 square miles (French zone, 213,140 square miles; Spanish zones, 18,360 square miles). Population, 5,900,000 (French zone, 5,400,000; Spanish zone, about 500,000). The internationalised Zone of Tangier has an area of 104 square miles, and the town itself a population of 50,000. The four imperial capitals are all French, and have populations as follows:—Fez (70,500); Meknes (36,600); Morocco City (140,000); Rabat (31,000). Casablanca has a population of over 100,000. Spanish towns are: Melilla (42,600); Tetuan (30,000); and Ceuta (35,000).

Algeria.—Area about 222,180 square miles. Population, 5,800,000. Principal towns are: Algiers (206,600); Oran (141,160); Constantine (78,200); Bône (45,200); Tlemcen (30,000).

Tunisia.—Area 50,000 square miles. Population, 2,100,000. Towns are: Tunis (171,500), Bizerta (20,800), Sfax (30,000), Kairwan (25,000).

Libya.—Area about 400,000 square miles. Population over a million. Towns are: Tripoli (73,000), Benghazi (35,000), Homs, Derna, Ghadames, Ghat, and Murzuq.

Products.—Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia are rich in minerals and their production of phosphates is important. The date may be considered the chief product of the three countries named, and of Libya. Cereals, wine, olives, almonds, figs, lemons, oranges, esparto grass, cork, tobacco (Algeria), flax (Algeria), pomegranates (Algeria), and fish are among other products.

X

THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE gorgeous blue Mediterranean is an endless scene of beauty and the mother of all our civilisation. Her northern shores and many of her islands offer such supreme fertility that labour seems to become superfluous, while her southernmost shore reveals the Sahara as a contrast of sterility and barbarism. And both sides, once upon a time united by land, are still united rather than divided by this benevolent, tideless sea.

Tideless she is for all practical purposes, though there are exceptions in many parts, especially in the Gulf of Gabes, where there is a rise and fall of five feet and mariners may be stranded a mile or two from the shore.

The mildness of this smiling sea renders it a paradise in winter, the bar at Gibraltar keeping out the cold waters of Atlantic depths, while admitting the warmer surface waters; and the average temperature is fourteen degrees above that of the same latitude elsewhere. The burning scirocco of the Sahara makes life unbearable at times, in summer and autumn, but as a rule the fiercest heat is tempered by soft, refreshing breezes.

If we forget the narrow Strait of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean is the largest enclosed sea in the world, 2,200 miles long and from 500 to 600 miles wide, with an area of 900,000 square miles.

It was on the Mediterranean that Phœnicia, Greece and Italy successively established their great nurseries of human knowledge and progress. Phœnicia was already a nation before the Jews reached their Promised Land. The Greeks cultivated the olive and thereby revolutionised agriculture as completely as they transfigured men's minds by their art and ideas. The Romans also used this sea to spread their glory, but when they

destroyed Carthage, they failed to reconstruct her commerce, and it was not until much later that Asia was tapped by the enterprise of Venetians, Genoese and Pisans, and the trade of the Indies, the caravans of Babylon and Palmyra became linked with the commerce of the West.

Then the discovery of America and the Cape route eclipsed the Mediterranean, and for centuries the great sea was given over to Turkish and Moorish pirates, who ruthlessly scoured her waters and uttermost coasts. But what man had undone, man was able to restore, and the cutting of the Suez Canal (1859-69) made the Mediterranean once more the world's main highway, the chief prize of whatever nation contrives to rule the waves.

I.—GIBRALTAR

A majestic rock and harbour at the entrance to the Mediterranean, Gibraltar has an area of 1¾ square miles and a civil population of 16,200 (mainly Roman Catholic). It was not taken very seriously until the year 1704, when Admiral Rooke seized it almost by accident, to console himself for a rebuff during the War of the Spanish Succession. Little did he imagine, when he landed with a few guns and a handful of men, that he was securing the key to the Mediterranean, laying one of the first foundations of the British Empire.

A tremendous siege began in 1781 and lasted for three years, but by that time the famous galleries and caverns had been constructed all bristling with guns, and the fiercest assaults were foredoomed to failure. Drilled out of the rock while engineering was in its infancy, these stupendous works fill the British with pride in the tenacity and ingenuity of their constructors, but even now they are no mere antiquarian joy, for every nook and cranny has been developed with all the miracle of modern science and Gibraltar remains perhaps the only impregnable fortress of the world.

The Wonders of the Rock

No great part of the vast labyrinth is shown to civilians, but they may see enough to conjure up visions that place Dante's dreams in the shade—precipitous stairs delving through the rock

Photo: E. N. A.

GIBRALTAR.

The majestic old Rock is only some three miles long, but of infinite importance. Honeycombed with galleries and gunpits, it rests like a lion couchant guarding the entrance from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean.

Photo: E. N. A.

VALLETTA.

Valletta, the capital of Malta, presents a very striking appearance from the sea, with its harbours and grand fortifications partly hewn out of the rock. It is a model of a sixteenth century fortress, and the harbour is one of the most important in the Mediterranean.

Photo: E. N. A.

MALTA: VALLETTA.

Nearly all the main streets of Valletta consist of flights of steps ascending steeply from the two vast harbours. Malta is a very religious island, and holy statues are conspicuous everywhere.

to mysterious depths; weird dark passages leading to a vast cavern filled with gunpowder; ghostly torches suddenly revealing great guns that peer out through unsuspected apertures and threaten Spain. It is a strange sensation to peer out too, blinking over a violet blue sea towards the scorched coasts of Africa, straining eyes down giddy precipices, where falcons hover about their inaccessible nests. And we know that infinite secret galleries perforate the whole rock in every direction, as in the hive of some colony of mammoth insects.

Gibraltar is a Crown Colony administrated by a Governor, who is also Commander-in-Chief, and is assisted by an Executive Council. To this day it remains more British than many a town in Great Britain, and no British citizen is prouder of his citizenship than the nondescript natives, called "Scorpions," who have acquired British nationality by the accident of birth on the rock. The names of the streets and shops and inns are aggressively British. There is a Babel of tongues in the bazaar, where Tommy Atkins may be jostled by wild Moors in turbans, and rapacious Jews in skull-caps, and dark Andalucians who have stepped straight out of an opera. But the whole atmosphere is British, and military at that. There are pyramids of canon-balls in every square, Irish jaunting cars driven by the sons of sailors, officers in full sporting rig on their way to Africa for pig-sticking, even a pack of hounds.

The rock has an odd colony of monkeys, of an Asiatic genus, which is found fossilised in Great Britain, France, and Greece, and survives in Algeria, Morocco, and Eastern Asia. Some of them are killed off when they breed too quickly, but otherwise they are allowed to live on friendly terms with man. Their patriarch is known, in Gibraltar, as the Town Major.

II.—MALTA

Malta is an archipelago of great importance to the British Empire, the half-way house between the Strait of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. From the sea, the island of Malta (seventeen miles long) might be a heap of grey stones, but this is an illusion due to the high garden walls built for protection against the violent winds. The rock of Malta is covered with a layer of rich mould, so rich that the crops easily support the densest popula-

tion in the world; Maltese potatoes and oranges are celebrated all over Europe. Malta enjoys a climate where extremes are unknown: it resembles the South of France with a summer temperature of 76° to 86° F., and in the winter the thermometer rarely falls below 50° F.

One-third of the soil is said to belong to the clergy, while goats are ubiquitous and supposed to propagate Malta fever. But the Maltese are a wonderful and distinct race, with their own Semitic language and traditions; frugal, industrious, enterprising, they make good colonists, and are masters of commercial art. The popular idea is that they speak Italian, from their long association with the kingdom of Naples. But the national speech of the Maltese is probably descended from the Phœnician language, which was nearly akin to Arabic and was once the tongue of Carthage. Practically all the people are fervent Catholics, and their churches are more numerous and magnificent than those in any community of similar size. The women wear a distinctive dress, known as the *faldetta,* many folds of black silk or stuff covering the head and shoulders and giving them the appearance of nuns or penitents. More than eight thousand of them depend on lace-making, for which the island has long been famous. The upper classes are mostly descended from settlers during the rule of the Knights of St. John, and twenty-nine families retain titles of nobility.

History

The island was revealed to fame by the shipwreck of St. Paul. Then it went through the usual Mediterranean vicissitudes of colonisation and conquest until 1530, when the Knights of St. John received it "in perpetual sovereignty" from the Emperor Charles V. There was a tremendous siege in 1565 by Turks and Corsairs, who were eventually repulsed with a loss of 30,000 out of 40,000 men, while the garrison's fighting force was reduced from nine thousand to six hundred. But the courage of the Knights was invincible and the Grand Master, La Vallette, proceeded to reconstruct the island and built Valletta, the present capital. The French seized Malta in 1798, but trouble soon arose; the population revolted and British troops came to their rescue, starving the French out after a siege of three years. Thence-

forward Malta has remained a British possession. A British Governor acts as Viceroy, but since 1920 there has been a parliamentary constitution with Ministers responsible to a Legislature. The law is based on the code of the Knights, but has been modified by their successors—trial by jury, for instance, was introduced in 1829.

Valletta

Valletta has one of the finest harbours in the world, and offers strange sensations with its clean, precipitous streets, many of which are merely long flights of stairs. The Cathedral of St. John contains many memorials of the Knights. Their Order was divided into nine "nations," each of which had a House of Assembly known as an *auberge* or inn. An opera house has been built on the site of the *Auberge d' Angleterre* (Inn of England), and the *Auberge de Provence* has become the Union Club, its immense refectory affording a magnificent banqueting hall.

The Maltese Archipelago is actually the last vestige of a broad belt of land connecting Sicily with Tunis. Malta proper has an area of 91½ square miles; but the colony includes also the adjacent islands of Comino (½ square mile in extent) and Gozo (26 square miles). There is a Governor who is Commander-in-Chief, although a measure of Home Rule has been granted, and (since 1921) there is now a bicameral Legislature elected by the people themselves on the proportional representation system. The total civil population is 228,500.

III.—CYPRUS

Cyprus, the third largest island of the Mediterranean, some forty miles from Asia Minor, has been more coveted, and has accordingly had a greater variety of masters, than most regions in the world. It was mentioned as Chittim in the Book of Genesis; Balaam and Isaiah referred to its ships; and it developed a civilisation of its own at a very early period. Richard Lion-heart gave it to Lusignan, a Crusader, who founded a dynasty of Cypriote Kings, then it belonged to Venice, and became Turkish in 1571, and then Great Britain obtained a Protectorate over it in 1878, as a reward for saving Constantinople from the Russians. When

the Turks joined the Central Powers in 1914, Britain proceeded to formal annexation, and the Government is now administered by a High Commissioner with a Legislative Council of eighteen—six nominated members and the others elected with the proviso that nine shall be Christians and the other three Muhammadans. The area of Cyprus is 3,584 square miles, and the population 310,700 (of which about 214,500 are Christians).

Birthplace of Venus

Perhaps the island is most famous as the birthplace of the goddess Venus, who sprang out of the foam at Paphos on the south-west coast. Her worship is thought to survive in the fair called Cataclysm or Deluge, held every year on her birthday, fifty days after the Greek Easter, at each of the sea-ports; no pious native abstains from putting out to sea on that day, and young men come to the fairs from distant parts to select their brides.

The remains of the great Temple of Venus at Paphos are still very remarkable. It was famous enough to be reproduced on Roman coins and bears a striking resemblance to Solomon's Temple as described in the Second Book of Kings.

Nikosia, the capital, is enclosed by four miles of walls with deep gates at intervals. The Cathedral has an astonishing picture of the Last Judgment. Among the damned on Christ's left hand are a number of bishops descending in a stream of flame into the mouth of a huge green monster.

The villages of Cyprus are built of sun-dried bricks in the plains and of stone cemented with mud in the mountains, the roofs being supported by graceful arches, which testify to the artistic development of the islanders, a survival from countless generations of cunning workmen. The antiquities of the island are varied and numerous and have supplied almost every museum in the world, the pottery being specially admirable.

The word copper is derived from Cyprus, and copper mines were long a source of great wealth to the island. Now the chief products are wine, grain, silk, fruits, asbestos, and salt. The salt is found in two lakes which dry up in summer, and there is also a fresh lake abounding in eels when it contains any water. There is plenty of water below the surface of the island, and primitive

Photo: E. N. A.

MOUNT ETNA.

A train passing through a vast field of lava on the railway which travels all round the mysterious volcano. The photograph was taken near Bronte, from which Lord Nelson derived one of his titles.

Photo: E. N. A.

SICILIAN VILLAGE LIFE.

Everybody lives out of doors in this sunny land; even the stairs are out of doors. Here is a miniature parliament of women discussing local gossip over their needlework and basket-making. Comfort is still a thing of the future and they content themselves with hard chairs and stools.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

UNIQUE PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS OF SARDINIA.

There are some five thousand of them in the island, mostly cone-shaped with very thick walls. They are supposed to have been tombs, but as nothing has ever been found inside this is merely guesswork. The one in the picture possesses corridors and chambers.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

SARDINIA: A WAYSIDE ROCK.

This illustration shows the wild desolation of the island. A quaint rock, supposed to resemble an elephant, stands out by the roadside, almost the only landmark for miles and miles around.

water-wheels are worked by donkeys and mules to obtain it for irrigation. The interior is very mountainous, though the greatest height is not more than 6,200 feet.

IV.—CORSICA

Scenery

Blood feuds grow instead of subsiding with the progress of civilisation in Corsica, but they have never been comparable with those of Sardinia, and the primitive hospitality of the people ensures safety to travellers. The scenery is magnificent, wild and varied, combining semi-tropical vegetation with the best features of the Alps. The island has a limpid atmosphere which transfigures all the surprising scenery, sometimes presenting it in the most delicate hues and sometimes inspiring land and sea with colours so vivid that the show places of Italy seem pale in comparison.

Wealth of Chestnuts

There are great forests, mountains of granite and serpentine and wide acres of desolate scrub, known as *maquis* or *macchie,* whose blackbirds provide succulent pies and whose myrtles are distilled to make a liqueur. The chestnuts of the forests are the staple food of a great part of the population, even more valuable than date palms to the Arabs. While a palm tree has to be cultivated laboriously, irrigated all through the summer and plucked with infinite care, chestnuts grow spontaneously, need neither care nor pruning, nor even plucking; for the fruit falls as soon as it is ripe enough to supply the needs of mankind. It is eaten in every form, taking the place of fruit, vegetables, porridge and bread, being given to the cattle instead of grain and supplying a revenue by profitable export.

Corsica is now a mere department of the French Republic, but the Corsicans, an Italian race with Italian dialects of their own, find it difficult to disguise their dislike for the French, and will tell you in confidence that Corsica annexed France and that France ought rather to be considered a department of Corsica. Corsica, with an area of 3,367 square miles is one of the largest French departments. It has a population of 281,960.

Home of Adventurers

A strange fate seems to have endowed the island with successful adventurers. Long before Buonaparte, a humble native became Pope of Rome. King Theodore of Corsica was a foreigner—Baron Neuhoff of Westphalia—but the romance of his life was Corsican in character and success. After a series of native insurrections against the rule of the Republic of Genoa, this melodramatic nobleman suddenly landed in the year 1736 dressed up like a Turkish pirate and accompanied only by a handful of friends. Almost immediately he was acclaimed king and succeeded in blockading the ports of the Genoese, conferred titles, struck money, and established order with a native army. It was only after three years that he was driven out by the French and retired to England, where, after being imprisoned for debt and staring starvation in the face, he was buried in St. Anne's churchyard at Westminster.

Corsican Characteristics

Few, if any, of the old Corsican costumes remain, though at Niolo we may still hear of men possessing trousers of black goat's skin and sometimes wearing enormous hats of coarse straw, while a few old women in various parts of the island cling to the *faldetta*, a cloth imitation of the Spanish mantilla. But the people have changed little during the course of centuries, despite the tyranny of successive masters. They are hardy, hard-looking and haggard; lazy for the most part, and they despise the many Italians who come over to work in the fields from time to time. Laziness and pride are perhaps the chief characteristics.

The Buonaparte Legend

Ajaccio, the capital, has been compared in its surroundings with the Bay of Naples, and possesses beautiful gardens, villas, and strange chapel-tombs. It thrives upon the Buonaparte legend. Its streets are named after Buonaparte and members of his family. There is an ugly statue of Napoleon in a Roman toga near the landing-place, and his colossal equestrian statue overshadows the principal square. The tomb of his mother provokes to-day a smile by the simplicity of its inscription: "The Mother

of Kings." And the chief sight of the town is the Buonapartes' house, where admirers flock to gaze upon the nursery of Napoleon and the sofa on which he was born.

The ancient fortress of Bonifacio is remarkable. Its interior is a labyrinth of narrow streets, rising in wide stone steps; the houses are lofty and gloomy, entered by quaint steep staircases like ladders. The mediæval defences, of great extent and height, are built on soft rock which has crumbled away in many places, leaving the walls standing on shelves which project one beyond the other with huge grottoes beneath, apparently just about to fall.

V.—SARDINIA

The Sardinians are the mildest mannered men, notwithstanding their reputation. Travel all over their island and you will be received with old Highland hospitality. There are few inns, except in the two or three chief towns; but inns are not needed, for every door is open to the stranger, the best of fare is offered, the fatted calf is instantly slain, the cellars are ransacked for the oldest wines. Indeed, you might almost start a vendetta by refusing hospitality or wanting to hurry away too soon. All the time, however, you are surrounded by an atmosphere amounting to an ice-wall of impenetrable reserve. And you cannot see much of Sardinia without becoming aware of the fierce national tradition of the vendetta or blood-feud, which has been handed down for generations, and dominates the whole life of the island.

Blood Feuds

Vendetta is a horrible snowball. In the "good old times" we had our duels, somebody was killed or wounded and there was an end of it; but in vendetta-lands the first blood is the impulse that starts an endless avalanche. You smile at my wife or tread on my toes and I wait behind a rock and slit your weasand or shoot you in the back. If the whole jury were eye-witnesses they would acquit me: first, because it is the custom of the country; secondly, because they know that summary justice will not allow me to escape. *Your* next of kin will then proceed to kill *me; my* relations will kill *him;* and so on for ever and ever.

Rare Reconciliations

In Sardinia, Church and State have been at work for generations trying to suppress the vendetta, but it is very slow work. From time to time, however, reconciliations do take place. In 1921 there was a solemn ceremony of forgiveness, for which the parish priest and the mayor of Tempio, amid the savage rockland of Angina, were jointly responsible. Almost endless negotiations preceded the formal kiss of peace. No one wished to forego his vengeance; the honour of five hostile families was at stake. Then someone having authority suddenly listened to reason and all the hostile families, far more hostile than the Montagues and Capulets, agreed to attend Mass together. Their famous feud had been responsible for no less than seventy-five homicides during the previous fifteen years.

The Italian Cinderella

The most amazing fact is that, apart from this one strange kink in their brains, Sardinians are among the most engaging and amiable of mortals. They grumble incessantly, but they were the first to volunteer for the Great War, and acquitted themselves like heroes. They belong to another age, and cannot be judged fairly by modern standards of civilisation.

Though so near to the fashionable resorts of Europe and offering such a paradise of scenery and sport, Sardinia remains the uttermost end of nowhere, as completely cut off from modern civilisation as the remotest island of the Pacific. Outwardly, however, the island does not strike one as very different from an ordinary Italian province.

Cagliari

Cagliari, the capital, for instance, never impresses one as more old-fashioned than many a town near Naples or Rome. It lies on a wide bay known as the Gulf of the Angels, and is surrounded by picturesque lagoons. There are high mouldy walls, endless flights of time-worn steps, a museum and the usual churches. At the festival of Saint Ephesus, in May, crowds of peasants arrive in magnificent old-world costumes and gold ornaments, which have been handed down from generations, and we may see remarkable processions, with performances of scenes

THE TOWN-CRIER IN A CORSICAN VILLAGE.

Advertising is still conducted on primitive lines in Corsica. The man with the penny trumpet soon attracts a crowd of men and boys in their old-fashioned brigand garb and tells them that fish is cheap to-day, or that the priest's housekeeper has lost the gold earrings she inherited from her grandmother.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

SARDINIA: ST. PETER'S ISLAND.

This island was uninhabited till 1787, when some five hundred Genoese came as refugees from Tabarca in Tunisia. Their descendants are still known as Tabarcans and retain their old dialect and costumes. They have extensive coral and tunny fisheries.

Photo: E. N. A.

PAPHOS: ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

In ancient times one of the most important places in the Mediterranean, Paphos is now a tiny Oriental-looking village, full of antiquities. There was once a temple here which bore a striking resemblance to King Solomon's temple at Jerusalem.

Photochrom.

CORSICA: BONIFACIO.

At the extreme south of the island, facing the straits which separate it from Sardinia, Bonifacio is one of the most astonishing towns in Europe, with its great citadel of burnt umber, its numerous drawbridges and its timid little collection of houses huddled behind the walls. Instead of staircases there are approaches like ladders even to the topmost floors.

from the Passion similar to those of Murcia and Seville. The vegetation in the neighbourhood is African in character, most of the small fields being enclosed with tall hedges of cactus.

Tunny Fishing

The chief features of Sardinia, however, are the savage scenery, the abundance of game including mouflon and wild boar, the tunny fisheries, the mines and the prehistoric monuments. Tunny fishing is, indeed, the chief industry of the coasts of Sardinia and Sicily. These enormous mackerel come in dense shoals during the spring to their spawning grounds, usually followed by numbers of sharks, who add to the excitement of the fishing. For several months thousands of men, women and children are entirely occupied in catching, cutting up, boiling, preserving and packing the huge repulsive fish, which afford a great part of the diet of the whole Mediterranean. All sorts of adventures are related about their capture and slaughter, and during the War it was a frequent occurrence to find the head of a submarined sailor within the belly of a tunny. Sometimes the profit of a single *matanza* or slaughter amounts to £8,000 or £10,000.

Unique Prehistoric Monuments

The *Nuraghi,* or prehistoric monuments, are utterly unlike any except those of the Balearic Islands, and some four or five thousand of them remain many very well preserved. They are mostly cone-shaped, with walls from thirteen to twenty-three feet in thickness, low entrances and corridors leading to oval chambers and spiral staircases to the upper storeys. They are generally to be found, either singly or in groups, on peaks or slopes of mountains, and, though very little is known about them, it is thought that they were used more as places of refuge than as tombs.

Sardinia belongs to Italy and has an area of 9,299 square miles. The total population is 866,680.

VI.—SICILY

Sicily is the largest island in the Mediterranean and is politically an integral part of Italy. It has a total area of 9,935 square miles, with a population of 4,132,200.

History

The island is full of historical and prehistoric interest. Some thirty thousand years ago it was connected with the Tunisian coast by a flat tableland, and from very early ages the towns on its shores were hives of commerce. Greeks and Carthaginians struggled here for supremacy, and the Romans used the island as their base for the conquest of Africa.

Activity and prosperity still cling to the coast, but most of the interior consists chiefly of vast farms and pasture-lands where no writs run. Oddly enough, there are few small villages, most labourers preferring to live in towns or big villages and travel long distances every day to their work, or live in the open tending their herds.

The scarcity of water remains a great handicap, but the patient industry of man has turned a great part of the island into a garden. There are no less than ten million orange, lemon and citron trees—three times as many as are to be found in the whole Italian peninsula—and the scent of the lemon groves in flower affords subtle sensations unequalled anywhere else on the face of the globe. All this is due to the fact that the Moorish system of irrigation, woefully neglected in Spain, has been continued here with astonishing success. Springs are coaxed forth from the entrails of limestone mountains, subterranean waters are tapped and brought up by means of shafts as in Arabia and Persia, and the value of land has been increased twenty-fold.

Tunny and sardines lavishly reward the activities of the fisher-folk, and salt is so abundant that the Italian Government has abandoned all hope of collecting its tax; but sulphur is the staple product, amounting to seventy-nine per cent. of the whole yield of the world.

The Rule of a Secret Society

Sicily is reckoned politically as a part of Italy, but actually constitutes a world apart. Incredibly backward, it contrives to thrive in its own way and to secure well-being by the most cynical defiance of law and order. The great wonder of the island is the realisation of an utterly illegal, even criminal, but very practical form of Home Rule, dependent upon a secret society called the Mafia, to which almost every man, woman and child is constrained

to belong. The Mafia considers itself a State within the State, an aristocracy of crime, if you please, and as such it must obviously have revenues. So it has instituted its own taxation, which depends upon kidnapping, blackmail, cattle-lifting and highway robbery.

Kidnapping

In old days the kidnapping was done on a very grand scale, rich people being carried off to the mountains and provided with retinues of servants and banquets with silver spoons and forks while awaiting the receipt of a ransom. Nowadays it is all much simpler and a ransom may amount to less than £4, never more than £400. The plan adopted is to send a letter demanding the sum "assessed." The money must be given to a peasant, who will be found on a mule at a certain spot in the mountains and will reveal himself by asking for a match. If payment is not made, a second letter comes by post, pushed under the door, or delivered by a peasant. The second letter is rarely neglected though there may be some haggling over the amount. Otherwise news comes that thirty of your cattle have been killed or that your crops have been burnt. If you still resist or go to the police, you receive a laconic note: "You are dead," and one dark night you are mysteriously shot.

Messina

Messina was a happy smiling town until the earthquake of December, 1908, one of the greatest earthquakes in history. The bottom of the Straits was then raised over 1,300 feet, and the shores were flooded with a succession of tidal waves while the earth rose and fell like a great sea; earthquake shocks were felt a hundred miles away and Messina was reduced to a heap of stones, burying a great proportion of the inhabitants for days and robbing thousands of their senses. The harbour is now busy once more, but Messina offers only a sorry ghost of her former beauty.

Taormina

Taormina has always been famed as one of the sublime beauty spots of the world. There is a very famous Greek theatre

said to realise the ideals of absolute grace, and still full of wonders in spite of the vandalism of Saracens and restorers; but all the finest antiquities of the world would not suffice to distract us from the transcendent glories which Nature has lavished here. The perfumes of myriads of sweetest flowers rise to our brains; fairy visions of red rocks and cascading verdure and cobalt seas awaken all the lusts of our eyes at sunrise or sunset. And then we catch our first glimpse of pink and purple Etna, with its delicate wisp of steam and smoke, borne on the breeze for miles away from its glistening snows—Etna, the haunt of ogres and legendary monsters, the ever-present menace of destruction, full of strange friendliness in the stateliness of its repose.

Etna

Etna is 10,880 feet above the level of the sea, the loftiest mountain in Italy south of the Alps. Up to a height of 6,279 feet there are forests, which used to provide material for the fleets of Sicily in the olden days, and have now been thinned to resemble English park scenery. A dense population thrives exceedingly on a naturally fertile soil, a population given over to fatalism and relying on the average of only two big eruptions every century. Their philosophy was severely taxed by the great catastrophe of 1923, when a vast stream of lava tore down the mountain sides like a tidal wave in a wild orgy of destruction. Above the forest zone, precisely 6,279 feet up, a desert region suddenly begins, all traces of vegetation disappear, not a sign of any sort of life is to be seen on the dreary wilderness of ashes and lava, and the whole air is filled with sulphurous vapours.

Palermo

Palermo is celebrated for its delightful climate and smiling loveliness, especially lovely when approached by sea, nestling in a natural amphitheatre known as *Conca d'Oro,* "the golden shell," amid hills covered with fruit trees and pretty villas and gorgeous gardens. The streets have a friendly air with their many carved and wrought-iron balconies filled with flowers and shaded with striped blinds, while the top storeys sometimes overhang and their windows are veiled with lattice-work recalling harems and nunneries of olden times. There are many lordly

Photo E. N. A.

A CACTUS HEDGE IN SICILY.

With its rapid growth and venomous thorns, the "prickly pear" provides an ideal boundary for safeguarding properties and would be even more unwelcome than barbed wire in a hunting country. It bears a sort of tasteless fruit, not unlike a fig, refreshing in very hot weather. This cactus was introduced from America in the sixteenth century.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

THE VAST CATACOMBS OF PALERMO.

Many wide galleries are lined with the dried bodies of nobles and monks dressed up in the costumes of their day, the costumes being changed every year by pious folk on All Souls' Day. Some of the bodies date back to the seventeenth century. The effect is ghastly, but there are no unpleasant odours.

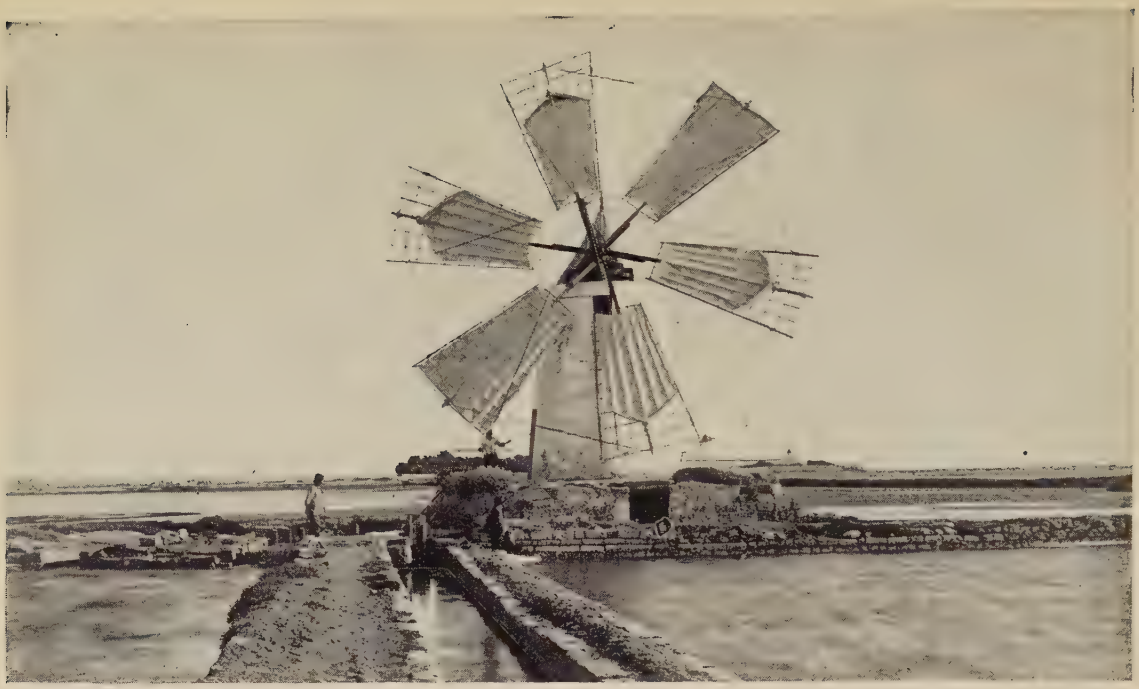


Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

TRAPANI: A WINDMILL.

Windmills are a great feature of Sicily, whose scarcity of water demands every device of irrigation. According to Virgil, Trapani was the scene of the burning of the Trojan fleet.

Photo: E. N. A.

SICILIAN PEASANT CARTS.

Sicilians are very proud of their carts, which they paint themselves in all the colours of the rainbow with the most fantastic and dramatic designs. Here we have an elaborate battle-scene on the panel with prancing chargers and flying banners. The strange erections on the harness are directed not only against flies, but still more against the evil eye.

palaces on whose gateways armorial bearings are carved; nearly two hundred churches, solid rather than beautiful; a royal palace, whose Palatine Chapel is an exquisite relic of mediæval art; and the Cathedral is interesting to us as having been built in 1169 by an English archbishop—his name, Walter of the Mill, was corrupted by the natives into Gualterio Offamillo.

Syracuse

Syracuse was founded in 734 B.C., and remains a living museum, one of the most romantic spots in the world. Once upon a time she had her own sovereigns, known as Tyrants (a Greek word which did not necessarily suggest tyranny) and a population of half a million, which has now been reduced to 25,000. Apart from the huge port, where liners start for Malta and Tripoli, modern Syracuse presents a vision of decay, consisting chiefly of picturesque slums mainly inhabited by crimps and touts who batten on sailors and tourists. And yet Syracuse is full of surprises and wonders and delights. So many relics of a legendary past still survive that life there is like being transported into the kingdom of "once upon a time." You do not see Jack's beanstalk, nor the palace of the Sleeping Beauty; but you step out of a slum on to the edge of the Fountain of Arethusa.

Fountain of Arethusa

It is only a poor pond where a few papyri grow, but it was dedicated to Diana; its mullet are the lineal descendants of the sacred fish mentioned by Cicero. You recall how Arethusa, a beautiful maiden of Elis, was pursued by the river god Alpheus; and Diana, listening to her appeal, changed her into a fountain, when Alpheus mingled his stream with hers and they both sank into the earth, and, passing under the sea, rose again in Ortygia, the island of Syracuse. It was here that Nelson watered his fleet on his way to the Nile and wrote to Lady Hamilton: "Surely watering at the fountain of Arethusa we must have victory."

Dionysius' Ear

A mere list of the wonders of Syracuse would be too long. The Greek theatre, twenty-four centuries old, is alone worthy of

the long pilgrimage. The Greek fortress of Euryalus is acclaimed as "the most complete and perfect specimen of ancient military architecture extant," with its rock-hewn passages and galleries and positions for catapults and surrounding ditch. The catacombs are far more extensive and strange than those of Naples and Rome. A great cavern, known as the Latomia (quarry of Paradise), is a vast excavation which has grown into a subterranean garden. Here we see the famous Ear of Dionysius, a huge funnel in the rock, possessing strange acoustic properties. The story is that the Tyrant, sitting in his palace up above could hear the slightest whisper of his prisoners far away in the bowels of the earth.

In the neighbourhood are the ruins of the Olympeium or Temple of Jupiter, whose shrine was enriched with a mantle of gold taken from Carthaginian spoils; but nearly a century later Dionysius robbed the god, remarking that gold was too cold in winter and too heavy in summer, so he thought wool would be more comfortable for both seasons.

And Syracuse is after all but an introduction to all the marvels and mysteries of this extraordinary island. Once the taste for Sicily has been acquired, we shall certainly be inspired to press on to Selinus, the most extraordinary assemblage of ruins in Europe; to Girgenti with all her wonderful temples; we shall taste the insidious wine of Marsala and dwell in the lawless atmosphere of Catania, and register vows never to forsake this enchanted land for the insipid existence of the outer world.

VII.—ELBA AND CAPRI

Buonaparte's "Court"

The little Italian island of Elba just off the coast of Tuscany, is chiefly remembered as Buonaparte's first place of exile, and his admirers may interest themselves in his palace and country house, and various reminders of his little mock Court. In the Town Hall they will find his library with the books scored in his own hand, so that they reveal sidelights on his character and mentality, especially on his lack of concentration. He was evidently a great reader of fairy tales and loved to learn about the doings of great men; but his military books were very few, per-

Photo: Alinari. [*By courtesy, E.N.I.T., London.*]

MONREALE, SICILY.

The cloisters of the Benedictine Monastery are filled with subtropical plants and offer a vision of old-world romance. The pointed arches are adorned with beautiful mosaics and supported by 216 graceful columns. One of the capitals has a mason's inscription of the year 1200.

Photo: Underwood.

RIVER ANAPO, NEAR SYRACUSE.

One of the prettiest scenes in lovely Sicily. This smiling river is flanked by feathery papyrus, the plant which supplied the ancients with their paper.

Photo: Alfieri.

MAJORCA: A PRIMITIVE WATER-WHEEL.

Majorca is not blessed with a good water supply, and very primitive mills are used for drawing water from the depths of the earth. In windy weather windmills are used, but in calm weather a patient mule is blindfolded and pressed into service, performing his duty all day like a machine.

Photo: T. H. Shear.

RHODES: STREET OF THE KNIGHTS.

The Order of the Knights of St. John was divided into "Nations" according to language, each nation being responsible for the defence of a section of the walls, and each possessing an *Auberge* or Inn where Councils were held. On the right is the Inn of the French nation, which has been bought by the French Government for use as a museum.

haps, as his admirers would tell us, because he knew more about warfare than any books could tell him.

During the Great War this island accommodated many Austrian prisoners; but in the ordinary course very few strangers go there, probably because it is so difficult of access, though only five miles from the coast. To leave the coast town of Piombino is quite a thrilling sport. Passengers must jump into heaving bumboats and their luggage is thrown after them with good aim. Then there is a rollicking row to a very old steamer. The steamer and the bumboats rise and sink as though trying to dodge one another; when one is high in air the others are deep in the waters. At intervals they pass rapidly, so that one passenger at a time has an off-chance of leaping from the seat of the heaving bumboat on to the slippery gangway of the steamer. If he arrives safely, a wave usually follows to hurry him up. The enjoyment of nervous old ladies may be imagined.

Perhaps the adventure is worth while, for Elba is certainly a very strange place. Portoferrajo, the capital, is different from any other town in the world. There are vague suggestions of Gibraltar, with a sense of being shut up in a fortress; some of the steep staircase streets recall Malta; but somehow we do not feel in a town at all. On leaving the landing stage we pass through the great walls of the fortress by a passage wide enough to admit one of the small local cabs. Then we walk everywhere on flagstones, generally up and down stairs of inclined planes, along corridors, through tunnels. The bit of garden, or rather shrubbery, in the square where Buonaparte drilled his Guards, seems as though it ought to be roofed in with glass.

Capri

The island of Capri in the Bay of Naples, a little over five square miles in area, is one of the most beautiful places in the world—or at least on any picture postcard. Sea and sky are blatantly blue, rocks everywhere recall the most garish stage scenery, vegetation is tropically luxuriant, the view of Vesuvius and Ischia and the Bay of Naples is blinding, the sunsets have symptoms of high fever. There is no mystery. Nothing is left to the imagination. Yet the island is not without a certain charm of its own.

VIII.—LIPARI ISLES

Stromboli

The Lipari Isles are seven in number and of volcanic origin, the peaks of submarine mountains, some two hours by primitive steamer from the north-east coast of Sicily. The chief of them, Stromboli, is one of the most interesting volcanoes in the world. Like its companion, Vulcano, it is hardly ever at rest. Ever since prehistoric days it has been ejecting torrents of stones, lava, and smoke; it is the natural lighthouse of the Mediterranean, exhibiting a pillar of flame by night and a pillar of smoke by day from its great crater over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Pumice-Stone

The chief industry of Lipari, the largest of the islands, is the preparation of pumice-stone, a volcanic product which covers two of the mountains with a thick layer. This is the only place where it is to be found except Teneriffe.

IX.—BALEARIC ISLANDS

Fortunate Isles

The Balearic Islands are Spanish territory, equidistant from the coasts of Europe and Africa; they are little troubled by steamers and accordingly much less known than their scenery, art, archæology, history, and infinite charms deserve. The people are primitive, probably remaining more Moorish than anybody in Spain—polite, hospitable, spotlessly clean, and contriving to maintain amazing comfort with very slender resources. A man who earns only a few pence a day has a small garden, a commodious well-furnished house, and always a spare bed for a stranger where a prince would be glad to sleep.

Almonds are exported in large quantities and the apricots of Palma are famous all over the world. There are good olives but the oil is carelessly made. There is a breed of remarkable horses and mules, and the ass-stallions are much sought after.

Strange Monuments

If for no other reason, the Balearic Isles deserve careful study for their extraordinary megalithic monuments, called *taya*

tayalots from a word supposed to mean "to mount guard." They are different from any other watch-towers in the world, even the Sardinian *nuraghi,* which have the nearest resemblance to them. There are more than two hundred groups of them in Minorca alone, each group including a small tumulus, a sacred enclosure of upright stones, a small megalithic habitation like an upturned boat. Some have a T-shaped altar of two big stones; some again are surrounded by Cyclopean walls.

Majorca

Majorca, or Mallorca, sixty miles by forty, is astonishingly fertile, especially some two thousand acres around La Puebla, all parcelled out into small-holdings and cultivated more like gardens than fields. The draining of the marshes of Albufera was one of the most remarkable works of the kind ever undertaken in Europe.

There are exquisite views at every turn in the interior of Majorca, vast orange groves and luxuriant plateaux amid sharp tooth-shaped cliffs, and, most beautiful of all, the mysterious Blue Gorge cut by a torrent which forms an intensely azure lake overshadowed by close arches of rock.

Minorca

Minorca is still less known than Majorca, but is accounted even more of a Paradise. The whole island is full of charm. Bandits and brigands and noxious animals have never been known, and every countenance seems full of happiness. Strange old customs survive. For instance, at village balls, the dances are put up to auction and the highest bidder obtains a preference in the choice of partners. At the cemetery of Our Lady of Grace we see all sorts of quaint votive offerings mostly supplied by seafaring folk, and there is a hall where bodies are laid out with cords and bells, so that an alarm may be given in case of premature burial. There is a regulation that none may be buried until decomposition has set in, and food and wine are in readiness for a sudden recovery.

The Balearic Islands—Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza—together form a province of Spain which has an area of 1,935 square miles and a population of 338,900.

X.—CORFU

Corfu, the ancient Corcyra, has always been famed for scenery and climate, but has few other attractions, save in the imagination of artists. There are few antiquities, the wonderful old costumes have all passed away, and the only present show place is the Achilleion, formerly the property of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and then of the German Emperor, a palace of white marble with lovely colonnades and balconies and gardens.

Corfu was Venetian from 1386 to 1797, and under British rule from the end of the Napoleonic wars until 1864, when Gladstone quixotically ceded the island to Greece. During the Great War it became the Court and headquarters of the Serbian government, while the Austrians occupied their country; and its latest appearance in history was in 1923, when the Italians occupied the capital as a pledge of reparations for Greek outrages in Albania. The population of the island (which forms a Greek province) is 122,500.

XI.—THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

* * * *

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set."

Qualities of Insularity

The Ægean Sea is full of islands and furious north winds, which render navigation difficult. There is a great similarity about most of the islands. Instead of the rich verdure and fragrant groves of Corfu and Zante, we find mostly rude cliffs, scarcely a single tree, sometimes not a single human habitation. But when we land, we see great individuality everywhere, for each island, each village has its distinctive manners, customs, dialect, traditions and character. Here are busy ports and all the hum of commerce, there the desolation of a wilderness. But all possess the charms and handicaps of insularity. It is generally believed that they are the cradle of all real civilisation, and all

Photo: E. N. A.

CNOSSOS, THE CRETAN POMPEII.

Ali Baba oil-jars found in the very ancient capital of King Minos, the home of the Minotaur, a fabulous monster, to whom a tribute of young men and maidens was sacrificed every year.

By kind permission of Sir Arthur Evans.

CNOSSOS: LIBATION VESSEL.

Bull's head used for the rites of the Minotaur. Blood and wine were poured in by a large hole at the top and sprinkled through the mouth and nose. The head is of black soapstone; the eyes are of rock crystal with jasper rims.

maintain an atmosphere of Greek legend and fantastic dreams. Indeed, Homer remains the best guide-book, and the people seem to consist chiefly of ancient Greeks.

This archipelago has been divided into twenty islands, known as the Sporades, until recently under Turkish rule; twenty-four Greek islands known as the Cyclades; and Crete which enjoys nominal independence from Greece. Twelve of the Sporades, known as the Dodecanese, as well as Rhodes, were taken by Italy after her war with Turkey, and according to the Treaty of Sèvres were to be handed over to Greece, but Italy has continued to hesitate about the ratification of this arrangement.

XII.—CRETE

In classical days Crete was important as a stage between Egypt and Greece, and Homer spoke of its hundred cities. The natives claimed it as the birthplace of the gods, but St. Paul said Cretans were "always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons." On the other hand they enjoyed a high reputation as archers, and their highlanders are still wonderfully fleet of foot. One district contains shepherd-warriors, who are supposed to be direct descendants of Cretan aborigines.

The scenery consists of grand mountains, desolate wastes and beautiful green plains and watered valleys, and the rocks of Suda Bay are said to have been the classical Syren Isles. The rock of Suda was a great haunt of pirates in the sixteenth century, and the whole district suffered severely from Turkish punitive expeditions.

Cnossos

Far more extraordinary, however, are the remains of Cnossos, where the labours of Sir Arthur Evans (1893-1908) revealed amazing survivals of a buried civilisation. Here are the throne of King Minos (the oldest throne in existence anywhere) and the remains of his palace; and the storehouses of his fabulous treasures, with great Ali Baba jars and sunken receptacles, which contain traces of gold-leaf, but may have been merely receptacles for oil. Here the snake goddess was worshipped with the most fantastic ritual; here was the Cretan labyrinth which led to

the dwelling of the Minotaur, half man half bull, to whom an annual tribute of young men and maidens was sent every year until the monster was slain by Theseus, the patron of bull fighting. Minos is said to have been the contemporary of Tutankhamen, and discoveries in 1923—such as wall paintings with Sudan monkeys amid papyrus thickets—reveal intimate relation between Cnossos and Egypt. It may well be that Cnossos may yet reveal to the world such secrets and mysteries and ancient riches and glories as the modern mind can scarcely hope to grasp.

Crete belongs to Greece. It has an area of 3,326 square miles and a population of 345,200. Candia (24,690) and Canea (23,900) are the chief towns.

XI

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

INTRODUCTORY

Its Size

THE British Empire is only three hundred years old, but it has already outrun all the records of history. The Roman Empire never reached one-seventh, the Arab, Mongolian, Spanish and Chinese Empires never more than one-third, even the Empire of the Tsars did not amount to much more than one-half of the British Empire, which covers a quarter of the land of the globe. It is three times greater than Europe, twice as great as South America, a hundred times greater than the United Kingdom.

And it has been growing all the time, most of all since the loss of those plantations now known as the United States of America. In 1841 Great Britain and Ireland ruled over 8½ million square miles, which had grown to more than 11 millions in 1901, and to nearly 14 millions in 1921. The Great War may have brought many misfortunes, but it added to the British Empire territories eight times as big as Great Britain. The rule of the Empire now extends over 450 million souls of every race and hue, including a majority of the Moslems of the world, amounting to a quarter of the population of the world, and stretching away to its remotest corners. Herein lies the difference between the British Empire and its predecessors. Rome occupied the Mediterranean and stretched her tentacles over neighbouring lands; Russia remained a compact mass, whereas Britain turned the Indian Ocean into a British Mediterranean, whence Imperial tentacles penetrate everywhere—from Egypt right across Africa by an all-red route to the Cape; right across Asia, through Arabia, Mesopotamia (Iraq), India and the Malay States to

New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand. But the British Empire is not compact and has not sought compactness. It does not depend on communications by land so much as on control of the world's waters.

Instead of isolating the British islands, the seas have been the arteries and nerves of Empire, transmitting blood and motive power from the heart to the remotest cells and tissues of the imperial body. By an insular instinct, British colonists first sought out islands and shores. In the seventeenth century they began with the island of Jamaica; in the eighteenth century the British Navy occupied the peninsula of Gibraltar; for a hundred years Britain contented herself with the coasts of India; during most of the nineteenth century she held only a few coastal stations in Africa; she began in Canada with the shores of the St. Lawrence; in Australia with sheltered bays. Other empires spread overland towards the seas; Britain has always secured the seas before attempting territorial penetration.

The first impulse to colonisation came from the discoveries of the Middle Ages. Vikings had travelled to North America much earlier, but the balance of the civilised world was not disturbed until Columbus and Vasco da Gama changed the centre of gravity, whereupon the remote fringes of a continent—Great Britain, the Low Countries, Spain, Portugal and the coasts of France—were suddenly transferred to the middle of the world. From insignificance at the end of nowhere the British Isles found themselves thrust into a commanding position on the main highroad between the Baltic and the Atlantic.

Its Beginnings

But a hundred years followed the discovery of America and the Cape route to the Indies before Britain was ready to bid for the colonial supremacy of the world, and then she found all the best places occupied by the trading nations of the Mediterranean. Her penetration was perforce slow and patient. She planted tobacco in Virginia and sugar-cane in the West Indies; she sought slaves in West Africa, spices and cotton in Asia; huge fortunes were amassed in London, Liverpool and Glasgow. Then came industrial inventions which added to her wealth still more. The light cotton goods of the East were ousting the heavy pro-

Photo: Sport & General.

BRITANNIA NEEDS NO BULWARKS.

As far as the eye can see, a long line of British war-ships expands, racing through the waters amid black clouds of smoke; a stupendous demonstration of British pomp and power.

Photo: H. N. King.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Palace has a wonderful view down the Mall and across St. James's Park, and crowds are attracted every day by the changing of the guard. The Royal Standard floats from the flagstaff when the King is in residence.

Photochrom.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Erected in 1840–50, the Houses of Parliament occupy the site of the old Palace of Westminster, which was burned down in 1834. On the edge of the river is the terrace where legislators entertain their friends to tea. "Big Ben," the clock on the tower, commands affection by its sonorous chimes. Westminster Hall, forming part of the Houses of Parliament, is one of the historical landmarks of London, fully described in the text.

ducts of Lancashire, but British manufacturers devised finer tissues which were eagerly bought by the Orientals themselves. British rivals were handicapped by having to return from distant lands with empty ships, so she beat them by adopting triangular routes—British goods were taken to Guinea and exchanged for slaves; these were taken to the West Indies and exchanged for cargoes which were brought home; and thus provided three profits on the original investment. So far it was all a question of commerce, and commerce has always remained a powerful factor in British policy, down to the Napoleonic Wars.

But British colonisation, unlike that of the Phœnicians and the Dutch, did not remain exclusively commercial. During the middle of the eighteenth century profound changes had begun to take place in the economy of the British commonwealth; cornlands were turned into pastures, men were everywhere displaced by sheep, small properties and home industries declined, the peasantry came to feel a loosening of the bonds which had united them for centuries to the soil. Vague yearnings developed into floods of emigration, the formation of new Englands beyond the seas, the extension and reproduction of the most progressive type of civilisation the world has ever known.

Emigration has been attributed to the restiveness of sects in the seventeenth century, but statistics show that to be an exaggeration. The great motive cause was purely economical, especially in Scotland, then as always a pioneer. As early as 1771 the men of Cantyre were disturbed by the formation of sheep-walks and departed to settle in Prince Edward's Island; departures for Canada were multiplied every year from the Highlands and the Shetlands and the Hebrides. During the first half of the nineteenth century, 20,000 people left Ireland for the United States every year; after the great famine of 1846 the flood of Irish emigration swelled, and 4,000,000 left between 1850 and 1900. The end of the Napoleonic Wars rendered agriculture unprofitable in England, and inspired a wholesale exodus, which was presently intensified by the introduction of machinery and the consequent discouragement of manual labour.

Liberty and property and a continuity of home conditions—these, with visions of gold mines and other prospects of rapid wealth, were the baits which drew emigrants from their no

longer happy homes. Between 1850 and 1920 no less than 17,000,000 persons forsook Britain's shores without any sign of depopulation outside Ireland. The Great War called a halt, but the problems of peace have stimulated emigration once more.

The three great goals of British emigrants are North America, first broached early in the seventeenth century; Australasia, discovered by British seamen at the end of the eighteenth; and South Africa, taken from the Dutch at the beginning of the nineteenth, to safeguard the highway to India.

§ 1

The Secrets of British Success

What is the secret of Britain's greatness? According to Queen Elizabeth, it was an open Bible. Less empirical observers would emphasise the reduction of distances by land and sea; the vast irrigation works which have turned deserts into gardens all over the world; the power of the purse, derived from the patient economies of centuries; and the paternal interest shown by the application of science to every colonial need, from the development of agriculture to the repression of tropical disease. But what would the wisest plans have availed without the practical energies, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the benevolent intuitions which have inspired the British race to make themselves the masters of the hearts of mankind?

Colonists, like poets, are born, not made, and these benevolent intuitions are the gifts of fairy godmothers to the much-mixed British race. Habits, social conditions, education, psychology and physical training all combine to make the British the ideal builders of Empire. They have evolved a type of their own, and more important still, they never lose it when they expatriate themselves beyond continents and oceans. As a Latin poet said, they change their skies, but not their souls when they race across the seas. Unlike the colonists of other lands, they emigrate with their wives and families and traditions, settle down as a permanent, dominant race, impregnate the world with their solid comforts and virtues, their prejudices and their standard of morality.

Their craving for comfort extends to their clothing and their homes. In the remotest corners of the country, in the farthest

islands of the Hebrides, foreigners expecting to find dirt and rags are amazed by the tidiness and cleanliness of every tiller of the soil; even the blazing heat of Australian summers has not succeeded in dispelling black coats and boiled shirts and silk hats. In each jungle and sheep-run and bush where the British settle, they look forward to permanent residence and hasten to create replicas of their British homes. They refuse to be separated from their carpets and cupboards and armchairs and porches and verandahs, above all, from their gardens, for they cherish a tender respect, almost a religious devotion, for shrubberies and flowers. And though there may be no neighbour to criticise, every hearth and sill and stone must be washed and rubbed by the housewife and made to glisten as brightly as at home.

Then, whatever the climate, in torrid wilderness or enervating swamp, physical strength must be maintained, muscles must be exercised, bodies and minds must be kept fit. Sport, no less than beef and wool, is one of the open secrets of Britain's greatness. It may take the form of hunting tigers or sticking pigs or riding to hounds, or swimming, or playing with various balls, or even of patient efforts to play fish with worms; sedentary or violent, it is based upon a desire to overcome difficulties or seek danger for danger's sake; in every case it invokes for the human frame all the blessings of fresh air.

Another cause of British greatness is to be found in the English language the most powerful bond of union between Great Britain and her colonies; the most useful vehicle for disseminating British ideas. With its supremely simple grammar, with its wealth of words derived from Scandinavian, Germanic and Norman ancestors, and from scholars in Latin and Greek, it is more easily acquired than any other tongue by the majority of mankind. More than 120,000,000 persons speak English outside the British Isles. The language may pass through changes in America, but it facilitates commerce and obviates misunderstandings even after political bonds have been snapped. In the East Asia and West Africa English jargons, known as "Pidjin English," have become the sole means of intercourse between men of all colours, and amongst themselves between yellow men of different speech. English is now the leading international

language and shows signs of supplanting French even as the language of diplomacy. It is to their common tongue that Great Britain and her Dominions and colonies owe their community of learning, literature, science and education their acceptance of common manners and customs almost as though they were laws of Nature.

British Tradition

The British political point of view has also been transplanted to every clime. "As the law of England is the patrimony of every English subject by right of birth," says Blackstone, "he takes it with him wherever he goes and it follows that, if he sets foot on a new and uninhabited land, he imports English legislation there by that very fact, and it becomes the law of the land he has colonised." In 1619, the colony of Virginia, scarcely twelve years old, had created a representative assembly to vote supplies and to associate itself with a Governor and Executive Council for the passing of laws. And, ever since, each colony has adopted or desired some measure of self-government, always on British lines.

Federation has followed without disturbing local prejudices and traditions, and federation has not always kept to the same lines, partly through lack of guidance from British tradition. But federation does not jar on British tradition, and may some day prove a safeguard against the disruption of the British Empire.

I.—ENGLAND

LONDON

§ 1

The Capital of Great Britain, and of the British Empire, is so ancient and comprises so much human experience and parentage that it may be said that it is half the World and half as old as Time.

Roman London

The origin of London is beyond the plummet of history. The first mention in literature is by Tacitus, who describes Lon-

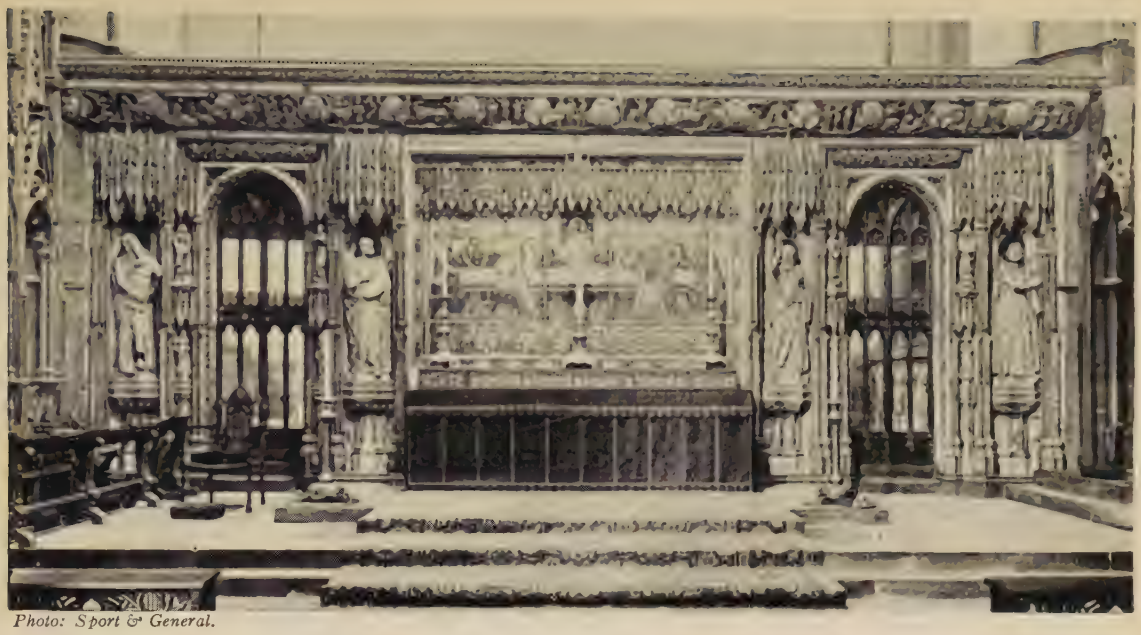


Photo: Sport & General.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: HIGH ALTAR.

This altar was erected in 1857 with figures representing Moses, St. Peter, St. Paul and David. The recess behind contains a Venetian glass mosaic by Salviati, depicting the Last Supper.

Photo: H. N. King.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The interior of the House is more spacious and luxurious than that of the Commons. In front of the thrones used by the King and Queen at the opening of Parliament is a sort of ottoman known as the Woolsack, used by the Lord Chancellor as chairman.

Topical.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Even in these democratic days Londoners love shows, and the King's ceremonial procession to Westminster is always popular. His State coach was designed by Sir William Chambers in 1762, and painted by Cipriani. Note the Beefeaters at the side in their picturesque scarlet costume with halberds over their shoulders.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

TOWER BRIDGE.

Built in 1885–94 at a cost of £1,600,000, with a permanent footway 142 feet above high water level, and a carriage way, the central span of which can be raised in one and a half minutes for the passage of large steamers.

dinium, the Roman London of A.D. 61, when it was sacked by Queen Boadicea, as celebrated for its merchants and merchandise. London, therefore, was already important, and we may even look for a Celtic London. That the name "London" is Celtic there is little doubt; Lyn-din, the Lake-fort or hillock (dune). The name of the British King Lud may still survive in Ludgate.

The first London Bridge was built about A.D. 43, as we may gather from a long series of Roman coins discovered in the river-bed, and the Roman city began at what is now the Mansion House. The entire area, probably not greater than Hyde Park, contained a citadel, forum, baths, amphitheatre, many fine villas, and a temple to the goddess Diana on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral. The walls and gates—Aldgate, Newgate, Billingsgate, etc. —were not completed until A.D. 360, and can be traced by inference near the Tower, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, in St. Giles's Churchyard, Cripplegate, and London Wall.

What followed is largely a matter of conjecture and opposing theories, too complicated to sketch in outline. Long nights of darkness intercept our view of Saxon London. Even the Conqueror never conquered London, though he built the White Tower to guard against disaffection. Greeted and accepted by her citizens, he said to them: "I will not suffer that any man offer you any wrong. God keep you," and this Charter is preserved in the Guildhall to-day. The first St. Paul's was probably built in the seventh century by Melitus, the first recorded Saxon bishop of London, but Westminster Abbey had been completed in Norman style by Edward the Confessor who was of Norman motherhood, and had been dedicated only twelve months before the Conqueror assumed the Crown of England under its roof.

Mediæval London

Mediæval London was a splendid City, full of churches and great guild houses, familiar with pageants, deeply attached to ceremonial and rich costume, and dominated greatly by priest and monk, but the people lived in mean wooden houses, and down to the seventeenth century the streets were narrow and dirty and full of ruts. High above the hum of the City rolled and resounded the clash of church and monastic bells, and above the

whole Gothic city soared the magnificent spire of Old St. Paul's. What the boy Whittington heard at Highgate was not the chimes of Bow Church alone, but the notes of a hundred belfries. Among the massive Norman arches of St. Bartholomew the Great, or in the brooding shadows of Great St. Helen's ("The Westminster Abbey of the City") one may still recover something of that London which mothered the present city.

The pangs of her great birth may be said to have begun with the Dissolution of the Monasteries. These great religious houses had been the refuges of the poor all over England. When they fell the poor flocked to London, and a great impulse was given to the spread of the Capital. Other influences contributed to increase the population which, when Elizabeth came to the Throne, had reached one hundred thousand. Overcrowding set in, plague and disease began to walk the City lanes, and Elizabethan and Stuart London advanced under the banners of world exploration and an unrivalled literature to the calamity of the Great Plague and the mercy of the Great Fire.

The Great Fire of London ended on September 8th, 1666. Within four days Sir Christopher Wren brought to Charles II his designs for a new London. They would have provided a town at once magnificent and simple, and would have solved London's traffic problems for some centuries in advance of the need. But the nerves of property-owners could not be calmed, and Wren's ideal London exists only on paper. It is enough to say that if this great scheme had been adopted St. Paul's Cathedral would be standing to-day in an immense square instead of being hemmed in by warehouses. Fifty-two City churches would not have been erected on old sites in narrow and tortuous lanes, but would be seen everywhere at the ends of vistas with careful thought for their size and effect in relation to the general views afforded. Piazzas, like that of Covent Garden, would have been forestalled by two centuries between London Bridge and the Temple, and along this great river-quay would now rise in long succession the halls of the ancient City Companies.

Wren's achievement synchronised with his stupendous task of removing Old St. Paul's and of planning and rebuilding the present Cathedral—the only great Cathedral ever designed and completed by one man; of rebuilding Temple Bar, the Customs

House, the Monument, the College of Physicians, and various Companies' Halls, to say nothing of the completion of Westminster Abbey and much outlying work in London and its neighbourhood. He designed Greenwich Hospital and Chelsea Hospital. He built Drury Lane Theatre. He built Marlborough House. He enlarged Hampton Court Palace. Of important buildings before the Fire, Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall, the Temple Church, the Tower, and a few City churches alone survive.

In 1703, a further advance towards modern London was helped by a tremendous storm, which overthrew houses, unroofed churches, drove river-ships ashore, and wrought damage to the value of £2,000,000. And gradually London attained to her present immensity by devouring her satellite villages and rural outposts one by one. The colony grew and was woven into the fabric. In 1716 an Act of Parliament was passed ordering every householder to hang a light before his door from six till eleven p.m.; gas lighting began in 1807 and electric lighting in 1882. The Mansion House, the Bank, and other great buildings arose in the eighteenth century, and the nineteenth witnessed enormous improvements in street planning and architecture, the appearance of the Mint, London Bridge, the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Houses of Parliament, and the mansions of Belgravia. The War Office and County Hall came in the twentieth century.

Survival of Ancient Customs

London has always been pursued by her Past, so that in her life to-day are embedded innumerable customs which recall great periods and social conditions in her history. Privileges conferred by the Crown centuries ago are jealously preserved. In popular imagination, and indeed in worldwide repute, the Lord Mayor of London is second only to the King of England. On the death of the Sovereign the Lord Mayor is the only Privy Councillor in the kingdom until a new Council is called. Within the City of London the Lord Mayor takes precedence even of princes of the Blood Royal. Without his leave the King's troops may not pass through the City, the exceptions being the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the Royal Marines, and the Buffs, each of which

units is descended from the old City Trained Bands. The password of the Tower of London is sent to the Lord Mayor every quarter under the Sovereign's sign-manual.

The inveterate survival of old customs and ceremonies in London life could hardly be better illustrated than by the annual payment by the City of London of quit-rent every year to the Crown for two pieces of land—neither of which it owns—by the presentation of a certain number of horseshoes and horseshoe nails and of a bill-hook and hatchet. This ritual is performed at the Law Courts, the King's Remembrancer acting on one side and the City Solicitor on the other. The bill-hook and hatchet are handed over as quittance for a piece of land in Shropshire, called "The Moors," which the City Fathers are not known to have ever occupied, and the situation of which not one of them knows! This quit-rent has, nevertheless, been paid during seven centuries.

The City of London, indeed, is a coagulated mass of custom. The Beadles attending the Aldermen form a body which is six hundred years old. They carry the maces of the various wards, and many of these toys are centuries old. A typical custom is still kept up by the Vintners' Company, whose members, when they make their annual procession to church, are preceded by their porters, wearing white aprons and wielding brooms with which they sweep the road which has already been cleared of twentieth century mud by mechanical means. But the sixteenth or fifteenth century mire which is not there must still be removed by manual labour! The hours of the night are still cried by the watchmen in Ely Place. And the night guard by Household Troops of the Bank of England is a relic of the precautions taken in the Gordon No-Popery Riots of 1782, when vast damage was done, no less than thirty-six conflagrations being counted at one time. Prisons such as Newgate were set on fire, thieves and murderers released, and pandemonium reigned supreme. This event forms the background of Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge."

The street-names of London form a living record of her history. There is a homeliness of the names of the City streets and lanes which takes one into the heart of the past. Thus Bread Street, as Stow tells us, was "so-called of bread in old time there sold." The name Milk Street has a similar origin, and the same

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

innumerable monuments and tombs, including that of the Unknow
the Coronation Chair now in use being that made for Edward I
Destiny, the emblem of the power of the Kings of Scotland. In the background of the illustration we s

applies to Garlick Hill, Poultry, and many other streets. Then there is a Boss Street, and it may be doubted whether many of the inhabitants have the least idea of this name's meaning. A "boss" was a water-conduit, and the name perpetuates London's primitive method of water supply. One of the most ancient names in all London is that of Tothill Street, Westminster. This street is named after a hill that was formerly near it, called the Toote-hill. A "Toot Hill" signifies a Beacon Hill, or a hill suitable for a stronghold. In the second book of Samuel, the Authorized Version has "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion." Wycliffe translated, "Forsooth David took the totehill of Sion."

§ 2

The Strand

The Strand is known world-wide, at least by name. Cosmopolitan as any thoroughfare in the world, we may here take stock of the thronging crowds of all nations, of all ranks, of all conditions as they pass endlessly to and fro to the City of London. The Strand, so-called because it used to be a walk on the bank of the Thames, but now a good many yards away, was a very unpleasant walk down to 1532, being then described as "full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome," but many nobles had their houses there. Somerset House was one of these, which became the residence of Queens and is now a registry of wills and other documents. The Strand was long too narrow for all its traffic, but is now being slowly widened. Its chief feature consists in two beautiful churches which stand in the middle of the road, St. Mary-le-Strand, where people used to dance round the maypole just outside, and St. Clement Danes, whose famous bells are recalled by the nursery rhyme: "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clements." Now we come to the new Law Courts, built in 1882, facing the Temple, which was originally the English headquarters of the Knights Templar. The Inner Temple and Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, now possess the exclusive privilege of admitting persons to practice at law, and the Temple retains a charming old-world air with its courts and fountains and more than the repose of college quads; the Temple Church consists of two parts, the round

and the oblong or choir, the round being modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Inner Temple gardens are specially beautiful with a great wrought iron gate and the kneeling figure of a Moor bearing a sundial. Here were plucked the white and red roses worn as badges of the houses of York and Lancaster in the Wars of the Roses. The strange ghostly calm of Middle Temple Lane at night-time offers a scene of arresting surprise to the stranger.

Outside the Temple, at the beginning of Fleet Street stands the Griffin, a modern monument which marks the entrance to the City. Here until 1878 stood Temple Bar, where the heads of martyrs and miscreants used to be exposed on iron spikes; now it has been removed to Theobald's Park near Waltham Abbey. As we ascend Ludgate Hill we come face to face with St. Paul's Cathedral, which has been called "the parish church of the British Empire" and commands more popular affection even than the Abbey. Standing outside we may throw back our minds to the days when Paul's Cross stood and Papal Bulls were promulgated, heretics were made to recant, witches to confess, and where the Pope's condemnation of Luther was proclaimed in the presence of Wolsey. Wren's church resembles St. Peter's at Rome and is in the form of a Latin Cross; it is so hemmed in that the colossal proportions cannot well be realised, but the great dome stands out as a landmark for miles around, and we may remember with pride that there are only four larger churches in Christendom, St. Peter's at Rome, and the Cathedrals of Milan, Seville and Florence.

The City

The City of London is unique. Where else in the world may we find any spot so intensely busy all day and so fast asleep by night? The City itself occupies less than a square mile. Day by day probably a million people enter it; by night its population is under 20,000. It is the hub of the business universe. In its centre is an open space where seven streets meet and all the hubbub and tumult of the universe seem to concentrate with such a crush of traffic that pedestrians have to pass under ground to reach the other side of the road. Here is a dour, dull building, which proves to be the Bank of England, the heart of all the

financial arteries of the world, and here are the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange, and near by the Stock Exchange, the offices of the great banks and financial houses, everywhere the pulse of universal business throbs.

Close by, just off Cheapside, is the famous Guildhall. Here great City functions are held, elections of Lord Mayors and Sheriffs, public meetings of citizens, and, on Lord Mayor's Day, the great annual banquet to Cabinet Ministers and some thousand distinguished guests. Here, too, are the fantastic wooden figures of Gog and Magog—the City's tutelary gods—whose sixteenth century predecessors, Gogmagog and Corineus, were used in pageants as effigies.

The Tower of London stands on the bank of the Thames outside the City boundary. It has been a citadel, a royal palace, a State prison and a mint, and now remains an armoury and treasury with a greater wealth of history than any other spot in England. Here we may see Traitor's Gate, the great gloomy archway through which condemned prisoners were conveyed, and a garden where stood the block on which they were executed. The block is still shown where Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More and Anne Boleyn, Sir Walter Raleigh and Catherine Howard suffered. Less noble persons were executed on Tower Hill outside. Now besides the Royal Jewels, which include diamonds and rubies as big as pigeons' eggs, we may admire the Yeomen of the Guard, commonly called Beefeaters, from the French word *buffetier* or side-board servant. They are the Tower Guard who go their rounds every night in gorgeous old-fashioned scarlet uniforms with flat caps harmonising with the picturesqueness of this ancient scene.

§ 3

Westminster

Retracing our steps to where the Strand begins we are in Trafalgar Square. This great open space was laid out on the site of the Royal Mews between 1829 and 1841 to commemorate Nelson's victory over the French and Spaniards in 1805, and his statue stands on an enormous column, which is decorated every year. The pedestal, with lions by Landseer, is a favourite place

for "demonstrations" of all kinds. Close by is the beautiful equestrian statue of Charles I, which is also decorated on the anniversary of his death. During the great rebellion it was given over to be destroyed, and pieces of metal were sold as relics, but all the while it had been buried and, when Charles II was restored, it was dug up and replaced, after four regicides had been publicly executed on this spot. The site was formerly occupied by Charing Cross, the last of the crosses erected at stopping-places for the body of Queen Eleanor (wife of Edward I) on its way from Lincoln to be buried at Westminster. A wonderfully good modern imitation has been erected outside Charing Cross station.

North of the Square are a wall in which the British standard measures of length have been embedded, and the National Gallery, which began with thirty-eight pictures in 1824 and now comprise over 3,300 masterpieces, the most precious being Italian and Dutch.

Going down Whitehall to Westminster we pass all the chief Government offices and Downing Street, where the Prime Minister's official residence is at No. 10; also the old Banqueting Hall of Whitehall Palace, from whose window Charles I stepped forth to die. Here men uncover at the Cenotaph, where a ceremony of silence takes place at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of every year; and soon the glorious buildings of Westminster appear.

Houses of Parliament

The present Houses of Parliament were not built until 1840—50, but they occupy the site of the old Palace of Westminster, and possess all the beauty of Gothic style. The House of Lords has stained glass windows and red leather benches and eighteen niches for statues of Barons who extorted Magna Carta; the Lord Chancellor is Chairman, and occupies a sort of divan known as the Woolsack, in front of the thrones where sovereigns open Parliament in state. The House of Commons is simpler and upholstered in green leather; it is badly lighted and ventilated, and has seating accommodation for only 476 members out of 615. It was originally the Chapel of St. Stephen, and most of the members are unaware that, when they bow to Mr. Speaker,

Photo: W. S. Campbell.

THE GUILDHALL.

The famous civic palace. Originally erected in 1411–39, but so seriously damaged by fire that, excepting the crypt and porch, nothing remains of the ancient building. Here Lord Mayors hold their banquets and honoured celebrities are entertained and presented with the freedom of the City. The pigeons which congregate in the nooks and crannies are fed every day at 12.30.

Ross Telephoto.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Built by Wren on a site which has been used for churches since 607. St. Paul's is the fourth largest church in Christendom. The dome is a very imposing feature, and stands out as one of the most striking landmarks in the world.

THE BANK AND THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The heart of the financial world, the Bank of England, seen on the left, occupies an area of over four acres.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

One of London's finest open spaces, commemorating the Battle of Trafalgar. On the right is the Nelson Column, 170½ feet high, and in the background to the left the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which is kept open all night as a shelter for the homeless.

THE ADMIRALTY ARCH.

Through this imposing archway State processions pass between Buckingham Palace and Westminster.

they are continuing the Catholic custom of making obeisance to the altar.

Westminster Hall is the only part of the old palace which survived the fire of 1834. It is one of the largest and most remarkable halls in the world; for centuries its oak ceilings counted among the wonders of London, but in 1914 collapse was threatened by the ravages of the deathwatch beetle, and skilful restoration was completed in 1923 with a skeleton framework of steel concealed inside. Many State trials took place here, including those of Guy Fawkes, Strafford, Charles I, the seven Bishops, the three Jacobite Lords of 1745, and Warren Hastings, whose trial lasted seven years.

Westminster Abbey is the national mausoleum and contains innumerable monuments, among which that of the Unknown Warrior now attracts chief sentiment. Those of Fox and Pitt are so near that Scott wrote:

> "Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

Poets' Corner is thronged with celebrated names; near Dryden's tomb are those of old Parr, believed to have lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-two, and Robert Hawle, who was murdered in the choir by John of Gaunt's men in 1378, an outrage on Westminster's privilege of sanctuary that involved the closing of the church for four months. In St. Margaret's Chapel is the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots. Oliver Cromwell was buried in the South Chapel in 1658; but in 1661 his corpse was thrown into a pit at Tyburn and his head was placed on a pinnacle of Westminster Hall, where it remained until blown away by a high wind some thirty-three years later. In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor is the old Coronation Chair, and underneath it is the Stone of Destiny, which was the emblem of the Scots Kings' power. One of the strangest and least known sights of the Abbey is the collection of wax effigies—Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, Queen Anne, etc.—used at their funerals, unsightly and grotesque for the most part. Outside are the lovely cloisters, which were begun in the eleventh century and completed in the fifteenth. They contain the tombs of various old ecclesiastics and actresses. One slab is inscribed "Jane Lister, dear Childe, 1688."

Adjoining the cloisters is the Chapter House, known as "the cradle of all free Parliaments," where the House of Commons sat from 1282 to 1547.

East of Westminster runs the Victoria Embankment, which is one of the characteristic sights of London and ranks as one of the finest thoroughfares in the world. It extends from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge, a magnificent curve of nearly a mile and a half. The spacious thoroughfare, planted on both sides with plane trees, has the river on one side and a succession of hotels and public buildings on the other. Yet here one used to see desperate people shivering through winters' nights in rags, some perchance trying to screw up their courage to commit suicide. There are several pretty gardens, but many of the statues are in the worst Victorian style. Towering above everything stands Cleopatra's Needle, a granite obelisk which has no connection with Cleopatra. It came from Heliopolis, and was presented to the British nation by Muhammad Ali, abandoned in the Bay of Biscay, and eventually brought home with great difficulties to be erected here in 1878. Underneath it were buried all sorts of contemporary objects—coins, clothes, newspapers, etc.—for the edification of Macaulay's New Zealander exploring the ruins of London thousands of years hence.

§ 4

The West End

The West End has come to mean a fashionable area east and south of Hyde Park. Mayfair houses were long the most exclusive, with Grosvenor Square as the lap of luxury and Park Lane the home of millionaires; then Belgrave Square became a second centre; but both regions have suffered from new poverty, and flats are replacing lordly mansions. Piccadilly, now chiefly occupied by shops and hotels, derived its name from pickadillies (hems or collars) sold there, and there was a famous music-hall close by called Piccadilly Hall in 1625. Burlington House, dating from 1667 has an annual show of modern pictures organised by the Royal Academy, which dates from 1768. The Haymarket ceased to sell hay in 1830; it contains a shop with bow windows where snuff and tobacco have been on sale since 1720,

when the first Haymarket Theatre was built. St. James's Street contains many very old clubs, originally chocolate-houses and gambling rooms, some of the oldest being the Cocoa Tree, Boodles of 1765, and White's of 1736. Very few Londoners know of Pickering Place, the oddest and quaintest little old court a yard or two away from this fashionable thoroughfare; it is approached by a dark passage, flanked with mediæval panels and beams, which plunges us suddenly into an atmosphere of long ago.

At the foot of St. James's Street, Pall Mall turns eastwards with more clubs and Marlborough House, which was built by Wren for the great Duke, whose magnificence of living eclipsed the Court of "neighbour George" in St. James's Palace opposite. This last was founded in 1190 as a hospital for fourteen leprous maidens and became a royal residence at the Reformation. Here Charles I spent his last night, walking across St. James's Park next morning in a snowstorm to meet his death; here Mary I died, and six Sovereigns, including the old Chevalier, were born. After the burning of Whitehall Palace in 1691 the Court moved here, and the palace is still known officially as "the Court of St. James's," though many of the apartments have been given to royal pensioners. On the north side is the Chapel Royal where ceremonial offerings of gold and frankincense and myrrh are still made on the Sovereign's behalf at the Feast of Epiphany. South of the Palace is the Mall, which, like Pall Mall, derives its name from the old French game of *pêle-mêle,* a sort of bowls introduced by Charles I. Below it is St. James's Park where lepers used to have a hospital on a marshy meadow, which Henry VIII drained when he appropriated the building. Charles II made it into a pleasure park, which for a century was the fashionable promenade of London with its beautiful clumps of trees, its winding expanse of water and its charming views. Duck Island was made by Charles II as a duck's decoy, and remains a breeding place for waterfowl; Birdcage Walk was for a long time an aviary. Forgotten in the Green Park is one of the finest yet most inappropriate of London's statues, that of James II in Roman costume, by a great sculptor, Grinling Gibbons. It used to stand in Whitehall, and was left undisturbed at the Revolution, but was removed by vandals at the end of the nineteenth century.

Buckingham Palace has an improved outlook since the creation of the wide processional road beyond the Queen Victoria memorial, which artists have criticised almost as severely as the Victor Emmanuel memorial in Rome. The Palace is square and ugly, but has spacious gardens enclosed by a high wall. It occupies the site of the Duke of Buckingham's house, which was built in 1703, purchased by George III, and remodelled by George IV, but did not become the Sovereign's London residence until 1837. Though the Palace itself is uninteresting, curious crowds assemble every morning to witness the pretty old-fashioned ceremony of the changing of the guard. The Sovereign's great State carriage is worth visiting in the royal mews close by, and it is interesting to recall the derivation of "mews," which were originally coops where the royal falcons were enclosed for moulting (*mue* in French).

The Great Parks

Hyde Park is the chief lung of London, occupying 364 acres. In the seventeenth century deer were still hunted there and races run; in the eighteenh century it was the chief resort of duellists; and in 1851 the first great international exhibition was held there with the Crystal Palace, since removed to Sydenham; the Albert Hall was erected out of the profits. There are a number of gates, including Cumberland Gate where lecturers expound extreme views on Sundays, and Victoria Gate, with a peaceful cemetery for dogs close by. The Serpentine, a pretty piece of water stocked with waterfowl, provides boating and bathing and sometimes skating; the Achilles statue, where fashionable folk congregate for church parade, was erected by ladies in honour of the Duke of Wellington; and the Marble Arch at Tyburn was also a monument of triumph over Buonaparte. Tyburn was a place of execution from 1196 to 1783. Among famous people who were hanged, drawn and quartered there were Perkin Warbeck, who pretended to the throne in 1499; many Jesuits in 1581—"English martyrs" in whose honour Roman Catholics make pilgrimage every April. Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham in 1628; Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, in 1681; Jack Sheppard, the thief and prison breaker in 1724; Earl Ferrers, hanged with a silken rope for murdering his steward in

Photochrom.

HYDE PARK CORNER.

The handsome triple gateway leading to the fashionable part of Hyde Park facing Park Lane. On the right is Apsley House, which was presented to the Duke of Wellington in 1817.

Photo: Sport & General.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Begun in 1824 with thirty-eight pictures, the National Gallery has now one of the finest collections in the world, comprising more than 3,300 pictures of all countries and schools. The building commands a fine position on the north side of Trafalgar Square and was erected in 1832–38.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The greatest museum in the world, sheltering almost every imaginable marvel of antiquity.

Photo: Sir Edwin Lutyens.

THE CENOTAPH.

Memorial to the Glorious Dead, 1914–1918. It stands in Whitehall.

1760; and Mrs. Brownrigg for flogging a girl apprentice to death in 1767. Skulls were found there during recent road repairs, but may have belonged to bodies buried hastily during the Plague. There is a bronze commemorative tablet on the park railings and a triangular stone on the site of Tyburn Tree in the centre of the roadway. Beyond Hyde Park lie Kensington Gardens, full of beautiful flowers; and Kensington Palace with a delightful Dutch garden and orangery. Away to the north is Regent's Park, where numbers of squirrels are very friendly to visitors; they are all descended from one pair which escaped from the Zoological Gardens. Those gardens, founded in 1826, contain 4,000 beasts, birds, and reptiles, and constitute one of the chief attractions of Londoners on holiday. Still further north is Hampstead Health, a wonderful piece of country imported into town, peaceful and charming with its gorse, poplars, and pine trees during the greater part of the year, but a mad place for carnival on Bank Holidays.

§ 5

But who dare try to tell a tithe of London's wonders in an outline? Who, after trying to do London thoroughly for fifty years will not confess that he has scarcely begun to feel his way? A recent film entitled "Wonderful London" will convict most hardened Londoners of ignorance. It gives pictures of Ely Place, Holborn, which contains London's oldest church, and where police powers are vested entirely in the Beadle, and the Watchman every night still calls the hour and the state of the weather; the Arch at the head of Constitution Hill, housing within itself an official on one side and sixteen policemen on the other; King's Road, Chelsea, down which King Charles II used to ride to visit Nell Gwynne at Sanford Manor, which still stands in the grounds of Fulham gasworks; the remnant of old Knightsbridge Village Green, where Brompton Road and Kensington Road meet and the row of pretty cottages close by a slum within sight of Tower Bridge. Then there are also the strange realm of foreign London, east of Aldgate, places where all the shopboards and notices are in Hebrew and the Children of Israel have their own theatres with plays in their ancient tongue; the Chinese

quarter, full of dreamy Orientals, with their fan-tan houses and opium dens; the West India Dock Road populated almost entirely by Lascars, Arabs, Persians, Malays and Africans; and Wentworth Street, with Roumanian restaurants and Russian baths; and Middlesex Street, once known as Petticoat Lane, where every shop is open on Sunday mornings and stalls and barrows line the way on either side and hawkers shout their wares.

We have of necessity passed by without reference many famous streets—Regent Street, Bond Street and Oxford Street, with their manifold array of great shops; great or historic churches like St. Bartholomew the Great, the oldest church in London, Southwark Cathedral, and the vast imposing Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral with its Campanile 273 feet in height. Likewise many objects of great interest to antiquarians such as the Roman Bath in the Strand, a relic of the Roman period which has still a regular supply of spring water, the "Old Cheshire Cheese," associated with Johnson and Goldsmith and many another haunt of bygone celebrities. Space also forbids reference to many great Art Galleries such as the Tate Gallery, Wallace Collection and National Portrait Gallery.

The British Museum is unrivalled in the world, offering almost every imaginable wonder. Here are the famous Elgin marbles from the Parthenon, representing Greek art at its zenith; astounding Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities; treasures from Greece and Rome; an ethnographical gallery illustrating the life of the primitive races of mankind; priceless mediæval collections of illuminated missals and manuscripts; and a library of four million printed volumes rivalled only by the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris.

We should have liked to direct the steps to Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square and to the graves of a score of great poets and philosophers who sleep in London soil. There remains also great national institutions, such as King's College, the Natural History Museum, the Imperial Institute; nor have we dealt with the great markets—Billingsgate, Smithfield, Leadenhall and Covent Garden.

Photo: Sport & General.

PIGEONS OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S.

Pigeons have been a feature of St. Paul's, and other centres in London, for centuries, almost as much as of St. Mark's at Venice. Generations of kindness have bred pigeons with absolutely no fear of human beings.

Topical.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

The centre of traffic and pleasure in the West End, with advertisements and electric signs everywhere. The dainty fountain was erected as a memorial to Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist. Here a Zeppelin bomb fell in October, 1917.

Topical.

FLEET STREET.

The traditional headquarters of journalism, though many newspapers have now flitted elsewhere. It derives its name from the Fleet River, which was navigable as far as Holborn until 1764, and now flows underneath in the form of a sewer. In the foreground is the Temple Bar Memorial, The Griffin, erected in 1880 to mark the site of the old gateway and the portal to the City proper. In accordance with ancient custom when the King visits the City the Lord Mayor meets him here.

§ 6

The Government of London, apart from the City, is conducted by the London County Council, which superseded the old Board of Works in 1889, and by about fifty Borough Councils, each of which deals with the more local affairs of its own "civil parish." The L.C.C. consists of 124 councillors, 19 aldermen and the Chairman. London is the most populous town in the world and many of the civil parishes have populations equal to those of great provincial cities. Hackney has 222,142 inhabitants; Lambeth, 302,868; Wandsworth, 328,307; Camberwell, 267,198; and Islington, 330,737. The population of Inner London, according to the census of 1921, was then 4,484,523, and of Outer London, 2,995,678: total, 7,480,201. The County of London covers an area of no less than 117 square miles.

The earliest London was essentially a port depending on its wonderful river. Such is London still. The expansion of London's shipping since 1700, to go no further back, has been stupendous. In that year the tonnage of cargo ships entering the port was 435,000 tons. In the year before the War, 1913, it exceeded 20,000,000 tons.

THE RIVER THAMES: LONDON TO OXFORD

§ 7

The Glorious Thames

Looking out upon the Thames in London, say from the Embankment or a terrace of one of the big hotels, we can almost see the centuries passing in review before our eyes—the British coracles, the Roman galleys, the ships of the Danes, the Angles and the Normans, the gorgeous State barges of the Tudors and the Stuarts. Motors have strangled most of the romance, diverting fashionable folk and merry-makers from its waters, but even rude factories and their yellow fogs have not succeeded in destroying such æsthetic charms as Whistler transfigured in his "nocturnes."

The Thames has no castled crags like the Rhine and Danube, no waterfalls, no wild scenery or violent colours, but for sheer homely beauty it takes a high place. Nowhere else can

we find such a variety of happy surprises, such a field for rollicking frolics, such scenes of exquisite repose. It is the paradise of artists, anglers, loafers, nomads, naturalists, dreamers and pleasure seekers. From early morn till long past dewy eve, all through the summer-time, its long reaches above the town are flecked with boats of every kind; in many places the banks are a blaze of flowers, and weeping willows offer a soothing foil to lovers in secluded backwaters, where purple emperor butterflies flutter a welcome and wise water-rats blink bravely from the reeds. Everywhere are lordly pleasaunces, rich villas, and cosy cottages with bright lawns and gardens running down to the green waters; here and there gaily painted houseboats with even gayer cushions.

Setting out from Westminster Bridge, we pass the towers of Westminster and watch weary legislators entertaining their friends at tea on their wide terrace; then we catch a glimpse of the strange old church of Chelsea full of imposing monuments; and so to Putney Bridge with Fulham Palace, the residence of the Bishops of London, who have owned the Manor since 691, perhaps the oldest tenure in the land.

Putney, full of rowing clubs and boathouses, is the starting point of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, run every year as far as Mortlake, a distance of four miles four hundred yards, usually covered in about twenty minutes amid a vast concourse of people, who mostly obtain but a passing glimpse. Still, it is something to catch even a glimpse of the light swift craft whizzed past by young athletes in their prime, very different from the heavy cumbersome boat of the first race in 1829, when the coxswain figured in a silk hat with curling brim.

Kew and Richmond

Kew has an old-fashioned air with its three-cornered green, flanked by sleepy old houses, where many celebrated men have dwelt from time to time. A famous fair used to be held here and there was always ample provision for law-breakers, a pair of stocks, a cage, a watchhouse, and a pound. But here we have no eyes for aught save the amazing Botanical gardens, the brightest, best, and biggest in the world. They are a State institution covering 288 acres and containing no less than 24,000 varieties of plants, all the loveliest of known flowers and shrubs and trees,

Photochrom.

LONDON: NEW COUNTY HALL.

County Hall is the most recently completed of the great buildings of London. It has an imposing position on the bank of the Thames by Westminster Bridge. It was built in 1912–22 at a cost of £3,250,000.

Photo: W. S. Campbell.

THAMES EMBANKMENT.

One of the most imposing avenues of London with pretty views and silvery effects. At night it is the chief resort of the homeless and destitute, but during the day it is full of busy traffic. In the centre is Cleopatra's Needle facing two of the largest London hotels.

From a drawing by the late Professor C. R. Cockerell, R.A.
Etched by William Richardson, 1841. Reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. F. Pepys Cockerell.

WREN'S LONDON.

A fanciful collection of Wren's masterpieces, with which he reconstructed London after the fire.

carefully nurtured under glass or laid out in beds or arrayed in shady walks with ordered wildness round lakes haunted by exotic water-fowl. One of the chief attractions in Daffodil Sunday at the end of April, when all the wide meadows are carpeted with bloom; and bluebell time is perhaps more wondrous still when all the glades seem flooded with a gleaming azure sea; but all seasons are entrancing here. The Palm House, the orchids, the plants which eat insects, the rock-gardens, the old "physic garden," the filmy ferns, the tropical water-lilies and papyrus, the magnolias, camellias and rhododendrons, the stately oaks and elms and cork-trees form but a fraction of the infinite delights of Kew. Nor does beauty exclude usefulness for Kew's school of horticulture has endowed colonies with many precious plants—the West Indies with bread-fruit in 1791, India with quinine in 1860, Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula with rubber in 1875.

Richmond was a favourite royal residence in the sixteenth century and witnessed the deaths of Henry VII and Elizabeth, but the palace was sold by Cromwell in 1649 and gradually demolished. The wonderful terrace overlooking the river still remains with a view which has been compared to that of St. Germain near Paris, a not far-fetched comparison, though there are fewer buildings in sight. But the westward glimpses over the Thames Valley certainly deserve all the enthusiastic admiration they arouse in the poems of Thomson and Scott and in the pictures of Turner.

Nowadays Richmond is merely a busy, not unpleasing suburb, kept alive by its boating facilities and the great delights of Richmond Park, which was laid out as a hunting ground by Charles I in 1637. The park is ten miles round and very beautiful with its plantations and avenues of old oaks, chestnuts, beeches, hawthorns and rhododendrons, intersected by broad roads and countless footpaths. Foxes, badgers, grey squirrels, stoats and wild birds abound, and there is a heronry not far from Richmond Gate. There are also some 1,500 fallow deer and fifty red deer, some of whom are rather rough with strangers in the autumn at mating time. Various private residences are scattered about the park, the homes of distinguished people, and, not far from Pembroke Lodge, where Lord John Russell lived, is an old British barrow, or funeral mound, known as the "King's Standinge,"

where Henry VIII is said to have stood and watched for the signal from the Tower of London to announce the execution of the unhappy Anne Boleyn.

From Richmond, all the way to Reading, the river is one of the chief playgrounds of London; affording a succession of charming scenes with its clear water between the trees, the cool blue sky, the wooded islets and the noble downs. Twickenham Ferry and Eel Pie Island used to be very popular for water carnivals, offering a very picturesque sight from Pope's Villa, where Henry Labouchere (M.P. of *Truth*) entertained merry parties under the shadow of his quaint clock tower.

Hampton Court

Hampton Court Palace is the largest of all the royal residences, but has long been given over to pensioners, of whom Dr. Johnson was refused lodging there so long ago as 1776. The present pensioners occupy five-sixths of the building, but the rest attracts vast crowds on holidays, for the whole place is of surpassing charm, with its mellow red brick courts, large gardens, lakes, picture galleries, historical associations, legends, even fairly authenticated ghosts. And here trippers may see the famous maze, and the tennis court where Henry VIII played, and the great vine, planted in 1768 and still producing 800 lbs. of black grapes every year.

The Palace was originally a Priory of the Knights of St. John; then Wolsey acquired it and made it so magnificent that he aroused the cupidity of Henry VIII, who seized his first chance to confiscate it and spent much time there with his successive wives. A special apartment was prepared for Anne Boleyn. When she had been beheaded, workmen were hurriedly employed to alter the initial A to J on each carved true-lovers' knot in honour of Jane Seymour.

When William of Orange seized the throne, he determined to emulate Versailles at Hampton Court, and some of the olden charm faded, the picturesque old Tudor architecture giving way to vulgar imitations of classic styles; and amid other vandalism he filled up the moat and removed Henry VIII's bridge, which had been adorned with carvings of "The Kinge's beestes." But retribution came; for it was in the Palace grounds that William's

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

The present buildings date from 1630–42 and retain all their serenity and charm. Sir Walter Raleigh, Cardinal Newman, Keble, Pusey and C. J. Rhodes were among the many famous members of Oriel.

Photo: Sport & General.

KENSINGTON GARDENS:
PETER PAN.

A favourite spot with children is the fanciful statue to Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up. It stands on the west bank of the Long Water, where he is supposed to have roamed in Sir James Barrie's delightful play.

Photo: Herbert Felton.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Showing the Bloody Tower, "by many a foul and midnight murder fed." It possesses a portcullis in working order and obtains its name because the little Princes (Edward V. and his brother) were said to have been suffocated here. Raleigh was here for thirteen years, during which he wrote his "History of the World."

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

The Thames attains to fullest glory at Windsor with the ancestral home of English Sovereigns in the background. Here Eton boys realise all the joys of boating.

Photos: Donald McLeish.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

The largest of the Royal Palaces, Hampton Court, visited by many thousands of people every year, was built by Cardinal Wolsey and confiscated by Henry VIII, who added much to its splendours. Many additions were made by William of Orange, who tried to outdo Versailles, but merely succeeded in spoiling Hampton Court. Henry VIII's beautiful Gate-house, however, still retains its ancient dignity and charm. The lower picture is a view from the grounds.

horse tripped over a molehill, providing Jacobites with a favourite toast to the health of "The little gentleman in black velvet," that is to say, the mole who caused his death. Opposite the Lion Gates of the Palace is Bushy Park, whose chief charm is the triple avenue of chestnuts, where, on Chestnut Sunday towards the end of May, thousands of visitors come to view the bewitching flowers in full bloom.

§ 8

Windsor Castle

Passing Chertsey with the remains of an old Abbey, and Penton Hook with a wicked looking weir, we come to Runnimede, where Barons began the long campaign against the Crown in 1215; and Magna Carta Island, where we see the stone said to have been used as a table by King John for signing his surrender. Then Datchet, the scene of Falstaff's misadventure with the Merry Wives of Windsor, reveals the serene towers and endless turrets of Windsor Castle, the home of almost all British kings and queens, the most magnificent royal residence in all the world. Its glorious parks and avenues and ancient oaks teem with romance. Here roamed ghostly Herne the Hunter and many a dreadful deed was perpetrated throughout the ages, but all is peaceful now in spite of grim and cruel features on the castle's face. And much of the apparent antiquity is new. The foundations of the Castle may have been laid by William the Conqueror on manor lands given by Edward the Confessor to monks of Westminster; and the oldest parts may go back to Edward III; but all the essentials are restorations effected during the nineteenth century at a cost of £900,000.

We must bring our own atmosphere with us to Windsor and throw ourselves far back into the past as we enter through Henry VIII's Gateway or climb the Hundred Steps; we must remember that the Military Knights of Windsor, who occupy the Salisbury Tower and Henry II's Tower, are not merely officers on half-pay, but depositaries of the traditions of Edward III, who routed the French on many a field. And restoration has failed to destroy the charm of the Dean's Cloisters with their covered way, or of the Horseshoe Cloisters, of brick and timber, shaped like the badge of Edward IV. And the Round Tower, used as a

prison down to 1660 and still surrounded on three sides by a deep moat, stands out in lofty majesty with its battlements embracing a wondrous view over no less than twelve counties.

Eton College

Eton seems to overshadow the Royal Borough of Windsor. It is a national institution that has played its part, good or less good, with Harrow and one or two other public schools, in moulding the character of what used until recently to be the ruling class of England. Sons of merely moneyed men are welcomed, but quickly trained to follow strict traditions and standardise their outlook on the world. Most of them still wear tall hats and Eton jackets or morning coats and white ties when not at sleep or games, just as Harrow boys must wear swallow tails and peculiar straw hats; their daily life and manners, their very thoughts are ordered by a code; responsibility and discipline are instilled by conferring authority on prefects, known elsewhere as monitors; and athletics are encouraged as much as learning. Schoolboys are supposed to be trained here more especially to administer laws, armies, and provinces throughout the world.

The chief interest of the Upper School lies in the carvings of old boys' names on desks and walls, including the autographs of Walpole, Pitt, Fox and Shelley. The day to visit Eton is June 4th, George III's birthday, an annual carnival with fireworks, boat processions and a quaint custom known as Montem, which allows boys to play at highwaymen in fancy dress and take toll from distinguished visitors.

Marlow to Oxford

On to Great Marlow every bend of the river brings fresh delights to view, the sweetest little villages and grand old mansions and bright sylvan stretches and silky lawns; Cookham Pool is ideal for bathers and fishermen. Near Marlow Church are the ancient stocks and a grim prison door studded with huge nails; and here Shelley sought solitude to compose his fiery poems in boats and secluded woods.

Henley is world famous for its July regatta. Cookham, Sonning, Pangbourne, Streatley, each seems at first glance very

Photochrom.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

The most beautiful of all the Oxford Colleges. [illegible]

beautiful if one ignores the waste-paper of picknickers; but Goring has aroused the greatest admiration of all. Some talk of the Wye and the Moselle, but worshippers of old Father Thames declare that no spot on these rivers can compare with the natural beauty of Goring.

Oxford

Oxford, "city of the dreaming spires," "home of lost causes," rises in all her glory from the river amid an amphitheatre of hills, guarded by regiments of lofty elms and alders full of dignity, pride, and age. At closer quarters she may disappoint, for we expect too much. There is a sensation of being huddled. The colleges do not stand out with freedom as at Cambridge, the provincial streets and shops are too near, we do not find all the severe repose imagined in a great seat of learning, we need time to assimilate the atmosphere. But every day the wonders grow; soon the venerable buildings become old friends, and there are seasons when Nature offers her most winsome charms. Born in the Cotswolds, the infant Thames has run for thirty miles under the name of Isis, and now spreads out into a beautiful sheet of water among the glowing meadows of Christchurch to glide past the array of churches and colleges.

The University claims to have been founded by King Alfred in 872, but there were no colleges until the thirteenth century, when Oxford began to rival Europe's chief seats of learning.

For centuries Oxford has shared largely in the intellectual development of the nation, forming schools of religion and philosophy, training vast numbers of statesmen, authors, poets, divines and men of action who have left deep traces on the history of the world. Within a restricted space the city comprises twenty-six characteristic churches and more than thirty other buildings famous in history and art, with grand carved frontages and beautiful shady avenues and college gardens incomparable of their kind. It has a remarkable printing establishment, The "Clarendon" (Oxford University Press), from which have issued some of the "great" books of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries.

The government of the University is by the entire body of

graduates, called Convocation, though in practice the residents conduct most of the affairs. The Chancellor is a great outside personage, often a prince or nobleman, and the Vice-Chancellor is the resident executive officer, chosen every year from among the heads of colleges. The colleges are administered by the fellows and tutors, known as "dons."

And there are two officials known as proctors, whose business it is to prowl the streets attended by swift fighting men, commonly called "bulldogs." Their duties include fining young men who venture out after dark without wearing their caps and gowns, or who may be found the worse for liquor or in undesirable company, and the Universities exercise certain judicial powers over the townsfolk with a sort of prison, known at Cambridge as "the spinning-house," for breaches of morality. On the whole, however, undergraduates enjoy considerable liberty, practically the only restrictions being that they must dine occasionally in their college halls, attend certain chapels and lectures and come home before midnight.

The chief studies are classics and mathematics, but degrees can also be obtained in modern languages, history, law, theology, etc. The examinations are easy, as a rule, and a degree does not prove a large amount of knowledge, though a first-class in honours may be taken to mean considerable quickness or industry. Many devote themselves entirely to athletics or other amusements, and perhaps the chief benefit of a University career is to acquire the atmosphere of the place and complete the moulding of character which was begun in a public school.

Those who intend to take up a political career may devote themselves to the Union, where set debates are held every week and many famous statesmen have won their spurs. The Eights Week is a great annual carnival, attended by friends and relations in vast numbers, the chief event being races of colleges competing for the headship of the river. The various boats start at equal distances in the order of the previous year, and one boat may take the place of another by catching it up, or "bumping" it in order to take its place. It is an impressive scene with brilliant sky and gleaming water. Butterfly crowds float across Christchurch meadows and array themselves on the banks to watch the scene with tense excitement, and when a bump occurs, the wild-

Photo: W. S. Campbell.

KEW GARDENS: THE CHINESE PAGODA.

The great landmark of the gardens, the last of several classical buildings erected by Sir William Chambers. It is a ten storey building, 163 feet high, now closed to the public, but once famous for its magnificent view.

Photo: Sport & General.

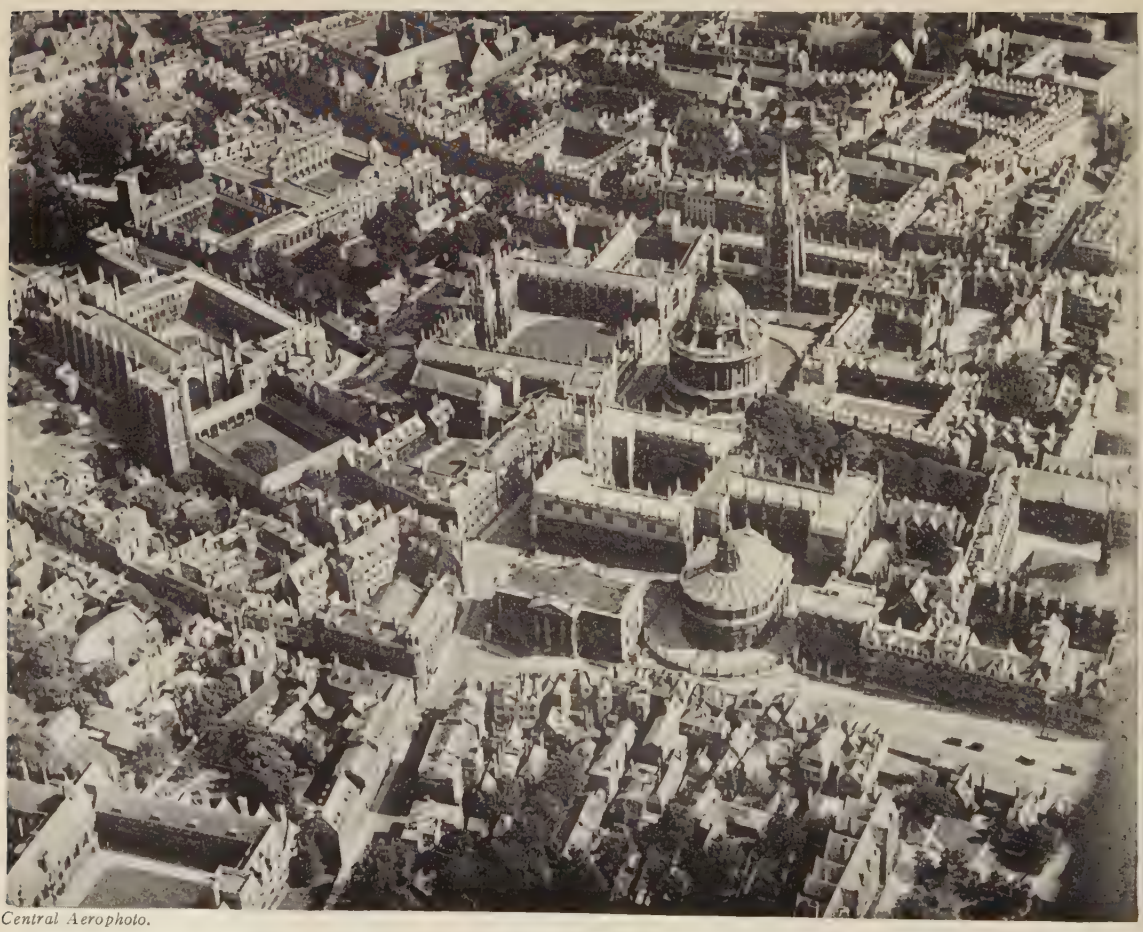
ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER.

Boulter's Lock, the busiest lock on the Thames, as seen on Ascot Sunday. The boats remain in the water enclosure while being raised or lowered as they pass from one level to another.

Topical.

HENLEY REGATTA.

All through the summer, and especially during regatta week, Henley is one of the most popular pleasure resorts on the river.



Central Aerophoto.

OXFORD.

A remarkable photograph from the air showing the Colleges, Churches and other buildings in their full beauties as they cannot be seen from the streets. The bird's-eye view enables us to realise how really beautiful the city is.

est pandemonium follows, with rattles, pistol-shots, hoots, yells, shrieks of joy, wildly waving parasols and groans.

Oxford Cathedral, originally the Church of the Priory of St. Frideswide, is not only a Cathedral, but at the same time the Chapel of Christchurch, one of the proudest colleges of the University. The College Hall of Christchurch is amazingly impressive with its roof beams, sculptured coats-of-arms and pictures by Old Masters; it is surpassed only by Westminster Hall and the great hall of Hampton Court; and here Parliament was held in 1644 during the Revolution.

St. Mary Magdalene has the most beautiful cloisters in England, New College has the appearance of a palace, though little of it can be seen from outside, and Balliol, founded by the father of the King of Scots in 1262, is perhaps most famed for its learning. Brasenose College has an ancient door-handle shaped like a nose of brass, but the name is really derived from Brasenhus, which means a brewery. The Sheldonian theatre, which seats three thousand persons, is used for conferring degrees and is often the scene of uproarious demonstrations from ribald undergraduates, who are no respecters of the distinguished strangers.

THE ENGLISH COUNTIES

§ 9

It is not London nor the Thames that first greets the visitor to the shores of England. What an enchanting surprise England must offer to the poor foreigner who anticipates a land of dreadful night, an island perpetually shrouded in yellow fogs, a dour people resigned to one long, gloomy, Puritanical Sabbath all the year round, a diet entirely restricted to underdone beef, boiled potatoes and stewed tea!

He may not be expected to share in the Englishman's patriotic thrills at the first sight of those white cliffs of Albion, sparkling their welcome in the sunshine; a shiver may be allowed for over the hideous suburbs, which hide London like a husk and serve to emphasise her sweetness when she stands revealed. But there can be few hearts so dead that they can resist ecstasy on travelling inwards from the coast and surrendering themselves to the glamour of the Garden of England.

The Garden of England

As far as the eye can reach, it is a fairy pleasaunce of soothing scenery and exhilarating air, a joyous vision of undulating meadows and moorland glades and dingley dells and woods and rippling brooks and wonderful wild flowers clinging round model villages and dreamy, old-world farmsteads and creepered cottages. The rolling downs of Sussex with their glistening streaks and pits of chalk: what glowing memories they recall of gallops with the harriers in the sweet morning air, of gathering mushrooms, of vast solitudes within easy reach. Those grand Surrey hedges, like little feathery mountains all riddled with rabbit warrens; the civilised wildness of Hampshire's New Forest, still a fitting scene for archery and wild boars; above all perhaps, the hanging gardens of Babylon transplanted into the hop fields of Kent with their endless avenues of poles trellised like pergolas with fruits of golden fleece.

Specially gorgeous they are in waning summer-time, when Romany folk and homeless wanderers from all the roads of England and half the picturesque people of London's slums stream forth to pluck the yearly harvest in careless carnival. There are 45,000 acres to be plucked, richest round Maidstone and stretching within eight miles of the Capital. And the golden blossoms must be dried in oast-houses—whose uncouth name attests the Flemish origin in hops—cowl-like sentinels amid the nodding maze.

Five hundred years have passed since hops were introduced to transfigure the scene. Otherwise the whole Garden of England has suffered little change since early Britons roamed the forests in woad, Knut defied the seas, Alfred burnt his cakes, and Norman knights rode forth to spread the torch of chivalry. Forests have been cleared, wolves disappeared in early Tudor times, cultivation has grown more intense, but the smiles of England have not faded in the garden where they grew, peaceful dreams still haunt the air amid the fragrance of cowslips and honeysuckle, tuned to the music of scythes and humming bees. The imprints of old times have not yet been brushed away.

More indistinct are memories of the Norman Conquest and the Battle of Senlac, better known as Hastings. On the heights near the existing town of Battle was the stockade where

Photochrom.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The murder of St. Thomas à Becket made Canterbury the centre of pilgrimages for centuries. There has been a church here since Roman times. Canterbury is still the ecclesiastical metropolis of England.

Photochrom.

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF, DOVER.

"The fishermen, that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice . . . the murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
Cannot be heard so high."—*King Lear.*

Photo: The Hamilton Collection.

RYE CHURCH AND CLOCK TOWER.

Rye is one of the "Ancient Towns" which were attached to the Cinque Ports. Once a flourishing seaport, it has been robbed of commercial importance by the withdrawal of the sea. The sixteenth century clock has a long pendulum that swings inside the church. It is a wonderfully pretty little town with many traces of French ancestry in the names of its citizens.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

BEACHY HEAD, EASTBOURNE.

This bold chalk headland rises almost sheer from the sea to a height of 533 feet. Rock-climbers are occasionally found risking their lives here and calling to the coastguards in their distress. One of the joys of Eastbourne is to walk up over the Downs to the top of Beachy Head.

the Saxons made their last stand against William's advance from Pevensey, and Battle Abbey is on the very spot where Harold fell. This Abbey was founded by William to fulfil a vow he made during the fight; then at the "Reformation," Henry VIII gave it to his Master of the Horse and it became a private dwelling. Much of it has fallen to ruins, but the monks' refectory and almonry and vaulted parlour can still be traced, and outside a noble gateway of 1338 we find traces of an old bull-baiting ring.

Rochester

Rochester was a town of the Britons, Romans, Saxons and Normans, deriving its name from Hrofesceastre (the Camp of Rufus). The chief associations are connected with Saint Augustine, who converted the British islands to Christianity and consecrated the first Bishop of Rochester in 604.

The Pilgrim Road. Dickens Land

Pilgrimages were very numerous for centuries in the Garden of England, and one of the many interesting sights of Rochester is Watts' Charity House, which was founded in 1579 for "six poor travellers, not being rogues or proctors," proctors being the lawyers of the period and apparently not far removed from rogues. Rochester being on Watling Street, one of the first high roads of Britain, acquired importance at a very early period. The High Street is full of memories of English history; the Castle with its massive keep and stern rugged interior still stands defiant of wars and centuries; the grim dungeon where the Queen of Robert Bruce was kept prisoner remains one of the most impressive old buildings in the land. All round Rochester is Dickensland. At the village of Cobham we find the old Leather Bottle Inn where Tracy Tupman stayed; and Dickens himself lived at Gad's Hill, where Falstaff used to rob the pilgrims on their way to Canterbury.

It was to Canterbury that St. Augustine came in 597 to convert England, and here we find his monastery; Henry VIII seized it for a palace and, after being turned into a brewery in 1844, it became a Missionary College two years later. It still possesses picturesque cloisters and an old Guest Hall with a wonderful roof of oak. Here we find the quaint little Church of

St. Martin, known as the Mother Church of England, which St. Augustine found here when he came, for it existed before Saxon times; King Ethelbert was christened at its font and there are odd little windows in the walls bearing the name of "Lepers' squints."

But St. Thomas à Becket overshadowed St. Augustine's fame, and all the prosperity of Canterbury came through his murder there, from pilgrims thronging in vast hordes for centuries, as Chaucer told in his Canterbury Tales.

Mercery Lane, leading to the Cathedral, has changed but little since the days when phials of holy water and medallions of St. Thomas were sold to pilgrims; and we may trace remains of the old Chequers Inn, which Chaucer has immortalised.

Canterbury Cathedral

The building of the Cathedral dragged on from 770 to 1495 and we may almost place a date on every stone. The original Christian church on its site had become a Pagan temple when it was presented to Saint Augustine; but his Cathedral suffered from flames and Danes so that it had almost disappeared at the time of the Conquest and Lanfranc had to start building it anew. The main impression is of great size, but it has contrived to retain beauties in spite of frequent restorations and the addition of much modern glass. The shrine where Saint Thomas was buried boasted of such magnificence that Erasmus said "gold was the meanest thing to be seen there." No wonder that its treasures attracted the cupidity of Henry VIII; but, not content with the wealth he acquired, he ordered the body of the Saint to be burned, and the only remaining trace of the shrine is to be found on the pavement which has been worn away by the knees of pious pilgrims.

§ 10

Kent

The miscellaneous origins of English counties have given them distinctive characters of their own, and Kent offers a striking example. The fertility of its soil favoured it from the first and it remains famous as an orchard, especially for its cherries and apples; its men have always enjoyed a reputation for sturdiness and courage, "Kentish fire" remaining a term for robust ap-

Photo: Underwood.

HOPPING TIME IN KENT.

In summer all the gipsies and halt the picturesque folk from the highways and byways of England go to Kent for the hopping season, camping in tents or sleeping in the open air.

BRIGHTON: THE PAVILION.

Brighton's clear, bracing air, and fine sea-front have completed what George IV began when he built the Pavilion in 1782, and the town is now a world-renowned watering place. The Pavilion is a mixture of Indian and Chinese architecture, and has been much ridiculed by modern critics. It was bought by the town for £53,000, having originally cost £250,000.

Photo: Herbert Felton.

QUINTAIN (OR POST): OFFENHAM, KENT.

An old English sport. A man on horseback tilts at the flat end of the swivelled board, at the other end of which is a bag of sand. If the rider does not hit the board squarely with his lance and get past in time, the bag of sand will knock him off his horse.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

BOURNEMOUTH.

Pine trees are the great joy of Bournemouth, spreading everywhere from these delightful gardens to the side-walks of almost every street and road.

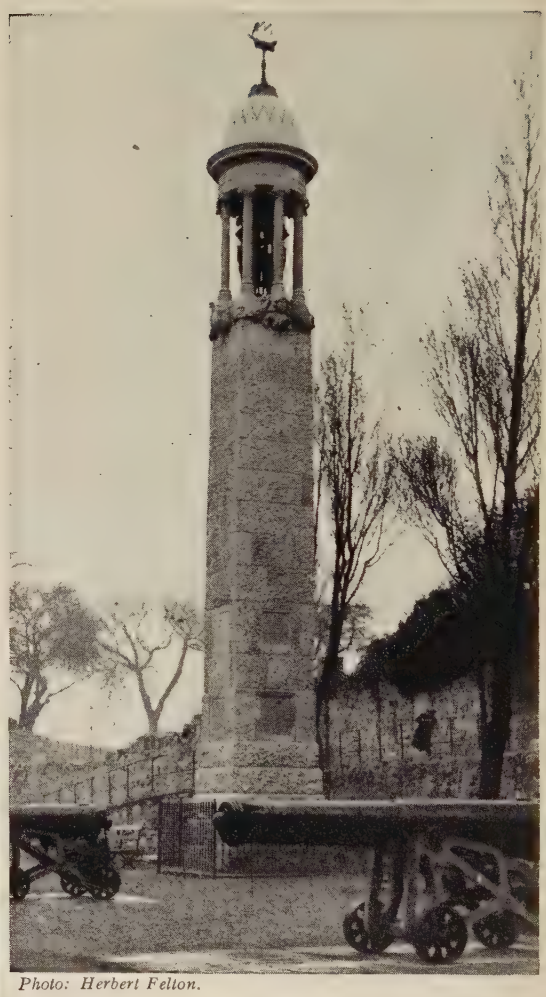


Photo: Herbert Felton.

SOUTHAMPTON: MEMORIAL TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Southampton is generally regarded as the starting point of the Pilgrim Fathers for America, though in reality most of them had been living in Holland, and the main body left Delfthaven in the "Speedwell" which brought them to Southampton.

plause. Dover remains a mine of memories, very beautiful at a distance with its bay of chalk cliffs. It was burnt by the Normans and then turned into a harbour and fortress; the rebel barons besieged it in 1216 supported by our French foes; the Spanish Armada was checked there in 1588; it held out sturdily for the Royalists until the rebels seized it in 1642; and here we may still picture, perhaps with difficulty in its present sordid surroundings, the wild scenes of enthusiasm which greeted the landing of Charles II on his restoration in 1660.

Dover is one of the Cinque Ports—Hastings, Dover, Sandwich, Romney, and Hythe, to which Rye and Winchelsea were afterwards added—towns which had certain privileges and the duty of providing ships for the Navy. The grand old Castle stands out on one of the rugged rocks which surround Dover like an amphitheatre. It was founded by the Romans and possesses remains of their lighthouse as well as an old Saxon church of the seventh century, and a Norman dungeon. The approach is up a staircase with 420 steps from the town.

Shakespeare's Cliff, rising sheer to a height of 350 feet, a fearful and dizzy outlook almost justifying the description in King Lear, where

> The crows and chuffs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles . . .
> The fishermen, that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice . . .
> . . . the murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
> Cannot be heard so high.

Folkestone, Dover's steamship rival, has no historic memories, but is more pleasing with its long stretch of grass known as the Leas on the top of a cliff, whence France can sometimes be dimly seen.

Nearly all of Kent is full of memories. Hythe Church is a miniature of Canterbury Cathedral, and has a crypt containing a vast collection of skulls and bones of unknown origin. Sandwich, which was described in the eleventh century as "the most famous port of all the Angles," is now two miles away from the sea. Westenhanger has the remains of a royal Manor House which was the bower of Fair Rosamond, the friend of Henry II.

It now belongs to the Folkestone Racecourse Company. Margate, the Mecca of trippers, has little to offer beyond wonderful sands and wonderful air. Broadstairs, so called from the breadth of its stair, or gap in the cliffs, has an old flint arch called York Gate to protect this passage.

From Ramsgate we may visit the Goodwin Sands, which at low water are firm enough for cricket, but often become so dangerous that many vessels are lost there every year despite the lightships set out as warnings. The tradition is that these sands were once a fertile island on which Earl Godwin built a mansion, but it suddenly disappeared in a great gale, the funds provided for a sea-wall having been misappropriated by pious folk for the building of Tenterden Church.

Tunbridge Wells is a curious inland watering place. The springs were discovered in 1606, and Puritans flocked there, conferring such names as Mount Ephraim and Mount Zion to the hills. To this day the place still seems to possess a peculiar fascination for Protestants, who maintain the prim severity of their atmosphere in quaint Anne and Georgian houses. Waters are dispensed at the Pump Room, and the promenade is known as the Pantiles, after its old pavement. In the neighbourhood are the Toad Rock and other fantastic shapes of sandstone.

Leeds Castle, just off the high road from London to Folkestone, has been described as the loveliest castle in the whole world, rising shapely, majestic and serene from two islands in the midst of a lake, set like a pale jewel in the green and golden slopes of a lovely park and embowered in trees that are hundreds of years old. Edward II had to besiege it and take it by force of arms so that his queen, known as "the she-wolf of France," might obtain admission. The barbican, which includes a mill, is one of the most interesting fragments of mediæval military architecture in England, now clad with ivy and overgrown with trees. The "Gloriette" or old castle occupies the whole of the smaller island, which stands out in the middle of the lake. The walls all rise directly from the water and are mirrored in it from every point of view. In the tower is a bell dated 1435 and ornamented with representations of the Virgin and Child, the Crucifixion and St. George and the Dragon, and the curfew is still sounded every night upon it at eight o'clock. The cellars, hewn out of the solid

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

THE NEEDLES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Three pointed rocks of white chalk that glisten brightly in the sunshine above their dark-hued bases. A lighthouse nestles on the outermost rock to warn vessels of the dangers of this coast.

Photo: Aerofilms, Ltd.

SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS.

Southampton owes its importance to its wonderful harbour and the phenomenon of double tides. The illustration shows the mammoth steamers "Olympic," "Homeric" and "Aquitania" in dock.

DARTMOUTH CASTLE.

A picturesque spot on the beautiful Devonshire river Dart. From the fort shown a chain used to be drawn across the river to Kingswear Castle as a safeguard against invasion. St. Petrock's church adjoins it and adds to the picturesqueness of the scene.

DARTMOOR: POST BRIDGE.

The Dart has a bewildering variety of scenery, from picturesque wooded dells to wide, desolate stretches of moorland. The illustration shows a picturesque old structure of granite slabs.

rock, contain many wonderful old wines; several bottles, for example, were left by Lord Colepeper in the days of Charles I and still contain liquid, and there is a bin of 1797 port which remained buried for nearly a century. The Maidens' Tower is a separate dwelling house; according to tradition it was built for the maids of honour of one of Henry VIII's wives, and the keys of the house were brought to the King at an early hour every night when the ladies had been safely locked up.

§ 11

Surrey

Surrey is the ideal country for walkers. Deep leafy lanes escape from the tarred roads of motorists and lead to pleasant footpaths, which offer mild sensations of exploration in the wilds, deceptive paths losing themselves in private farmyards or ploughed fields or ponds. Broken-down stiles, overgrown with nettles and cow-parsley, admit us to the secrets of decaying agriculture, and tangled woodlands introduce us to unexpected birds and butterflies and flowers. London overflowers into Surrey, but Nature's wilds are very near.

Dorking is an old-fashioned little market town, whence a short stroll still suffices to lose ourselves in soothing scenery. Close by are many grand old English mansions, for instance, Wotton, once the home of John Evelyn, the diarist; and Deepdene, now a hotel, the historic house where Disraeli wrote "Conings by" and helped to found the Young England Party.

§ 12

Sussex

Rudyard Kipling has sung the praises of Sussex:—

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;

. . . . . .

Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

He has sung of "blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs," and the "bare slopes where chasing shadows skim," and no better description can be imagined than he gives in his poem "Sussex."

There is something marvellously clean about the Downs, those great, smooth rolling heights covered with short sweet grass and peopled only by shepherds guarding their vast flocks of placid sheep which speck the slopes with dots of white. It is a bare, almost treeless country, with little water, and broad heaths across which fresh sea breezes frisk and scamper, heaths which are one mass of golden flame when the yellow blossoms of the gorse glow out in springtime.

The phrases "silly Sussex" and "Hampshire Hogs" have been applied, perhaps out of jealousy for the peace and contentment of those counties, which the rush of modern progress has not yet disturbed. Indeed, few parts of England can offer such a picture of old-fashioned serenity as Chichester, Cissa's Ceaster of the Saxons. The four main streets—East Street, North Street, West Street and South Street—remain as they were laid out by the Romans and meet in the centre of the city at the lovely old Market Cross, which was raised in 1600, disfigured by Puritans during the Civil War and restored in 1742.

Cathedral closes are peculiar to England and serve to illustrate one side of the English character in a peculiar way, and the Close at Chichester may be mentioned as a type of many others dotted about like oases in various parts of modern England. Here we realise a mediæval, almost monastic atmosphere amid time-stained walls and arches and moss-grown pavements, all combining to afford an ideal retreat for placid people who might have stepped straight out of one of Anthony Trollope's novels. The approach is through an old grey gateway and here the Cathedral clergy dwell—dean, canons, prebendaries—fenced off from the noise of traffic in quaint old houses with oriel and bay windows covered with creepers and surrounded by an old English garden with nectarines and greengages ripening on old brick walls.

Brighton

Nearly every inland town in Sussex seems to have been crystallised in the amber of the past. But the watering places

have not held themselves aloof from the trippers who intrude in pursuit of the life-giving air. Brighton remained a poor fishing village down to the middle of the eighteenth century, but when the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, made it fashionable in 1782 it bloated itself and became, during the '60's and '70's of last century, thoroughly vulgarised. The Royal Pavilion, a mock Oriental building, is vulgar enough—a new-rich conception which cost a quarter of a million pounds, but it suggests picturesque memories of Beau Nash and boisterous revellers in their costumes of a century ago. Thackeray sang the praises of "Doctor Brighton" in "The Newcomes," and generations of convalescents have come to seek his ozone. In spite of the wind and glare and the distressing beach of pebbles, there is always an exhilaration about Brighton. The vast expanse of sea-front possesses a certain magnificence, but the advent of motor cars and chars-à-bancs has brought more favoured places within equally easy reach of London, and the old glories of "London-by-the-sea" have somewhat diminished. Yet the population of Brighton in these days is more than 150,000, and when its numerous palatial hotels and less pretentious boarding houses are full it much exceeds this total.

Eastbourne is also lavish in ozone, and close by is Beachy Head, where the South Downs end. It was on this sheer headland that Edward Whymper began his climbing career as a schoolboy and nearly broke his neck; here other foolhardy Alpinists seek trouble every year, are stranded half-way, and need the succour of coastguards with ropes.

Smugglers of Olden Times

Hastings and St. Leonards are now joined together in one big, dull bathing-resort. The extreme end of Hastings remains an old-fashioned fishing town with ruins of a Norman castle standing above St. Clement's cave, which was long a hiding place for smugglers. Smuggling was, indeed, for generations the chief occupation of the hardy dwellers on the coasts of England and heavy tariffs made it very profitable. Silks and wines and lace were for ever running the gauntlet of the armies of "preventive officers" who patrolled the shores. At dead of night mysterious ships would signal to the villagers, boats would be rowed out

hastily and return laden with casks and bundles which swift horses waited to carry off in carts to safe hiding places—sometimes the traditional cave, very often a secret room in a farmhouse, or the back parlour of a Justice of the Peace or the vestry of a church whose beadle was an ally. In almost any of the very old houses near the sea we still find sliding panels and double cupboards and revolving cellar doors dating back to smugglers' days. There are even movable ponds with cemented cellars down below.

While the people who lived on the Mediterranean were annoyed by Saracens and Corsairs raiding for the harems and galleys of North Africa, the pre-Norman forefathers of the British lived in constant dread of Vikings, Danes, and sudden marauders who came to kill and plunder. All day and night the people were on the alert, watch-towers were needed everywhere and village churches were built like fortresses to afford sanctuary. At the first signal of alarm there would be a rush to the sacred building, women and children huddled themselves away in corners, while the priest prayed fervently and men made their bows and arrows ready at every window.

Pretty Little Rye

Rye is one of the most beautiful small towns in the world, perched on a hill with a glorious old church and entered by the Landport, the last of the four massive gateways which used to defend it against its many enemies. Hard by is the strong fortress known as Ypres Tower, already a name to conjure with in the twelfth century, for it was derived from a worthy of those days, William de Ypres, Earl of Kent. It is now little more than a museum, but it was of very real account in olden days, of which we read in chronicles that "Rye was burnt by the French in the year 1448 *for the fourth time.*"

All the names at Rye are fascinating. There is Mermaid Street with the old Mermaid Inn, perhaps the most beautiful hostelry in England; there are Watch Bell Street and Mint Street and Flushing Inn and Austin Friary and The Old Tudor House. The Church Clock is one of the oldest in the country, with an extraordinary pendulum eighteen feet long, which goes right through the ceiling.

BOSCASTLE.

Boscastle is like no other seaside resort in the world—there is neither beach nor sea-front, only rugged cliffs towering on either side above the stream which winds through this deep fissure in the cliffs.

Photo: The Hamilton Collection.

A DEVONSHIRE LANE.

Where kindly old-world cottages nestle in perfect peace and flowers grow everywhere and birds sing all day long.

PERRANPORTH, CORNWALL.

A quiet little watering-place in Cornwall, typical of others, with rocks as a relief after long stretches of sand-flats. There are always cave sand cliff-arches along the coast to be explored at low tide.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

CLOVELLY.

Dickens said of Clovelly: "There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in there was not a level yard in it," which perhaps accounts for the wondrous beauty of t little fishing village in Devonshire.

Lewes, the capital of Sussex, has become more prosperous without being modernised; indeed, it would seem almost an outrage to attempt to modernise a town that claims to have been the abode of man for two thousand years. Some seven miles north-east of Lewes, in the gravels of the Pleistocene, was found the famous Piltdown skull, about 250,000 years old. It shows an early type of humanity in which the canine teeth were still long and pointed.

Arundel Castle

One of the loveliest Sussex rivers, full of dreamy delights, is the winding Arun. The great glory of the Arun is Arundel Castle, the almost royal residence of the Dukes of Norfolk, which was founded in the tenth century and has endured many sieges culminating in an attack by the Cromwellians, who reduced it to ruins in 1644. A great stronghold of the Roman Catholics down to the present day, it was a special offence to the Puritans, who wreaked all their wrath on its ancient splendours. But the twelfth century keep has been restored and a new residence was built in 1791–1870, so that the old atmosphere may still be realised in the beauties of the immense park.

Near Horsham are the big buildings of Christ's Hospital, commonly known as Blue Coat School, which was founded by Edward VI in London and removed here in 1902. Like many other public schools, it was originally a charity institution, but the special interest about it is that the boys retain the old-fashioned costume—long blue gowns, yellow stockings and knee breeches, with nothing on their heads even in the sharpest weather. The idea of this uniform was to foster a spirit of equality so that boys of all classes should be treated alike, and it still serves to display the pride they take in their ancient foundation. Among the celebrated pupils were Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Samuel Richardson and Stillingfleet.

§ 13

Hampshire

Another charity foundation at Winchester has grown still more a resort of the richer classes, and is recognised as one of the leading public schools. The older parts, dating from the

days of the founder, William of Wykeham, in the fourteenth century, have scarcely changed, though expensive new buildings have had to be added to accommodate some five hundred boys. In appearance the school resembles an Oxford or Cambridge college, and old traditions have been well maintained, even to the extent of a small dialect or vocabulary of slang, commonly called "notions," which every new boy is compelled to learn. One of the obligations is to allude to every boy as a man, which has its comic side when the world is applied to an individual who has only just entered his teens. One of the curiosities of the place is the old lavatory called Moab with a shoe-blacking place called Edom, in jocular reference to the phrase in the Psalms, "Moab is my washpot, over Edom will I cast out my shoe."

Winchester carries off the drowsiness of a Cathedral city by a certain air of antiquity. It has a fortified gateway of the thirteenth century, and in the Great Hall of William the Conqueror's Castle is a strange piece of furniture some fifty feet in circumference, known as King Arthur's Round Table, about whose origin very little is known. The Cathedral is the longest in Europe after St. Peter's at Rome, and its most characteristic features are the chantry chapels founded by various bishops in the Middle Ages. The choir is supposed to have been dedicated to St. Swithin, whose connection with the weather arose from the fact that his funeral was delayed forty days by rain. Here as elsewhere the Puritans did considerable damage, and the absence of old stained glass is ascribed to their violence; but this noble fane retains a greater variety of artistic treasures than most of the Cathedrals in the land. In the presbytery are six old chests of coloured wood containing the bones of Ethelwulf, Egbert, Knut, William Rufus, and other kings; and there is a memorial to Izaak Walton, who acquired his knowledge of fishing in the Itchen and other streams of the neighbourhood.

Portsmouth

Portsmouth, with its magnificent harbour over four miles long and its sheltered roadstead of Spithead, is the chief naval station of England. The gigantic dockyard covers three hundred acres and has four spacious dry docks and building slips, where the largest men-of-war are constructed. In the town at 11, High

Street, is Buckingham House, formerly the Spotted Dog Inn, where the first Duke of Buckingham was murdered in 1628; and another inn claims to be the Blue Posts of Captain Marryatt's "Peter Simple." Off the suburb of Southsea we may still see a red buoy, which marks the spot where the "Royal George" sank in 1782 with "twice four hundred men."

Southampton

The neighbouring harbour of Southampton is wonderfully favoured by Nature, lying at the end of an admirable estuary known as Southampton Water, which possesses the phenomenon of double tides prolonging high water to two hours. Southampton has large dry docks and has enjoyed prosperity from a very early age, certainly from the days of the Saxons; and soon after the Conquest it carried on considerable traffic with Venice and Bordeaux. In 1338 it was suddenly attacked by pirates on a Sunday when everybody was in church, and the whole town was plundered and burnt. Here Crusaders embarked under Richard Lion-heart, and later on the armies of Edward III and Edward IV sailed for the invasion of France; later still the Pilgrim Fathers set out in the "Mayflower" for Plymouth, their official starting place for America on September 6th, 1620. The ship must have been inconveniently crowded if a fraction of the American aristocracy can justify its pedigrees.

The New Forest

To the west of Southampton stretches the extensive New Forest, which has really changed very little since it was planted by William the Conqueror, who destroyed churches, villages and whole towns over a radius of more than thirty miles for his hunting ground. The forest covers one hundred and forty square miles, not more than two-thirds of which actually belong to the Crown, but the King's House is still maintained as the residence of the Deputy Surveyor of the forest. And there is a Verderers' Hall, where "Courts of Swainmote" are held, and an old stirrup is shown, said to have belonged to William Rufus. In olden days all dogs belonging to residents in the forests were rendered innocuous to game by the process of "expeditation," or removal of the middle claw, unless they were small enough to pass through

this stirrup, in which case they were not big enough to do damage. A stone was set up in the eighteenth century to mark the spot where Rufus was shot by Wat Tyrrel's arrow on August 2nd, 1100. It was known as the Rufus Stone, and collapsed mysteriously in 1923.

There are some huge oak and beech trees of exceeding age, but the red deer, with which the forest was once stocked, have disappeared as completely as the wolves, and the only characteristic survivals of the New Forest are great numbers of hogs and a peculiar breed of rough looking ponies which run wild. For woodland scenery the forest is unsurpassed, and we may wander for miles through charming glades and over wide stretches of common-land with a sense of being far from the haunts of man.

Bournemouth is an unique watering place which has grown up out of a simple village during the last forty years. Its few houses used to nestle among pine trees, many of which have been retained even in the sidewalks of some of the principal thoroughfares. Now it boasts a population of nearly 100,000, with many handsome shops and mansions, glorious gardens of rhododendrons, and lovely climbs among the "chines" or hollows.

The Isle of Wight

The Isle of Wight is separated from Southampton by the Solent, a silvery piece of water from two to six miles broad. There are some sixty-five miles of scenic coast-line, and the whole island is full of peaceful charm and pretty scenery.

Indeed the island enjoys an ideal climate, with frost and snow almost unknown, but Ventnor in the south might be on the French Riviera; and at Black Gang Chine the bright vegetation and exquisite seascapes are worthy of the Mediterranean. It is, however, on the extreme west that the supreme beauties are displayed. Alum Bay, so called after the alum found there, has unique effects with the many coloured streaks of sandstone—green and red and yellow and silvery grey—glistening beneath the transparent shallow waters. The Needles are close by, three strange pointed rocks of chalk with dark bases rising sheer from the sea to a height of a hundred feet, with a lighthouse nestling against the outer Needle to warn vessels against the dangers of the coast. Few scenes are more entrancing anywhere, and few

Photochrom.

CHEDDAR CLIFFS.

Cheddar is famous not only for its succulent cheese, and stalagtites and stalagmites of its caverns, but also for the highest limestone cliffs in the land. They flank quite a grand chasm and afford a very pretty picture with their tufts of greenery and red-roofed cottages beside a silvery pool.

delights can compare with a lazy summer afternoon spent on some neighbouring hill in contemplating the wild fowl dancing about over the drowsy breakers.

Carisbrooke, in the centre of the island, is one of the prettiest villages in England with its famous old castle and a scarcely less famous donkey drawing water from a very deep well. King Charles I was kept prisoner here for a long time, and the window is shown where he tried to escape.

Newport, the capital of the island, used to be the port of Carisbrooke.

Ryde is a pleasing holiday resort with all sorts of delightful walks in the neighbourhood.

Cowes is a pretty little town, the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and fashionable regattas take place there every year. Osborne is close by, where Queen Victoria died in 1901.

§ 14

Devon

Devonshire, the "shire of the sea kings," was the starting place, not only of the "Mayflower," but of the ships in which Raleigh, Drake, and the Grenvilles scoured the seas to found the British Empire. And to-day, Devonshire shares with Cornwall the fame of fairest and most romantic scenery. Her leafy lanes, her spacious moors, the sleeping beauty of her old towns, her fantastic fishing villages and vast stretches of golden sands are sung and envied wherever the worship of Nature still survives. Plymouth Sound is full of wondrous creeks where lovely rivers open vistas of peaceful greenery and happy solitudes. Torquay, with bright red cliffs above a brilliant sea, is well named the English Riviera, and few places in England can rival this district in its beauty or its climate. Its charms are all its own. Exotic, sub-tropical vegetation thrives all through the winter in the open air; as a Duke of Argyll testified, its sole industry is "the manufacture of health." The Lyn country was immortalised in Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and praised lustily still earlier by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Gainsborough, who proclaimed it the painter's paradise. It boasts of infinitely varied landscapes and seascapes, with what the poet Southey called "the

sublimity of solitude." Lynton and Lynmouth, amongst many other towns, are unsurpassed for beauty. "The little village of Lynton," wrote Henry James, "is perched on the side of one of the great mountain cliffs with which the whole coast is adorned and on the edge of a lovely gorge through which a broad hill-torrent foams and tumbles from the great moors whose heather-crested waves rise purple along the inland sky." Shelley established himself there in a cottage and spent his time in drawing up "a declaration of Rights," in which he asserted that man was naturally benevolent and virtuous and needed only the abolition of laws and priests and kings to be happy for ever. He placed copies of this document in bottles and let them loose in the sea in the hope that they might convert somebody besides the fishes.

Dartmoor

For thorough solitude within easy reach of busy towns, Dartmoor and Exmoor are unrivalled. Leaving the round chalk hills of Wessex, we come into a country of sharp granite peaks, wild glens, foaming rills and heather-clad moors. Dartmoor is a great tableland rising over 2,000 feet above the sea, scarcely cultivated at all, often strewn with great boulders or tors of granite, the best known of which is Yes Tor. Almost the only inhabitants are moorland sheep, who crop rare grass amid the heather, and shaggy ponies as quick as deer and sure as goats. No more appropriate setting could have been found for the great convict prison of Princetown, which sends out its inmates to do their work under the eyes of warders armed with loaded rifles. Sometimes attempts are made to escape; but dense fogs arrive unexpectedly, and there are morasses where men may sink and be seen no more. It was originally built for French prisoners in 1807.

Exmoor in the North of Devon is Dartmoor in miniature, a milder moorland with sandstone replacing granite tors. Here the last wild red deer of England roam, and in August the Exmoor staghounds attract sportsmen who cannot wait for the fox-hunting season elsewhere. The genuine breed of Exmoor ponies is growing rare, but the sheep and red cattle still delight the eye.

Exeter, the capital of Devonshire, is the one English city in which man has dwelt continuously from Roman times until today, the one British city which never surrendered to the Anglo-Saxon. It is as old as York or Winchester or London. The Cathedral is small, simple and beautiful; the groinings and clustered pillars and the windows of varied tracery are exquisite, but the minstrels' gallery is unsurpassed.

§ 15

The Duchy of Cornwall

Cornwall is a land apart, with a race and traditions of her own. The rest of the British Isles are divided into counties, but Cornwall holds ducal rank—"the delectable Duchy" is her familiar title, and the eldest son of the British sovereign is styled Duke of Cornwall as a matter of course; whereas he becomes Prince of Wales only by creation. Not only is Cornwall the last home and stronghold of Britain's original native race; but she was the first avenue of British civilisation, the first point of contact with the outer world, when Phœnicians came to develop Cornwall's wealth of tin—tin, which still remains a slang expression for coin of the realm. Cornwall retains a distinctive name in foreign tongues—Cornouailles in French, Cornovaglia in Italian, and so forth—and Cornishmen are proud of their particularism. For Cornwall begins outside England; Cornwall is not England, never has been, and never will be.

Unlike England, Cornwall retains place names with Celtic roots. It was to Cornwall that the Christians of England retired before the advance of Saxon Pagans. In the year 577, Christian Britons were defeated at the Battle of Deorham (now Dyrham), ten miles east of Bristol, and the Avon became the boundary between Teutonic barbarism and old British civilisation. Then the Pagans pushed on to Taunton, to the Exe, but no farther than the Tamar, which remains the frontier of the Duchy. There is a legend that the Devil never ventured to cross the Tamar because he knew the Cornish would turn him into a pasty, as they do their fish, flesh, fowl, and all their good victuals. And never even at the darkest hours was Cornwall subdued by Angles, or Saxons, or Danes, or other alien disturbers of Britain. In a sense it was

the Cornish who absorbed Wales, and thus they became the Cornuwealas, the people of the corner of Wales.

The Cornish Language

Their own language lingered down to the memory of our grandfathers, though the last Cornish sermon on record was preached at Landewednack in 1678, and, according to an inscription on her tomb, Doll Pentreath, who died in 1777, was the last speaker of Cornish. This language was so similar to Breton that men in this corner of Britain could understand visitors from the corner of France, and even now the Cornish dialect has outlandish inflections and intonations of its own, just as the Cornish people have dark complexions and clear-cut aquiline features derived from their Keltiberian stock.

The Land of Saints

Cornwall stubbornly retained her own Kings and her own chivalry; King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table still live to us in poetry and romance that are very near akin to history. She is pre-eminently the Land of Saints, even more so than Brittany, and almost every Cornish village bears the name of some holy man unknown to the hagiology of the outer world. St. Buryan, St. Blazey, St. Austell, St. Germans, St. Ives, St. Keyne, and countless other refugees from persecution occupied caves and creeks and moors, fasted and prayed and attracted disciples; churches were built on the spots they had hallowed, and villages arose around them bearing the founders' names, and to this day a village is styled a "church-town" by Cornishmen. And the old religion survives with a strong national spirit, first fostered by fights against the Pagans, then resisting Popery as a foreign creed, and now cherishing nonconformity because the Church of England sounds too English. Cornwall has not shaken off the Nature-worship of Pre-Roman Christendom, and everywhere we find belief in "the little people," good fairies, mischievous elves, and holy wells whose waters work miracles. St. Keyne's well is the most famous, with its tradition that mastery belongs to the spouse who first drinks its waters; and Southey wrote a ballad telling how a bridegroom hurried thither from

COCKINGTON, NEAR TORQUAY.

Cockington seems almost too good to be true. It looks as if it had stepped straight out of a picture with its dear old ivy-clad church, its thatched cottages basking in the sunshine, its big shady woods and its primitive people, to whom hurry is unknown.

Photochrom.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Although comparatively small, Exeter Cathedral is very beautiful. The front is a kind of screen pierced by three doorways, and richly ornamented with statues—kings, princes, Bible-folk—and above them Kings Athelstan and Edward the Confessor.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

TRURO CATHEDRAL.

Truro has a truly Cornish cathedral built of Cornish granite and serpentine with Cornish copper for its tower. The episcopal See was restored in 1876 after a lapse of 800 years.

ST. MAWES.

Across the harbour from Falmouth, St. Mawes enjoys the same delightful climate. The beautiful bay is typical of many others in Cornwall.

the altar only to learn that the bride had been beforehand with him and taken a bottle with her to the church.

The first impressions of Cornwall are somewhat discouraging, vast desolate moorlands and still drearier mining districts, but Cornish coast scenery has few rivals in the world. The rugged granite and serpentine cliffs with all their vivid colours rising sheer from turbulent seas, indented with creeks and coves and full of mysterious caves, are full of grandeur and danger and beauty.

Wreckers

The hospitable Cornish have always been celebrated for the inhospitality of their coasts, and envious people have invented tales of a population of wreckers of bygone days even more desperate than the smugglers and the poachers. We are told of false lights being set up on headlands to lure unhappy ships to their doom. One favourite anecdote tells how a pious congregation was singing psalms in church when word came that a rich ship had just run ashore; all were girding their loins, eager to be the first to share the spoils when the parson held up his hand and remonstrated, "One minute, gentlemen, let us all start fair."

And even now, when wrecking has become a legend of the past, the whisper of a ship in distress still arouses atavistic instincts in modern Cornishmen, full of zeal to lend a helping hand. The Lizard district and the great reef known as the Manacles probably hold a world's record for wrecks, and all the churchyards in the neighbourhood are crowded with graves recalling the drowning of men and women who have been washed up on to the shore. Often the victims were all buried unceremoniously in a neighbouring field, for there was a law denying Christian burial to unknown bodies cast upon the shore. This was a Government enactment, very distasteful to the pious people of Cornwall, and it was eventually a Cornish Member of Parliament who secured its repeal.

Pilchards

There are other excitements on the Cornish coast, full of almost equal thrills. Stroll anywhere in the neighbourhood of

Kynance Cove on a bright summer day, when the sea seems lapped in peaceful ripples, and the fishermen are content to lie loafing and smoking and staring out upon the face of the waters. Suddenly one of them leaps to his feet and points out to sea, yelling like one possessed. Sleepers awake, crowds collect, fresh contingents join them from every cottage, though there seems nothing to see beyond a crowd of seabirds hovering over a purple patch in the ocean. But that purple patch is a shoal of pilchards, one of the chief sources of riches for the Duchy. The men who were apparently idling over their pipes, were really there of a set purpose. They are known as "huers"—an old Norman word that survives elsewhere only in "hue and cry"—and their business is to watch from topmost crags for the arrival of the great masses of fish and note every movement and proclaim it to the fishermen below.

A pilchard is like a small herring with larger scales. At the first appearance of the shoals towards the end of June, fishing smacks set out to catch them with nets hung out like walls of hemp across the drift of the tide. And the work must be done by night for it is in vain that nets are spread for keen-sighted pilchards by day. But the great harvest comes later when the pilchards draw nearer to the land, so thickly packed that the waters seem solid with them, the whole surface boils with them as they leap out of the water like trout in a stream.

Guided by the huers, the fishers shoot a great net all around the shoal and then proceed to help themselves with smaller nets, filling their boats to overflowing with quivering masses of silver. And the scene on shore is no less animated. Everybody, down to the smallest child, is pressed into the service; boats are emptied at lightning speed, for every instant is precious; then in every sort of receptacle—donkey carts, handcarts, wheelbarrows, clothes-baskets, even children's handkerchiefs—the pilchards are carried off to cellars to be cured.

The joys of Cornwall's scenery are not confined to her majestic rocks. Some of her golden sands are the brightest and softest in the world; by common consent Falmouth Harbour far surpasses anything which the blatant Bay of Naples can supply, and Cornwall shares with Devonshire the dreamiest and most delightful rivers of the land. The placid, pastoral streams of

the Midlands and the broad waters of East Anglia, slowly lapping among the reeds, may offer a deeper sense of repose, but the Fal and the Fowey and the Tamar, the Teign, the Exe and the Dart are wreathed in perpetual smiles and satisfy all the lusts of the eyes.

In Cornwall the grandeur of granite is emphasised by the luxuriance of sub-tropical vegetation. At Falmouth, for instance, palms, bananas, citrons, and all sorts of southern plants thrive in the open air.

Falmouth is the best centre for exploration of the Lizard and other remoter parts of the coast.

The Lizard has been described as "a little Cornwall within a Cornwall," and its distance from the railway has preserved it so far from floods of tourists. The road thither is over wide moorland, where wild ponies used to roam, and it has a certain wild fascination with its fragrant heath thick with buzzing bees and here and there a gaunt pine beside a solitary pool. The Lizard is solitary, too, but very lovely with its cliffs of serpentine, its fantastic rocks and bright little coves and masses of purple mesembryanthemum, dotted with grey tamarisks.

Land's End

A peculiar sentiment attaches to the Land's End, the final battlement of Britain, which for unknown centuries has defied the furies of Atlantic winds and seas, and where camps and barrows and menhirs record fierce prehistoric strife. The land is scarred, there is nothing to see but haggard downs of flowerless heather and savage rocks scattered about a shallow sea, whose shallowness induces restlessness and danger and treachery.

South of the Land's End is a stone circle known as the Pipers and Merry Maidens, who were turned into stone for dancing on Sunday, and the Logan Rock, a mass of granite weighing sixty-five tons, so lightly poised that the touch of a finger can make it swing. In 1824, a Lieutenant Goldsmith, grand-nephew of the poet, mischievously pushed it off with the help of a boat's crew; he was compelled by the Admiralty to replace it at a cost of £2,000, but it has never swung since so easily.

Scilly Isles

Some respite may be found in the Scilly Isles, twenty-five miles away, once upon a time the real Land's End and then suddenly severed from the coast by a terrific tempest. There are some 140 Scilly Isles, covering an area of thirty square miles with six of them inhabited and Hugh Town, in St. Mary's, as the capital. They are difficult of access, and navigation is dangerous among them when the sea is not perfectly calm. All manner of strange birds visit them, peregrines, sheldrakes, shearwaters, Greenland falcons, stormy petrels, golden orioles and puffins, known as Scilly parrots. The flatness of the islands exposes them to the full force of the wind and trees remain stunted, but thick hedges enable the people to grow profitable harvests of early flowers and vegetables—especially narcissus and new potatoes, in their wonderfully mild climate, which rivals Madeira, Algeria and the South of France.

§16

Bristol

Bristol was for many centuries a pioneer of British commerce and exploration and, like many other pioneers, obtained a very bad character. She carried on a specially shameful traffic in slaves from Saxon times right down to the seventeenth century, when Judge Jeffreys had to denounce the local practice of kidnapping English children for American plantations. The difficulties of her waterway gave security from pirates and Frenchmen, and in her security she found leisure not only to catch slave-children, but to prepare great enterprises and hoard wealth; to this day she remains one of the most important cities in the kingdom, thriving exceedingly on soap, tobacco, chocolate, leather, boots, glass, brass, cotton and sugar.

First impressions of Bristol may be discouraging, but diligent seekers will find quaint, old-world charms, such as the dreamy almshouse of King Street; the Roman bath; the Cooper's Hall; St. Peter's Hospital, which recalls Bruges or Nuremberg; the Temple Meads; the archway of Christmas Street leading to the steep, strange lane called Christmas Steps; and St. Mary

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

It is said to be connected by a passage under the sea with Mont St. Michel in Normandy, of which it is a miniature copy. The priory at the top is dedicated to St. Michael, who is said to have appeared to some hermits here very early in the Christian era. Another legend is that the earliest recorded owner, Giant Cormoran, was slain by Jack of the Beanstalk, the hero of the nursery tale. A causeway connects St. Michael's Mount with the mainland at low tide.

Photochrom.

BATH: ROMAN BATH.

Supposed to have been founded by Emperor Claudius. Twenty feet above the great Roman bath is the Roman terrace, embellished with modern statues of Roman emperors and generals. The bottom of the bath is still covered with Roman lead.

THE DART AT TOTNES.

It was on the Dart that Raleigh smoked the first pipe ever known in England, and there was a stone, known as the Anchor Stone, in mid-river, where husbands used to expose shrewish wives.

Photochrom.

GLASTONBURY.

The Abbot's Kitchen, the last vestige of the secular portion of the once powerful and opulent Abbey, was built during the fourteent century and used for cooking the meals required by pilgrims. Its four fireplaces can still be seen, whose smoke spiralled through th octagonal lantern on the top. On the left is seen a vestige of the *fratry*—or common-room of the monks.

Redcliffe, described by Queen Elizabeth as "the fairest, the goodliest and the most famous church in England."

There is a handsome Cathedral, but it is cast in the shade by St. Mary Redcliffe, whose tall spire is almost as fine as Salisbury's and whose porch is covered with elaborate and exquisite decorations. In the muniment room is the chest containing the amazing eighteenth century forgery with which the ill-fated poet, Thomas Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," hoodwinked Horace Walpole and half the experts in the land. Walpole was engaged on a book dealing with English art, and Chatterton, the son of a lay clerk at the Cathedral, manufactured what he called the Rowley Manuscripts, including one entitled "The Rise of Peyncteynge, written by T. Rowlie, 1469, for Maistre Canynge"—the Canynges had been mayors of Bristol at that period and founders of this church. He also hoaxed Bristol citizens with fictitious records and concocted pedigrees for such as would pay him shillings; he still fills a place in the literary history as "the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," and he found a pauper's grave in Shoe Lane, but his effigy stands outside St. Mary Redcliffe.

Most of Bristol is dour, but the countryside is still unspoiled. There are scented brakes and coppices round Clifton and up the Avon, craggy pathways, gullies and downs, and all the simple charms of Nature, while Druid remains and ancient camps tell of a British population before the Christian era.

Bath

Bath is a city of solid crescents and terraces, rising tier on tier, a strangely attractive place with many interests of archæology, scenery and history, besides its great social traditions. The famous springs were discovered by Bladud, an early British Prince, who suffered from leprosy, a fashionable disease of his period. He noticed that the swine were cured of something similar, so he experimented on himself and speedily recovered. The Romans bathed here and Chaucer wrote the "Wife of Bath's Tale," but the great fame of Bath did not begin until the seventeenth century, when Beau Nash made Bath "the Queen of all the Spas," attracting the Court and all the fashion of the period. His statue adorns the Great Pump Room of 1796,

dwarfing a statue of the angel at the Pool of Bethesda, and there are now concert rooms and reading rooms in the vast building of the old Roman baths.

Bath shares a bishopric with Wells, which has aroused fine frenzies from descriptive writers—"there are places in the world so beautiful, so happy or so sacred that to speak of them without a certain reverent hesitation might seem impossible; of these Wells is one; its luminous, bewitching serenity . . . sometimes like a phantom town seen dimly through its mists; the towers and pinnacles seem to have the transparency and the evanescence of cloud-fabrics, such things as dreams are made of. Night and day there is the sound of running water in the streets; night and day the old minster stands, so substantial yet so ethereal."

Glastonbury

Wells is the starting place for the pilgrimage to Glastonbury, which has been described as "like passing from the living to the dead." In pre-Saxon days Glastonbury was one of the three perpetual choirs of Britain, choirs where the Christian worship ceased not day or night, and to this day there are legends of monkish incense still being wafted over garden walls, of phantom perfumes from altars long since overthrown. In Celtic times it was a resting place of saints and kings. Though one may disbelieve that Joseph of Arimathæa founded here the first Christian Church in England or that this was the Isle of Avalon, the burial place of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, we have the sober authority of Freeman's history for the fact that this Abbey is "the one great institution which bore up untouched through the storms of English conquest, the one great tie which binds the church of the last thirteen hundred years to the earlier days of Christianity in Britain." The Abbey was of course suppressed and dismantled by Henry VIII who hanged the last Abbot there in 1539, and the church was long used as a stone quarry by the neighbourhood, but glorious ruins still remain, portions of a very ancient chapel, traces of cloisters, a massive stone kitchen with four large fireplaces, and we may see the site of the Glastonbury thorn, which legend relates sprang miraculously from Joseph of Arimathæa's staff and used to blossom

Photochrom.

CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

This bridge, which spans the Bristol Avon at the picturesque gorge called St. Vincent's Rocks, was originally across the Thames at Hungerford, near Charing Cross. In the background we see the Observatory, on a height containing extensive traces of British and Roman earthworks.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

WELLS CATHEDRAL.

Fuller says of Wells Cathedral, "England affordeth not the like," and we should certainly have to go far to find its equal. There are some quaint carvings on the West Front representing the general resurrection, reminding us of the Calvaries in Brittany. They were used to illustrate sermons in the days when few could read.

Photo: Sport and General.

STONEHENGE.

The most imposing megalithic monument in Britain, the origin of which is shrouded in the mists of antiquity. Sixteen stones are still standing in the outer circle, and there is a superstition that if one falls dire disasters will overwhelm the land. Seven stones of the inner circle are still in position, and there was a series of five stones that formed a central horseshoe. Two of these stones are still extant.

Photo: Herbert Felton.

POULTRY CROSS, SALISBURY.

In many old English cities the four chief streets meet in the centre, where suicides used to be buried very long ago. Crosses were erected to counteract the unhallowed influences of the spot, and, as a central place, attracted markets. The crosses took the form of roofed shelters or permanent stalls.

every year on Christmas Day; it was cut down by a Puritan fanatic, but there is a stone definitely marked "A. D. 31" to record the place on which it grew.

The Quantocks

The Quantocks, west of Glastonbury, are a spur of Exmoor, and the story goes that once upon a time they stretched out to Lundy Island, but that is the least of their romantic history. It was among their desolate hills that King Arthur, hunting a dragon, met St. Carantoc searching for the magic Round Table which was to convey him across the Bristol Channel to Wales; and each helped the other in his quest. Then at Crowcombe there was a dramatic scene in the life of Sir Francis Drake. He had been so long away that his betrothed gave him up for lost and was actually being married to another man when a cannon ball crashed through the church window. "That must be Francis," she exclaimed, and sure enough it was; the ceremony was suspended and Drake arrived in time to take the principal part.

It was also in the Quantocks that feckless Coleridge escaped from penury in town and composed some of his finest verse; here Wordsworth joined him and both suffered suspicion of revolutionary designs. Sydney Smith held the living of Combe Florey for sixteen years, establishing a medical dispensary and considering it "a delicate attention" when anyone fell ill; among other jokes he used to dress up a pair of donkeys with antlers and make them peer over his railings to astonish visitors; here also, when his doctor ordered him to take a walk on an empty stomach, he made the well-known answer, "Whose?"

Away to the east lies Salisbury Plain, with the ruins of Stonehenge, which has baffled archæologists. It has been called a Temple of the Sun and of serpent-worship; a shrine of Buddha; a planetarium for studying the courses of the stars; a gigantic gallows on which defeated British leaders were solemnly hanged in honour of Woden; a gilgal, where the national army met and leaders were buried; and a calendar in stone for the measurement of the solar year. Druid and Christian origins have been surmised, and the most recent guesswork gives the seventeenth century B.C. as the date of the foundation. The only interest is to

wonder over the presence of strange stones, sixteen of which still remain standing, five of them with flat stones above them.

Old Sarum

In many ways Old Sarum is more interesting. It will be remembered in British constitutional histories as one of the so-called rotten boroughs, which continued to return Members of Parliament after ceasing to possess a population; and, incidentally, provided Pitt with a career. The original Cathedral of Salisbury was also there until it was transferred in 1258, and Sarum was a centre of British Christianity before the arrival of the Saxons, and its particular ritual, known as "The Sarum Use," was accepted right down to the Reformation all over the South of England in preference to the Roman ritual. The Cathedral is specially admired for the velvet lawns of its beautiful Close and the richly decorated spire, the tallest in England. Softened with age and tinted with seven centuries of lichen, this architectural wonder possesses characteristics of its own; unlike other cathedrals, it is not the gradual growth of generations, but the perfect complete work of one man, exasperating in its faultlessness and icy regularity.

§17

Shakespeare's Country

Stratford-on-Avon is the semi-legendary home of an elusive poet, whom all the dreamers and sentimentalists and literary wiseacres of the world have been vainly pursuing for centuries. Certainly the setting is appropriate for the home of the British national poet. There is nothing garish about leafy Warwickshire, there are no scenes of grandeur, no crags and torrents; just homely dreams of rich pastures, brooks, woods, parks, and fairy castles. The elms are so numerous that the people call them "the Warwickshire weeds," and the elms are full of gently cawing rooks. Daintiest of all the fairyland, Stratford-on-Avon perches beside a happy stream that flows gently through a happy country.

It has long been a place of pilgrimage from all parts of the world, with probably less warrant than many older shrines.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

ELSTOW.

Elstow is about a mile north of Bedford and is famous as the birthplace of John Bunyan. The illustration shows the cottage in which he lived after his marriage and during the intervals between his imprisonments.

Photochrom.

SULGRAVE MANOR.

The ancestral home of the Washington family. It was bought by Laurence Washington in the sixteenth century and bears on the porch the armorial bearings of the family. The house is now a museum, the chief attraction of which is a portrait of the famous American President.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

ST. ALBANS.

The Abbey of St. Albans, dedicated to the first Christian martyr in Britain, is the vastest and at the same time the plainest o British Norman minsters. As at Winchester, the western tower was pulled down to give prominence to the central one, and this has a odd effect, making the old abbey look almost modern. It was made a Cathedral in 1877, and Lord Grimthorpe subsequently spen £130,000 on restoring it after his own designs.

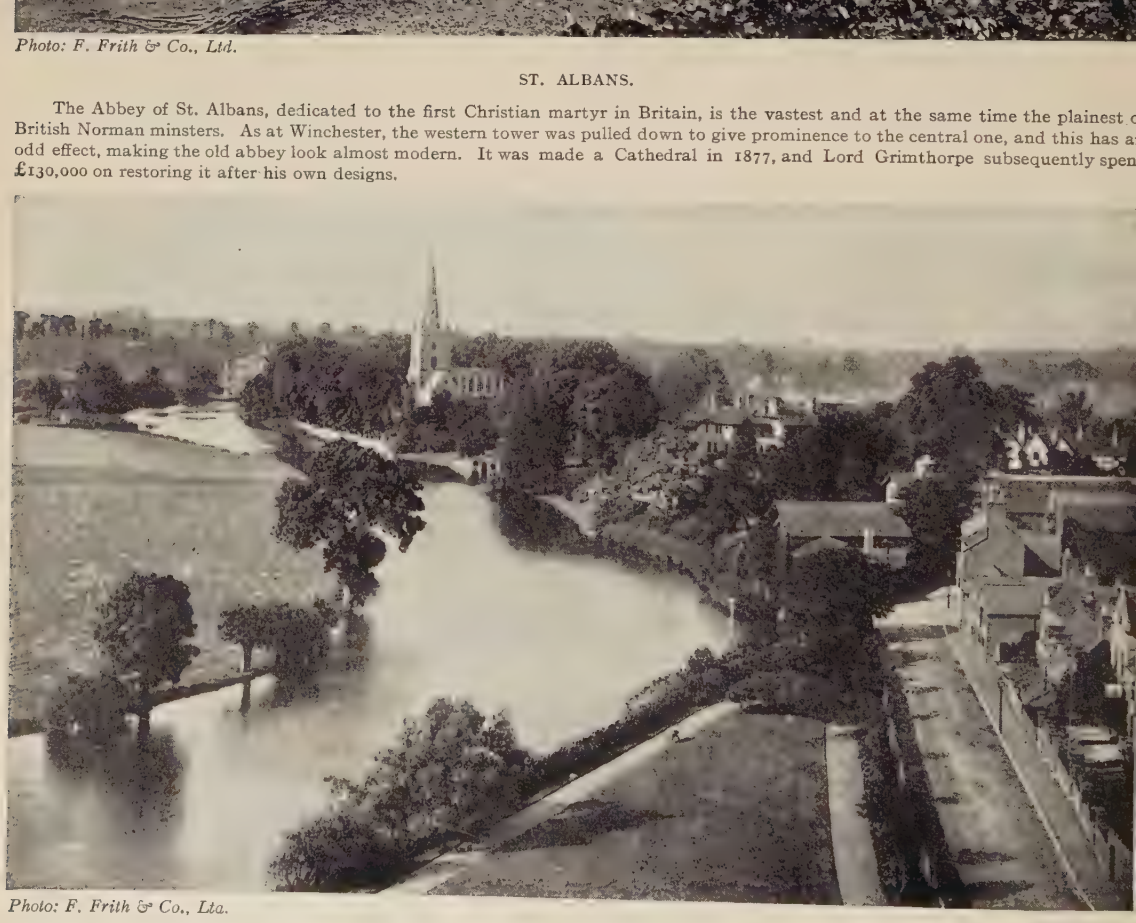


Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

STRATFORD ON AVON.

A dainty little town lapped in foliage beside a slow silvery stream. As Shakespeare's birthplace and shrine it attracts great throngs of tourists every year.

Every year no less than thirty thousand persons, a quarter of them Americans, pay to visit the alleged house of Shakespeare. The poet's name and every association that fancy can connect with him have been taken in vain as a trade-mark for all things on sale at Stratford. But the authentic relics are few. There is a monument in the church invoking curses on such as should move Shakespeare's bones, and we may read the entries of his baptism and funeral in the register, and thus convince ourselves that such a man really lived.

The various show-places, however, demand greater credulity. Nearly everything is a matter of faith or intelligent speculation. Tourists are shown the house where Shakespeare was born, much as they are shown the rock at Paphos where Venus issued from the foam; but when they ask for facts, little is known beyond a record that it was once a butcher's shop. The house is hall-marked, however, for the nation purchased it in 1847, and pedants reconstructed it in the way they thought it should have been, even planting a garden with all the plants mentioned in the plays. And the house certainly convinced many, for Scott and Carlyle cut their names on its window; Thackeray, Browning, and innumerable trippers scrawled theirs on the walls. Then Shakespeare is said to have owned the house called New Place and to have planted a mulberry tree there, but both were destroyed in 1759 by a peevish clergyman, who hated sightseers and disputed over his rates. And now another house has been built in its place and a new mulberry is venerated.

The rest is mostly guesswork. The fine timbered Guildhall dates from 1296, so Shakespeare may have witnessed the performances of strolling players there in his boyhood; there is an old Grammar School close by, where he may have studied "small Latin and less Greek"; and the desk removed thence to the Museum may or may not have been used by him. A mile away at Shottery is a pretty cottage ascribed to his wife, Anne Hathaway, and it contains an old settle, a carved bedstead, some "everlasting linen sheets," and other relics of three hundred years ago; but nothing definite is known about the house, except that a Richard Hathaway once lived there and had a daughter, whose name was probably Agnes and may have been Anne. In the same spirit we may also travel four miles to visit a fine

Elizabethan manor house called Charlecote, with a deer park, where, according to tradition, Shakespeare was wont to poach.

Warwick stands on a hill above the Avon farther up the stream. It is a quaint and very ancient little town with an ivy-clad house that belonged to the Knights of St. John, and on the walls of the church is a monument to an infant son of Lord Dudley, described as his "Noble Impe" (an old word meaning "son," "inheritor"), while in the crypt of the church is an old ducking-stool, formerly used for the trial of witches. They were tied to the stool by a rope and immersed in a pool; if they swam, they were assuredly guilty and must be burned; if they were drowned, they were considered innocent and there was an end to it.

Warwick Castle

Warwick Castle has been called by Sir Walter Scott "that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains uninjured by time." The Saxons established a bishopric here and, after the destruction of the town by the Danes, it was refounded in A.D. 915 by a daughter of King Alfred. The oldest remaining portion is the huge Cæsar's Tower, nearly 150 feet high, reputed to have been built soon after the Norman Conquest, but every nook and corner is full of historic memories. Here Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II, was put to death with dramatic ferocity. He had been rude enough to call the Earl of Warwick "black dog of Arden" and he was led all the way from Banbury to the Castle riding backwards on what a ballad of the time called "a sorry mule"; then after a mock trial he was beheaded on a hill outside the town.

Kenilworth

Kenilworth Castle, a few miles away, whose ruins have been brought to life by Sir Walter Scott after all the vicissitudes of history, remains a place of pilgrimage. Built in 1120 it held out under Simon de Montfort against his king; in its vast hall Edward II gave up his crown; John of Gaunt owned the place and it was given by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite Leicester, who held amazing revels in her honour there; and finally Oliver Cromwell destroyed and pillaged it so completely that it never

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Chiefly noted as the godmother of an enormous city on the other side of the Atlantic, Boston possesses a large church with a lofty tower known affectionately as "Boston Stump."

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

AYLESBURY.

An agricultural centre, famous for its ducks. The illustration shows a typical market in a typical English county town.

Photochrom.

BIRMINGHAM: COUNCIL HOUSE.

The fourth town in England, famous for the manufacture of all kinds of brass. The Council House cost £250,000 to build in 1878.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The Great Court and Chapel with the King's Gateway on the right. Edward III's statue is below the clock. Undergraduates are fined half-a-crown every time they walk across the wonderful old lawns.

rose again. At the inn of the little town is the room where Scott began his "Kenilworth."

§ 18

George Eliot's Country

Nuneaton flourishes on the ribbon trade, and takes its name from the nuns of Fontrevault, established by King Stephen, but is now remembered chiefly for George Eliot, who was born and lived in the neighbourhood. Nuneaton appears as Milby in her "Scenes from Clerical Life," and on the way to Coventry we recognise many places she has described. Near Arbury is Lawyer Dempster's house; and Chilvers Coton was the home of Tom Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss," in which Griff Hollows become the Red Deeps.

At Coventry we may reconstruct her life, visit her school, also Bird Grove, where she lived with her father, and Ivy Cottage, where she was a frequent guest. Coventry is now modern and given over to engineering works, sewing machines, and artificial silk; but contains picturesque houses with projecting upper floors, and cherishes many old legends.

Lady Godiva

Chief among them is the story of Lady Godiva, wife of the Earl of Mercia in 1403. He had imposed a heavy tax, and when she pleaded that the people would starve, he answered gruffly, "Ride you naked through the town and I'll repeal it." So she sent a herald to bid the people close their shutters and stay at home, and all obeyed save Peeping Tom, whom Tennyson has stigmatised—

> "One low churl, compact of thankless earth,
> The fatal byword of all years to come,
> Boring a little auger hole in fear
> Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will
> Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
> And dropt before him."

Peeping Tom's window is still shown for the benefit of people who do not take life too literally, and traditions remain of two

not very successful Parliaments which were held in the town—the Foolish Parliament in 1404 and the Devilish Parliament in 1458. Coventry was also famous for religious mysteries and miracle plays, known as the Coventry Plays, which were performed there in the Middle Ages, but no satisfactory explanation has ever been given of "sending to Coventry" any more than of relegating undesirables to Putney or Bath.

Rugby is best known to us for its railway station, the Mugby Junction of Dickens, but it also possesses the important public school, which was made famous by Tom Hughes, in his "Tom Brown's School-days," a glorification of his headmaster, Dr. Arnold, and of the athletic, unimaginative type of boy.

A Shrine of Dr. Johnson

Lichfield is the birthplace and shrine of Dr. Johnson, who revisited the town in 1776 in the company of Boswell, and asserted that the inhabitants were "the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth and spoke the purest English." What joy it would give him if he could return and behold his colossal statue in the market place with scenes from his life on the pedestal, and the statue of Boswell close by, and the memorial tablet on the house where he was born, and another on the house in Dam Street, where he attended infant school and all the enthusiasts gloating over personal relics of himself and Garrick.

Lichfield Cathedral has been called the "Queen of English Minsters," and is certainly exquisite in symmetry and picturesqueness, though it suffered severely from the Cromwellians, who used it for their stables, destroyed its beautiful sculptures, and, after a fire in 1661, left it, by order of Parliament, to go to rack and ruin. Restoration, however, was skilfully accomplished by Wyatt and Gilbert Scott in the nineteenth century, and its three graceful spires are known as "the Ladies of the Vale."

Birmingham, like other manufacturing centres, makes small pretensions to beauty; its manufactures embrace almost everything in the metal line down to heathen gods. But the wide, upward vista of Corporation Street, seen from New Street Station, is notable. The Town Hall is one of the finest imitations

of a Grecian temple in this country; its Corinthian pillars are said to be copied from the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, New Street is another notable thoroughfare; while you linger on its ascent there is ahead of you that wonderful assemblage of buildings—the Town Hall, the Council House, the Art Gallery and the Post Office, all looking down on one fine piazza with its fountains, trees and statues, where the air is charged with the civic genius of Birmingham. In Edgbaston, Birmingham has something of a suburban Eden.

Just north of Birmingham is the Black Country, thickset with grimy towns, for the most part a wilderness of slag heaps and cinder dumps, lit up at night by glaring forges and the flaming tongues of black furnaces. Staffordshire is not a county to expect pleasing prospects, unless perhaps through the spectacles of Mr. Arnold Bennett, the Herodotus of the Five Towns.

§ 19

Cambridge

Cambridge may not have such a throng of grand old buildings as Oxford, but her peculiar beauties seem more fair. The backs of the colleges are specially alluring, with tall trees dipping their feathery fronds into the sleepy waters of the Cam, between venerable colleges and velvet lawns and lovely gardens, with cawing rooks, and here and there a graceful bridge recalling the Bridge of Sighs. Oxford has many superior advantages, but her High Street is mean compared with Cambridge's spacious King's Parade and its array of noble buildings—the University Library, the Senate House, the portals of Caius College (pronounced Keys), and the quaintly beautiful chapel of King's College, lapped in lawns. A cynic has compared this chapel with an inverted chest-of-drawers, whose legs project into the air, but it is the glory of Cambridge, a dream of delicate carved stone, and deserves all the praise of Wordsworth's sonnet; indeed, the first impressions on entering must make the most callous gasp—the light streaming through the exquisite stained glass windows, the fan-vaulted ceiling, the carved stalls, to say nothing of the magic music of the choir.

Nor can Oxford, or any other University in the world, show

any college to compare with Trinity, Cambridge, almost a University in itself, comprising more than half the roll of students. The Great Court, entered through the King's Gateway, is 345 feet long and 285 feet broad, with the Tudor Chapel on the right, the Master's Lodge, the kitchens and the hall in front, and elsewhere cosy rooms for residents. The chapel organ is the largest in Great Britain; the kitchens cook daily for seven hundred mouths; the Master's Lodge is Crown property, and there is a tale of a Master playing host to Queen Victoria and being reminded that the house was hers. Beyond the Great Court is Neville's Court, with lovely cloisters on three sides, and here is the College Library, built by Wren and containing 125,000 volumes.

Adjoining Trinity is St. John's, with which there was long traditional feud; a story is told of a Master of Trinity explaining the increasing numbers of St. John's by "the growing desire for education among the lower classes." Many of the colleges are very rich and possess priceless plate, few having deemed it necessary to make sacrifices for either side during the Civil War. Cambridge is even bolder than Oxford in claiming antiquity, one legend ascribing the foundation of the University to Cantaber, a Spanish Prince, 300 years B.C., but documentary history does not begin until the thirteenth century. One fact that strikes a stranger is the quaintness of the street names, such as Petty Cury and Jesus Lane.

Fens

From Cambridge we enter the awful desolation of the Fens, where ague-stricken folk toil desperately in mud and mist beside slimy streams that scarcely move at all, and swamps that seem like sea-beds hopelessly awaiting the return of tides. The Fens are Holland in miniature, scarred by dykes, and embankments and desperately long straight canals with the water running off in drains as big as rivers; great flat stretches, with wind-mills pumping water to reclaim the marshes; fields of very green grass beside black peat-cuttings. It is not three hundred years since the fen-drainage began and for a long time most of the country was under water, with floods meeting the tides, overflowing the low banks and creating a vast morass. The first drainers came

THE BROADS.

One of the finest sailing grounds in the world. The Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk offer unlimited holiday joys—sailing in summer, shooting and the most perfect skating imaginable in winter.

Topical.

SANDRINGHAM.

The Norfolk home of Edward VII some three miles from the waters of the Wash. A large [illegible] with many chimneys. There are some pretentious modern iron gates at the entrance to the park.

Topical.

MANCHESTER: PICCADILLY.

A central thoroughfare of "Cottonopolis." Note the memorial to Queen Victoria, the central monument on the left. On the extreme left are the temporary premises of the Municipal Free Reference Library.

from Holland and were bitterly opposed by the natives, who had made a good living by snaring birds in the reed-beds and catching fish in the countless waterways. They burst sluices open and broke down dykes and did all they could to hinder the new-fangled work. This was the homeland of Oliver Cromwell, who was born at Huntingdon and spent his early years in such lonely wastes, brooding discontent with intervals of rioting and breaking down dams and dykes, and wenching in fen-townlets until he found religion and a call to civil war.

Newmarket

In his unregenerate days, he used to attend Newmarket, which became centre of fashionable sport under Charles II. The King's Palace has disappeared, but the house of Nell Gwynne and other famous visitors remain. Now it is the headquarters of the Jockey Club and the metropolis of the Turf, and though the course there is inconvenient, the many meetings attract enormous throngs, especially for the Two Thousand Guineas in the Spring, and the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire in the autumn, when fortunes are won and lost. The English passion for horse-racing is unique; neither disasters nor anxieties daunt it; all classes love a good horse and even those who cannot distinguish one from a mule follow "the Sport of Kings" as the only legitimate outlet for their gambling instincts.

The Broads

The people of East Anglia, a land of fens and broads, are of dour Danish and pirate stock, thrown into contact with Nature all their lives; sports of many kinds, especially aquatics, are in their bones. Wroxham, Oulton Broad, Norwich and Potter Heigham are yachting centres for placid waters and meres fringed with woods and reeds, offering wide vistas over Dutch-like levels of marshland; and Burnham-on-Crouch is an anchorage and racing ground for many yachts. In summer-time it is a joy to sail a boat in congenial company through lakes and pools and meres far from houses and inns and all traces of civilisation.

When winter comes, innumerable wild-fowl appear, ducks and geese, snipe and widgeon—and sportsmen issue forth in

punts, painted slate-colour as camouflage, and armed with big guns that fire a pound of large shot at each discharge. And when winter is really winter, the Broads provide one of the finest skating-grounds in all the world.

Harwich, the port for Antwerp, is at the junction of the Stour and Orwell estuaries; the lower reaches of the Stour are known as Constable's country, where the master found inspiration at such picturesque spots as Dedham, Flatsford Mill, and East Bergholt. Ipswich, on the Orwell, is a busy port, as full of old churches as a Cathedral city; and also appeals to artists with its old timbered houses, amongst which the Ancient House in the Butter Market is most famous. Sudbury is the Eatonswill of Pickwick. Colchester annually celebrates the opening of its fisheries by its well-known Oyster Feast.

Lincolnshire Fens

There are fens, too, in Lincolnshire. And when we reach Lincolnshire we almost reconcile ourselves with fens, such at least as we find them there: "Green, green, and nothing else, with old villages and farmhouses and old church towers," was the enthusiastic verdict of the American Hawthorne, fresh from a land where very little of man's is old. And all Lincoln fenland exhales the past. The waterways, "without haste, without rest," reflect very peaceful lives, and there is an old-world sturdiness about the very ancient bridges, especially that astonishing triangular bridge, one of the prime curiosities of architecture, near Crowland Abbey. Once upon a time Crowland, like Ely, was an island, but drainage removed the rivers to a distance, leaving this bridge, the oldest non-Roman bridge in all Europe, high and dry in the middle of the village square, with the statue of a Saxon king holding a loaf of bread at one of the entrances. One theory is that the threefold arch was intended as a symbol of the Trinity, but the original presence of three rivers is perhaps a more reasonable explanation.

§ 20

The aim of this work, however, is not to catalogue countries and empires, not even to specify the surprises which await

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

WINDERMERE.

The largest lake in England, and the gentlest piece of water in the Lake District. In the foreground is Belle Isle, an island straight out of a fairy tale, with Bowness just behind.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

DERWENTWATER.

The loveliest of English lakes with steep wooded crags, green hills rising to mysterious mountains in the background.

Photochrom.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

The ancestral seat of the Byron family until 1818. Until 1921 when they were sold, Newstead Abbey housed the relics of Byron. On the right is Byron's Oak, planted by the poet in 1798.

Photochrom.

ISLE OF MAN: GROUDLE GLEN.

Manxland has been harnessed to tourism and has developed the somewhat foreign habit of beautifying Nature, but her pretty little valleys and mill-streams and splashing waterfalls remain unspoiled.

the observant everywhere. Were it so, we should need a library for each land, a volume for every valley. Trifles must be recalled as sun-notes are flecked into a picture; popular horrors may not altogether be ignored any more than shadows in a seascape, but our most serious readers must not stand too straitly on the order of our going. Sometimes it may suit our fancy and theirs to drift down a river, or track a railway to its source, or heed the imaginary lines which map-makers impose. At other times, however, it may suit our purpose to flit like bees from moorland to highland, from peak to lake, in search of perfumed memories and moving pictures and all the brooding spirits of time and atmosphere and man.

§ 21

Manchester and Liverpool

Industrial Lancashire may be overcrowded, even disfigured by smoky chimneys, but we must remember that industrial Lancashire fills a small space in the country, that Lancashire ranks third among the agricultural counties of England. There are plenty of places of refuge in Lancashire for the most placid tastes. There are moorlands in Lancashire where the children must walk six miles every day to school. That, however, does not detract from the predominance of Manchester. Yorkshire might be styled a lung of England; Manchester would like to be considered England's heart, a sentimental heart struggling to be practical. Most attempts to crystallise Manchester would precipitate factories and free libraries and ship canals, emphasise the strange righteousness which has never sunk to self-righteousness in that stupendous pioneer city, concede even a note of practical selfishness to the severe honesty of the Manchester school. But Manchester has a living soul. There have been Manchester martyrs—Fenian as well as Jacobite, holy names to their partisans. That is nothing. The point is that there will always be Manchester martyrs.

Manchester has 544 miles of streets, and fifty-four recreation grounds, and Gothic and Doric piles, revealing a conscientious attempt to secure all that the very best experts can glean from classic styles. The Free Library is the oldest in Europe. In 1894 the Manchester Ship Canal turned a great inland manu-

facturing metropolis into one of the chief seaports of the world at a cost of £15,000,000. A gloomy climate emphasises squalid slums, huge warehouses and many parks, but as in London the smoke pollution has been exaggerated, and Manchester can often be caught in winsome moods.

Liverpool is full of those great open spaces characteristic of the nineteenth century. St. George's Hall, a vast Græco-Roman temple of 1854, with its Corinthian colonnade, is only one among many witnesses to the wealth and enterprise of England's principal seaport; the mighty Mersey and all the endless array of docks and super-docks contribute colour and animation to the changing scenes. The Leeds and Liverpool Canal is but part of a system of communication with all parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Liverpool is not a manufacturing town, but depends entirely on transport and distribution, a very large proportion of the whole population devoting itself to loading and unloading, warehousing and distributing cotton, timber, corn, sugar, fruit, tobacco, oil, cattle and provisions. Days may be spent exploring the ingenious arrangements of the docks, the mountains of grain being conveyed by endless revolving belts in subways, the silo storehouses, the pumps which can empty the Canada Graving Dock (925 feet long) in ninety minutes, the tobacco warehouses, whose fourteen floors cover thirty-six acres. An enormous trade is done in live cattle with America, which feeds the vast slaughter-houses of Birkenhead, and on the Cheshire side of the estuary are the great soap works of Port Sunlight. Strangest of all is the fact that despite her supreme natural advantages, Liverpool remained an insignificant village all through the great maritime dawn of the Elizabethan age. The first dock was built in 1709, and during most of the eighteenth century her chief business, apart from smuggling, was slave-trading with the Spanish Main; it was only in 1840 that steam communications with New York inaugurated the modern era of Liverpool's prosperity.

Blackpool sounds like a perpetual bank holiday fortified by all the joy-zeal of northern merry-makers. But all sorts and conditions find satisfaction on her firm golden sands, her mile of cliffs and her three miles of promenades. Owing largely to skilful catering, Blackpool has become the most popular seaside resort in the United Kingdom, and such is her enterprise that even

Photochrom.

WHITBY ABBEY.

This graceful picture might have been composed by an old master. The Abbey was founded in the seventh century, but the present ruins at least 500 years later.

Photochrom.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Founded in the twelfth century by Cistercian monks, Fountains Abbey is perhaps the most picturesque monastic ruin in England. The cloisters are particularly beautiful with small windows peeping out over the river Skell.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

YORK MINSTER.

One of the largest and grandest Cathedrals in England, erected on the site of a small wooden church which was hurriedly built for the baptism of the first Christian King of Northumbria in 697. The West Front has lately been restored.

Photo: Herbert Felton.

YORK: OLD WALLS AND MINSTER.

The fourteenth century walls of York were built partly on the line of the original Roman wall. They offer a superb view of the city, especially at Bootham Bar, from which the Minster may be seen rising majestically above the Deanery Gardens.

the showmen of Atlantic City go there frequently in search of new ideas.

§ 22

Isle of Man

The Isle of Man is also primarily a pleasure resort, though with more discretion and reserve. Nobody knows much about its origin or why it was called Man, or why it has three running legs on its coat-of-arms, or why its cats have no tails. One story is that King Lear's son, Mannanan, a magician, became King of Man and was slain by St. Patrick, who proceeded to convert the island at the point of the sword. There were, however, Kings of Man for centuries, and it is by no means certain that the Duke of Atholl or the Earl of Derby could not now style himself King of Man to-day if he chose. In any case, Man is one of the political curiosities of the Empire. It possesses the oldest constitution in the world, with a legislature known as Tynwald, consisting of a Governor, a council and a lower chamber, called the House of Keys. No laws are valid until promulgated in English and Manx from Tynwald Hill on the 5th of July—Manx being a Gaelic dialect, no longer much spoken. The judges are styled Deemsters, as readers of Hall Caine may remember; the Bishop has the title of Sodor and Man, Sodor being a corruption of Sundreys, an old name for the Hebrides. Taxes are self-imposed, and so light that one wonders why more people do not emigrate to Man. In point of fact, swarms of trippers come from Lancashire and Yorkshire during July and August, but at other times comparative seclusion can be found, though there has long been a tendency to tamper with Nature, add bridges and waterfalls, rearrange valleys. Douglas, the capital, stands out beautifully upon a shell-shaped bay with a mountain at each end, where sports are organised on the grassy slopes, and huge dancing pavilions of glass and iron are among the chief features of the place. On approaching from the sea one obtains an impression of many mountains; most of Man is undulating, the highest point being Snaefell (2,034 feet), whence England, Scotland and Ireland can all be seen. Castleton, the old capital, has a romantic castle that was besieged by Robert Bruce in 1313. The clock in one of the towers was given by Queen Elizabeth and

still goes, and close by is Hango Hill, where a man was executed in 1602 for treason to the Earl of Derby, then King of Man.

§ 23

The Peak District in the north of Derbyshire has been called the English Switzerland, and contains some charming scenery, though it could scarcely be considered mountainous. Derby bears few traces of her great age, and it is not even easy to reconstitute the scene of Prince Charlie's arrival in December, 1745, with heralds trumpeting King James the Third in the market place, and all the drama of that disastrous decision to go back when London was ripe for surrender. In the register of St. Werburgh's sadly modernised church we may read: "July 9th, 1735. Mar^{d} Sam Johnson of ye parish of S. Marys in Lichfield and Eliz^{h} Porter of ye parish of S. Phillip in Burmingham."

The neighbourhood of Derby is more attractive than the town itself. The Dove, the Derwent, and the Wye run through valleys delightfully wooded and wild, with Matlock Bath in the centre of a romantic gorge and Buxton combining hot springs with winter sports. Haddon Hall, perhaps the best known of our baronial mansions, has figured on the stage; though admirably preserved, it is not occupied by the Dukes of Rutland, who prefer to live at Belvoir Castle. For four hundred years Haddon belonged to the Vernon family; then in the sixteenth century their heiress Dorothy eloped with the heir of the Rutlands. The park of Chatsworth is only a few minutes' walk away, nine miles round, and worthy of the huge seat of the Dukes of Devonshire, very magnificent but very modern in comparison with Haddon, the north wing having been added as late as 1820. Peveril Castle was built soon after the Conquest by a natural son of the Conqueror, and is familiar to readers of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." Very wonderful caverns were discovered thereabouts when railways were opened up,—Speedwell Cavern, ghostly and uncanny with water rushing into what seems a bottomless pit; the Peak Cavern, with an underground river appropriately called the Styx; and Blue John Mine, whose vast chambers glitter with exquisite crystals of Blue John spar, and whose awful vertical chasms are attributed to a convulsion of Nature. The Merlin Cavern, near

Aerofilms Ltd.

LIVERPOOL: THE PIER HEAD.

Liverpool is the second city and principal seaport of England, with sixty docks and basins which flank the Mersey for nearly seven miles. The Transatlantic steamers discharge their passengers at the pier head which is a busy terminus of electric tramways. The Cunard Building is in the centre with Mersey Dock Offices on the right and Tower Building on the left.

Photochrom.

DURHAM.

Durham Cathedral is one of the most important in England. It is beautifully situated, but an idea of its grandeur can best be obtained from a distance. On the pavement in the interior is a blue marble cross marking the limits beyond which women were not allowed to pass.

Photo: Judges Ltd.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL:
SANCTUARY KNOCKER.

This ancient grotesque knocker was sounded by malefactors and other refugees seeking sanctuary at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, whose remains were brought here in 995. The church was consecrated in 999.

Photochrom.

WHITBY: CÆDMON CROSS.

The memorial to the poet Cædmon, who was a monk at Whitby Abbey, and died there in 680. He is called the father of English sacred song.

Eyam, was discovered in 1895. It runs for some four thousand feet, passing beneath a village and opening out at intervals into great chambers forty feet high, thickly studded with stalactites. Round the old market town of Kirksworth the whole district is honeycombed with lead mines, some of which date back to the second century. Hereabouts scenes of "Adam Bede" were laid and we may see the cottage of Adam and Dinah. In the churchyard of Darley Dale is the oldest yew tree in Great Britain, thirty-three feet in girth, and some say two thousand years old.

Yorkshire Moors

Away up England, from Derbyshire to the Roman Wall on the borders, runs the "Backbone of England," better known as the Pennine Chain, a big mountain barrier between Lancashire and Yorkshire, a lonely land of hills and high moors and winding river-valleys, more romantic and rustic as it spreads into the West Riding of Yorkshire. This country has been vividly described in "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights," and becomes a "Brontë country" for the fanatics of literature. At Haworth, a parsonage is grudgingly shown where the sisters lived, and threepence is the price of admission to a Brontë museum containing trivial relics.

How outline Yorkshire? The folk exaggerate the display of their John Bull pose, their heartiness, their well-fed red faces, their unlimited hospitality, their familiarities of "thee" and "thou" and "lad" and "lassie," their reputation for canniness, but behind every pose is a severe sense of fair play. Bradford is the headquarters of worsted; Leeds of the cloth industry; Sheffield of steel; Halifax another hive of industry; everywhere the buzz of supremely ordered labour keeps assonance with common-sense; and all the time the soul of Yorkshire soars complacently above machinery. It was in the "Rose and Crown" at Halifax that Defoe wrote much of "Robinson Crusoe."

And York might be a hemisphere away from the hubbub of Yorkshire factories. What an oasis with her crooked streets of long ago and dreamy overhanging houses! The aloofness of York is illustrated by the title of her Archbishop—Primate of England, amiably unconscious of the fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury is Primate of All England. York Minster is not

merely one of the noblest, most beautiful fanes in England, but contrives to retain and radiate all that Cathedral calm so natural and welcome at Chichester and Exeter, long leagues away from looms and spinning jennies.

Harrogate, too, is unique, with lovely gardens, luxurious bathing establishments and the unpleasantest, most health-giving waters in the world. Close by are the Red Cat Cottages, opposite a field given over yearly to a carnival known as the Red Cat Races. The name arose very long ago, when John o' Gaunt came over, displaying on his scutcheon the red lion rampant of Leon and Castile. Loyal innkeepers naturally adopted it as a sign, but the heraldry of the sign painters was not convincing, and the country folk spontaneously conferred the name of Red Cat, which has survived to this day.

§ 24

The English Lakes

Few places have been so lavishly endowed by Nature as "Wordsworthshire," the English Lakeland district, which spreads from Westmorland and Cumberland into the north part of Lancashire. Greater mountains, lakes and rivers abound, of course; but nowhere, perhaps, has such infinite variety been concentrated within so small a space, a mere square surface of fifty miles, a gorgeous panorama in miniature. Seen at close quarters, the gloomy crags, the frowning passes, the sheer precipices assume a larger scale and fill us with awe by their desolate savagery. Then as some frantic torrent roars through a cleft, come visions of a promised land, secluded vales dotted with cattle and grey stone cottages, soft hills and dales, silvery brooks, the very place for poetry and shepherds' pipes. And presently we contemplate the mirror of some great, gleaming lake bordered by romantic woods and golden hills. The rains are endless—five times the average of England—but to them we owe the mystic radiance of the scenery, and all the joyous surprises when once a shy sun emerges from fleecy clouds and transfigures every blade and leaf and drop with quick-changing quintessences of light. There are wild nights too, and awful legends of phantoms calling through the storm to lure incautious boatmen from ferries to their doom.

Dunmail

Windermere, "the wondrous lake," is the largest and gentlest of the lakes, unspoiled even by tourist steamers. There may be less grandeur, but the wooded islands and little bays of polished silver are sheer delight. The sweet valley of Grasmere, dotted with tiny lakes and surrounded by rugged hills, contains the tomb of Wordsworth, and up the wild pass, or Raise of Dunmail, in a wilderness of rocks, stands a romantic cairn. Dunmail —whose very name is poetry—was the last Pictish King of Cumbria and possessed a charmed crown. Now there was a wicked wizard who threatened to take away the magic from this crown. He lived in a cave guarded by wild wolves and could make himself invisible except at break of day. So Dunmail sought him out, sword in hand, at dawn, but ere the wizard fell he cried, "Where river runs North or South with the storm." This was brought to the ear of Edgar, King of the Saxons, who learned that the description applied, as it does to this day, to Dunmail Raise; thither he hastened, but did not prevail until Dunmail was slain by treachery. "Bear my crown away," was Dunmail's dying cry, "but let not the Saxon wear it." And his chiefs cast it into a deep tarn. Every year they return in mists of night and fish up the magic circlet and bear it to the cairn where Dunmail has slept for centuries; they knock with spears upon the stones and hear an answering voice, "Not yet, not yet, my warriors." But some day Dunmail will return to earth and scatter the Saxons from the land.

Beyond Dunmail Raise is the thin, solitary lake of Thirlmere, which has been reft of its population to keep its waters sweet for the drinking supply of Manchester, which is conveyed over hill and dale for ninety miles. Above its sleepy hollows rises Helvellyn with jagged rocks amid bracken and grass, and away to the North stand the clouded summits of Skiddaw, recalling Armada night and the beacons when

> "Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
> And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

Keswick, on lovely Derwentwater, takes us back to the Glacial Period, the famous Bowder Stone being ascribed to the

Fourth Ice Age. It weighs two thousand tons and fell from the crags on to its joint so deftly that people shake hands through a hole beneath it. Near by is the Justice Stone, so called because shepherds met there almost until recent times, to deal justly with one another in exchanging lost sheep. Thither also, in times of plague, infected folk came to deposit money, and, when they had retired, tradesmen brought goods without risk of catching the disease.

Derwentwater, hailed as Queen of the Lakes, has beautiful wooded islands—St. Herbert's, with the cell of a seventh century hermit; Floating Island, which is buoyed up to the surface at intervals by the escape of gas from decaying weeds; and Lord Isle, the home of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded at Tower Hill for his share in the 1715 rising. His lands were seized, his mansion fell into ruins and his family became extinct, but his memory survives in many a Scottish lilt of doul and sorrrow.

Many consider Ullswater the most beautiful of all the lakes, even comparing it with Loch Katrine, and rhapsodies are excusable at eventide when the afterglow tints the hills red and the lake is bathed in rich, peaceful shadows. But Coniston Water is perhaps more romantic, embosomed in a mass of mountains where wild goats dwell. They were introduced long ago to teach the sheep not to prowl over precipices—for goats love dangerous places and sheep refuse to feed where goats have been. Coniston is renowned for its char, a little known, elusive fish that clings to the bottom of deep water and rarely takes a fly; the only way is to use nets, or long lines weighted with lead. Potted char is a local delicacy, for which high prices must be paid, and char pie figured at great banquets in olden times.

The Scottish Border

There are lakes in Northumberland too, lovely hills and peaceful dales, but the fascination of this rugged borderland lies in the spirit of romance which has brooded there at the junction of two kingdoms since the dawn of history. It was here that the old Romans, despairing of serious conquest further north, entrenched themselves behind one of the most wonderful walls in the history of the world. The Emperor Hadrian seems to have

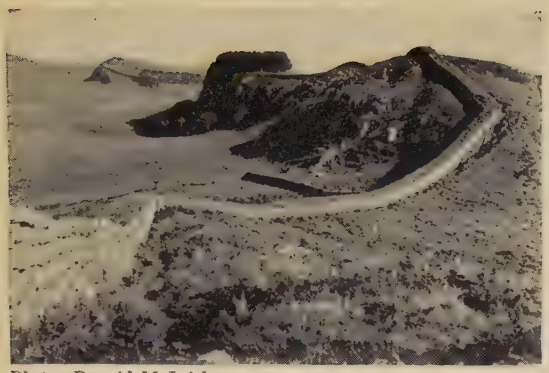


Photo: Donald McLeish.

THE ROMAN WALL.

The greatest of all Roman works in Britain, built by Emperor Hadrian to defend Britain against the Picts and Scots. It averages eight feet in thickness, and stretched across the North of England from the Tyne to the Solway for a distance of 73½ miles.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

SHREWSBURY.

Shewsbury still has many steep, narrow streets and quaint old half-timbered houses. In this street, known as Wyle Cop, stands the house where Henry VII spent the night before the Battle of Bosworth in 1485.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

CHESTER.

The quaintest and most mediæval looking town in England. The red sandstone walls were not built until the fourteenth century, but have followed the line of the Roman walls, and command admirable views of the city and the river.

Photo: Underwood.

TINTERN ABBEY.

Standing in a green meadow on the right bank of the Wye, ivy-clad Tintern Abbey is one of the most romantic ruins in England. It was founded by Cistercian monks in 1131.

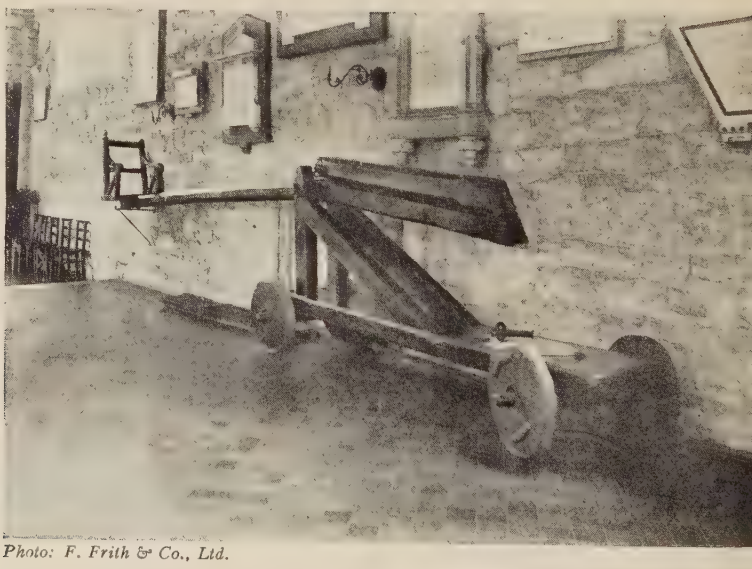


Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

A DUCKING STOOL.

In old days, when the law followed the injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv ducking stools were used as tests of guilt. The suspected woman was placed in the cha which was let down into a pond; if she drowned she was innocent, if she did not drown s was burnt as a witch. This example stands in the church at Leominster.

thrown it right across the north of England, from the Solway Firth to the Tyne, a distance of some seventy-three miles. It consisted of a stone wall to the north, eight feet thick and twenty feet high, with earthworks running parallel to the south, and a Roman road safely wedged in between—a stupendous artificial barrier designed by aliens to keep British hearts asunder. The Romans certainly did things thoroughly. Along this rugged border of seventy-three miles, there were twenty-three military stations, say one in every three miles, a real Roman camp with legions and cohorts and all the paraphernalia of Empire, crouching behind the wall their slaves had raised, listening day and night for the whisper of war. And not content with camps and walls, and shelters and trenches, the Romans had eighty-one forts to the seventy-three miles, and each fort held one hundred men under their centurion, and there were four watch-towers to be manned between each pair of forts.

And when the foreigner was ousted, his wall remained—indeed much of it remains to this day, and the spirit of lawlessness survived for centuries. To obtain an idea of the state of things we may compare the Mexican border of to-day, where cattle-raiding is the sole sport and industry. Throughout the Dark and Middle Ages the Scottish border was one vast stage for the display of every desperate melodrama; to this day it must remain more deeply saturated with sheer human romance than any other land that ever became a cockpit of the world. Troy, Macedon, even Flanders have scarce more richly blood-stained soil. The Border! the Border! what gallops and fights, and what a brave sight when Prince Charlie and his bonnets came riding across! There are glimpses of the Border atmosphere about Carlisle, which is, at least in name, the only remaining British city in England. It withstood Saxons till the seventh century, held out against Danes until utterly destroyed, and became a sanctuary that lasted right into the Middle Ages, a lovers' trysting-place too on the direct road to Gretna Green.

But for real whiffs of Border romance, seek we Berwick-on-Tweed, almost no-man's land between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, still in theory a buffer State, still mentioned separately in many Acts of Parliament. In all this region are many castles—Naworth, home of the Howards, especially of that Lord

Warden of the Marches, who figures in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; Alnwick, seat of the Dukes of Northumberland, and finest feudal fortress in England; Chillingham, where wild cattle roamed until recent times. Near Naworth we are in Scott's country, where descriptions in "Guy Mannering" can be followed up, and in the Irthing Valley are the Popping Stone and Kissing Bush, where Sir Walter became engaged. Off the East Coast are the Farne Islands, where St. Cuthbert lived for nine years, and Grace Darling won her niche in the history of heroism; and Holy Island, otherwise Lindisfarne, accessible at low tide over wet sands, with ruins of the ancient Abbey where St. Cuthbert died.

At Hexham are remains of an old Roman bridge, showing the bases of two piers which have resisted the impetuous roll of the Tyne for more than seventeen centuries. Newcastle-on-Tyne suggests little else than coals, and Wallsend—where the Roman wall ends—has the deepest coal mine in the world, but shipbuilding and engine making are carried on feverishly here, and many pretty places have been spared close by.

The old part of Durham is picturesquely set upon a hill almost surrounded by the River Wear, and Durham Cathedral is considered the most important Norman edifice in England. The interior effect of the long row of majestic columns irradiated by old stained glass can be very impressive. The Prelates of Durham and Ely were the only ones in England to approach anything like the semi-royal powers possessed by Prince Bishops on the Continent, those mediæval warriors who were ecclesiastic only in name, and displayed their religion by using bludgeons instead of swords, so as to refrain from the actual shedding of blood, which did not seem meet for prelates.

§ 25

The Gate to Wales

The three distinct parts of Wales may be approached through three border towns—Chester, Shrewsbury or Hereford. Chester is one of the strangest survivals of the Middle Ages to be found in Britain. Nowhere else are the walls so complete, red sandstone walls not more than six hundred years old, partly following the line of the old Roman fortification and comprising a

circuit of nearly two miles. There is a number of fascinating towers, including the Water Tower, where ships used to be moored in the days when the tidal waters of the Dee came right up to the city. At one turning point of the wall are the Wishing Steps, where, according to tradition, all wishes are granted to people capable of rushing up and down the steps seven times without taking breath. But the unique and most fascinating feature of Chester is to be found in the "Rows" of the four main streets which converge at the Market Cross. They form a second sidewalk to the streets, with a second row of shops, and may best be described as continuous arcades or galleries running along over the ceilings of the ground floors of the houses. The Rows are approached by flights of stairs leading straight up from the streets, and no one seems to know anything of their origin; they are, however, so agreeable and convenient that the chief surprise is not so much their existence here as their absence everywhere else. Chester also surpasses most other towns in the world for the wonders of her old timber houses, one of which is styled "God's Providence House," in grateful memory of its escape from the plague during the seventeenth century. All Chester is wonderful, and the neighborhood is a worthy wonderland with hills and babbling streams coming right down to the estuary of the Dee.

Shrewsbury cannot compare with Chester, but possesses great charms of her own. The old walls have practically disappeared, the thirty-three Royal Charters conferred during six centuries are almost forgotten, even the mighty battle of 1403 and the long list of famous men given by Shrewsbury to the Empire are held of less account than certain local cakes which have been produced continuously since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Some six miles away Wroxeter possesses some Roman remains, claiming to be a British Pompeii. The story goes that the city of Uriconium was burnt by the Saxons in the sixth century, and that the skeletons found there were persons caught by the flames. Here is a good starting point for exploration of the Severn Valley, which abounds in beauty spots with echoing woods, verdant meadows, stately trees, fruitful orchards and rich cornlands. Buildwas Abbey is the jewel of the Severn, as Tintern is of the Wye, a lovely picture of moss-grown walls, graceful arches and

grey pillars amid very green woods and many rippling waters. Close by to the south is the very old town of Much Wenlock, whose jailhouse of 1557 ranks almost as a modern building, whose butter-market takes place between two pillars used as whipping posts, and whose tenor bell, weighing over a ton, bears the inscription: "I to the Church the living call, and to the grave do summon all." And Much Wenlock has a thoroughfare still known as the Bull Ring.

But we must hurry to Wales, granting no more space than we need to countless curiosities and charms; to the light fantastic coracles of salmon fishers, scarcely changed in their framework of ash and beech twigs during twenty centuries; to the royal oak of Boscobel, where King Charles II found refuge from Roundheads after the Battle of Worcester, establishing the 29th of May as Royal Oak Day until recent times. In Spain it is a royal fashion to give titles to towns—*"muy noble, muy leal"*—but in England Worcester is probably alone in securing the style of "ever faithful city," and for once loyalty was rewarded—it was in 1660, the year of the Restoration, that Worcester began her career of unbroken prosperity. Hereford on the Wye is also conspicuously old with timbered and half-timbered houses. The castle was built to keep the Welsh in check, but Hereford apparently did not desire to check Wales; the castle has now disappeared, and Hereford has learnt from Wales to make musical festivals a feature of modern life.

WALES

A Land of Song

Wales is a wonderful land of song, every child being born to melody, every man and woman finding supreme happiness in choral exhibitions. There is an American story of eight Britons being found in a dug-out after a long bombardment at the time of the Armistice. The two Irishmen were still fighting, the two Scotsmen were holding a debate, the Englishmen had not yet been introduced, and the two Welshmen were busy organising an Oratorio society. In ancient Greece and Rome and most modern lands, the great way of proving who were the better men has been to hold athletic contests, but in Wales alone in any latitude or period, the great test of superiority is to hold an Eisteddfod,

Photo: Underwood.

LUDLOW: THE FEATHERS INN.

Ludlow has some fine old wooden houses of which the Feathers Inn is a good specimen, reminding one of Nuremberg. The twelfth century castle, where Milton wrote his "Comus," is still magnificent in its decay.

Photochrom.

HEREFORD: CHAINED LIBRARY.

Hereford is a city of very ancient origin, with many old buildings and half-timbered houses. In the Church of All Saints a chained library brings back memories of days in which a library was a rare and valuable possession requiring to be guarded with special vigilance.

Photochrom.

BANGOR.

A Welsh spa, the half-way house between the mountains of Snowdonia and the lowlands of the coast, described by Scott as "Beauty in the Lap of Terror."

Photochrom.

LLANDUDNO.

Probably the most famous of Welsh seaside resorts. It enjoys an exceptionally fine climate and is renowned for the variety and profusion of the plant life in its gardens and environs.

and sing oneself into fame. It is not unusual for eighteen thousand spectators to attend one of these performances, including enthusiastic Welshmen who have hurried home for the occasion from every quarter of the globe—from India and Australia and Patagonia and South Sea Islands and Timbuktu. To non-musical people like the English, such ceremonies may seem silly, but they have had the advantage of perpetuating national sentiments and national literature and, above all, the soft musical language which might otherwise have been condemned to extinction, like the last real vestige of British speech in the Duchy of Cornwall.

Welsh is a Teutonic word meaning foreigner. It was conferred on British stock in England by the savage Saxons who overran these islands, and, coming from them it was a high compliment. Wales holds aloof from England, but does not interpret its aloofness so far as to exclude partisanship at home. North Wales despises South Wales, and South Wales is suspicious of the north. Even in the South, Swansea and Cardiff maintain traditions of jealousy like those of the Montagues and Capulets. South Wales is eaten up with mines, pitted, riddled, honeycombed with shafts. Within a fifteen mile radius of Swansea there are no less than two hundred and fifty coal-pits. Swansea is the chief centre of the tinplate trade of England, as well as the most important copper smelting centre in the world. Commerce, quite unlovely commerce, is the pervading interest of this thriving hive.

§ 1

Cardiff, the port of the South Wales coalfields, exports a larger tonnage than any other place in the world, New York coming second. It also has the largest coal-shipping trade in the world, and the docks have an area of one hundred and sixty acres with seven miles of quays. It has a population of 200,000, and as one gazes over its vast expanse of rails and chimneys and factories and warehouses, it is difficult to realise that, no longer ago than 1801, it was a happy smiling village with only a few hundreds of inhabitants. Cardiff Castle, however, was built in the eleventh century, and has been so elaborately restored that it maintains all the appearance of strength and antiquity. A short

distance away is Llandaff, the smallest city in Britain, now practically a suburb of Cardiff; it is the oldest of the British episcopal Sees, dating back to the sixth century, with a pretty little Cathedral that seems to have been forgotten amid its clumps of trees, and allowed to go to absolute ruin until restorers set to work in 1843. Llandaff is a delightful little oasis in this black country, amid the choking smoke of innumerable copper works, but an even more incredible surprise is provided close by when we suddenly light upon the beautiful Vale of Neath, with wonderful waterfalls, picturesque crags and wooded ravines. That is one of the many wonders of Wales. Industrial districts, long stretches of ugliness, then all of a sudden and, apparently for ever, all the infinite wildness of untutored Nature. Right at the extreme west of South Wales, near a promontory jutting out into the sea, we come upon the surprising Cathedral of St. David's, the most important or at least the most remarkable church in Wales. The town of St. David's is reckoned as a city, because the seat of a Bishop becomes automatically a city, and there have been Bishops of St. David's for over twelve centuries; but really it is little more than an irregularly built village of some thousand inhabitants.

§ 2

Central Wales has been for centuries a sort of buffer between north and south. It is a land of low hills and breezy uplands, shut in by low mountain ranges and full of romantic gorges and hidden valleys. Montgomeryshire and the Dovey Valley are typical. The holiday seeker from England may at first be driven by rain to remain within doors and play bridge; but presently monotony may compel him to confront one penance with another, and he will don his mackintosh and face the incessant rains and catch the sweetest trout in pools and rills, and discover sublime colour tints in endless undulating pasturelands, where pillars of mist steal incessantly through purple valleys to rejoin their brethren in the clouds. Here the people still speak Welsh more readily than English, and combine much shrewdness and friendliness with inexorable prejudices about whistling or fishing on the Sabbath. Plynlimmon (2,469 feet) is one of the

tallest mountains of Wales, and many trouble to climb it, though it has been described as "sodden dreariness," and rarely offers any sort of view from its summit. The only real interest of Plynlimmon, is that it gives birth to the beautiful Wye, which may be found bounding down the south side of the mountain, or, as a descriptive writer tells us, "bubbling down the slope in a volume which might be contrasted in the circumference of a tea-cup." George Borrow, who always boasted of doing more than other people, tells us in his "Wild Wales" how he drank on the same day of the sources of the Severn, the Wye, and the Rheidol, all of which are to be found within the compass of a mile.

§ 3

Snowdonia

North Wales is the chief hunting ground for artists and tourist with its many sunlit watering places and high snow-capped peaks, and miles and miles of golden sand and wild moorlands with pathless bogs and rocks so close together that there is barely room for road and river, and funny little market towns whose streets are crowded with shaggy Welsh ponies, black-faced mountain sheep and long-horned cattle. Of the watering places, Llandudno stands out easily above all others, inducing wide-awake advertisers to proclaim another Bay of Naples, another Venice of the North. And, apart from exaggeration, the bay has a glorious sweep, local verdure is incomparably green. Near Colwyn Bay is the famous "Cursing Well" of St. Eilian, where revengeful people used to cast pebbles inscribed with the names of their enemies. The picturesque little town of Conway—where the curfew still rings—dates back to the sixth century and is still surrounded by walls with twenty-one semi-circular towers. With its ivy-clad walls and massive towers the castle remains the most beautiful in Wales, though, like many another building it has suffered more from peace than war. Once upon a time it was given to an Earl of Conway, who stripped the roofs of all their lead and timber intending to sell them in Ireland; his sacrilege was punished by the loss of ship and cargo, but that did not help to restore the roofs to the castle. Save for its rooflessness, it might even rival the castle of Carnarvon, which is built entirely of

hewn stone and washed on two sides by the Menai Straits and the waters of the Seiont. Carnarvon Castle is one of the most imposing and extensive mediæval fortresses in the world, every room and court in the vast building has its legend, and, more than any other spot in the Principality, it has enshrined itself in the heart of the history of Wales. Long ago, during the Welsh wars of independence, the natives declared that they would never owe allegiance to a Prince who was not of their own nation and language, and of an unblamable life. Accordingly Edward I established himself in Carnarvon Castle, and arranged that his queen should come to the Eagle Tower for the birth of their son. Then he presented the baby to the Welsh people as a native born prince of unblamable life, who could speak no word of English. This was the first Prince of Wales, and it was in commemoration of this tradition that another Prince of Wales came to this castle in 1911 to receive his investiture. Another famous Welsh castle is that of Harlech, built by Edward I on a rock jutting out two hundred feet above the plain. It was during a siege of the Wars of the Roses that the "March of the Men of Harlech" was written to stir native chieftains to revolt against the English king.

Snowdon (3,560 feet) is the highest mountain in England or Wales, but considerably lower than Ben Nevis in Scotland. In spite of its name, it is some eight hundred feet below the snow-line, and is usually free from snow from April to October. It affords one of those apparently easy climbs which lure inexperienced Alpinists to their destruction, and it possesses a long death-roll. The views at sunrise and sunset can be very extensive and beautiful, but the summit is often shrouded in mists for many days at a time.

POPULATION STATISTICS

England has an area of 50,874 square miles and a population (1921) of 35,678,530. The total area of Wales is 7,466 square miles and the population (1921) 2,206,712. The Isle of Man has an area of 227 square miles and a population (1921) of 60,238. Greater London has a population (1921) of 7,476,168. Among England's chief cities are (populations in brackets) Liverpool (803,118), Birmingham (919,438), Manchester (730,551), and Leeds (458,320). Among Welsh cities are Cardiff (200,262) and Swansea (157,561).

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

CARNARVON.

Although the streets of Carnavon, "the metropolis of the hills," may be thronged with tourists—for is it not the gateway to Snowdonia—yet the more pensive may linger within the eight-foot walls of the Castle, a decayed testimonial to the pomp and power of Edward I. Here, amid scenes of indescribable enthusiasm, Edward, the Empire's favourite prince, was installed as Prince of Wales in 1911.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

CONWAY.

The Castle is one of the most picturesque in Britain. It was built for Edward I in 1284, and juts out, a silent sentinel, from the eastern corner of the town walls. In the foreground is the suspension bridge designed by Telford and completed in 1826. Beside it, on the left, is the tubular bridge that carries the railway into the town.

Photo: W. Reid.

HOLYROOD PALACE AND ABBEY.

Far more than any other historic building in the world Holyrood speaks and breathes strange romances and tragedies through every crevice. Here Rizzio was stabbed before Queen Mary's eyes, here Prince Charlie held his Court in 1745, and here the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland still deliberates. The Abbey on the left was founded in 1128 by King David when he escaped from the furies of a stag; fanatics sacked it during the Revolution of 1688, and the ruin was completed by a storm in 1768.

II.—SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

SCOTLAND

Scotland is wilder and more mountainous, less fertile and less populous than England; her climate, for the most part, is variable, but much warmer than any corresponding latitude. The Highlanders are pure Celts with a tinge of Scandinavian blood, the Lowlanders are Picts and Celts, who have intermarried with Saxons; but the whole Scottish race is distinct and never to be confused with any other. Pride, frugality, sagacity, adaptability and courage are the generally accepted qualities and usually combine to make for success in life. Indeed, go where you will, from China to Peru, to the uttermost islands of the South Seas, or the most distant deserts of Mongolia, the odds are that you will find a Scotsman in possession, trading—and succeeding. In Dr. Johnson's dictionary, we read a mischievous definition of oats as "a grain that in England is given to horses, but in Scotland is consumed by the people." "Yes," was a Scotsman's retort, "but where did you ever find such men and such horses?" The old kilt of the Gaul or Gael has gone the way of most national costumes, but it survives in the uniform of certain Scottish regiments, and he is a rare Highlander who does not know his own tartan, or can refuse enthusiastic inspiration to the strains of his pipes.

§ 1

Edinburgh

All the praises sung of Edinburgh are well justified. She has been called the "Queen of Cities," beautiful, picturesque, historical, romantic and mysterious, and there hovers round Edinburgh a subtle, indefinable charm, which would be difficult to analyse.

Let it suffice to chronicle coldly that the Scottish capital is set upon a chain of hills intersected by deep ravines some two miles south of the Firth of Forth. And here is a strange fact—the magnificence of her situation, the expression of her features, the dignity, the friendliness, the smiles, the frowns, all are part

and parcel of her history. Take the history of Arthur's Seat, that high hill like a couchant, guardant lion, keeping patient watch over streets and houses and churches throughout centuries of fierce invasion and cut-throat civil wars. And close by the grim, grey castle of Edinburgh, still apparently impregnable in spite of more than one surrender, still fast and strong and defiant, buoyed on nearly every side by cataracts of tumultuous rocks that leave just room for a little path to trickle away for a mile and a half slowly, gradually, to the Palace of Holyrood.

Probably the situation was best illustrated in 1745, when Charles, Prince Regent, came flushed with triumph from Gladsmuir and held a brilliant court at Holyrood, and all the hearts of the Highlands were at his feet, and still that dour, grey castle held out, and no sooner had he set forth to conquer England than the Hanoverian garrison issued forth to retake and torture his capital.

The Castle

The barracks of the Castle contain many batteries with antiquated guns. From Half Moon Battery a gun is fired every day at one o'clock to tell the town the time, and on the King's Bastion is far-famed Mons Meg, whose story is lost in the mists of ages. Mons might suggest recent fighting, and this piece of ordnance probably did come from Belgium once upon a time; but a more probable derivation of Mons is from Mowance in West Scotland. In any case, Mons Meg fought for Scotland many a time and oft. She burst in 1672 when saluting the Duke of York, but she had recovered sufficiently to be out in the Forty-five, and like many another Scottish worthy was taken captive to the Tower of London, whence Sir Walter Scott effected her liberation in 1829.

The Esplanade outside the Castle was the scene of many savage executions for crimes that would not be reckoned crimes today. On July 17th, 1538, beautiful Lady Jane Douglas was burnt to death there, in the presence of her husband and son, on the charge, brought by a disappointed suitor, of "attempting the King's life by sorcery." Here scores of witches were "worryit at the stake," that is, strangled or burned, and as late as 1659, a hideous scene was enacted when five unhappy women

were consigned to flames for "renouncing their baptism by dancing with the devil." A fountain was unveiled in 1912 to mark the spot where these horrors happened. Another interesting point about the Esplanade is that Charles I declared it to be a portion of Nova Scotia, so that Nova Scotian baronets might take seisin of their titles without crossing the seas, and the parade ground remains legally Nova Scotian territory to this day.

Old Edinburgh

Between the Castle and Holyrood Palace we now find Old Edinburgh, the High Street and the Canongate, and running alongside the Cowgate, a city of very narrow, very tall houses, many of them skyscraping to the eighth and tenth storey, for until the eighteenth century Edinburgh scouted the idea of suburbs, would grow only toward the skies. All ranks and classes were huddled in this small compass, soaring like fishes towards the upper airs. To-day, to the casual, matter-of-fact person, these ancient quarters, these tall, weather-beaten tenements lining the causeways and roadway, some of these yawning, hideous closes and alleys are squalid and depressing, a miserable slumland.

No doubt romantic minds brush all this aside by conjuring up other scenes and other memories. Many a one would love to see that steep, grey highway of history, the Canongate, illumined by its original and descended glory. It would give them no slight thrill to know that behind those hoary walls and tourelles, where the last King of Scotland was born, the King of Edinburgh, and of London, is housed, at the foot of the steep way from Castle to Palace. How often has Mary Stuart carried her griefs from one to the other! How often have great causes brought a nation with torches into this street! What rank and wit and intellect have given lustre to these mean closes and wynds!

§ 2

The Glory of Edinburgh

It was only when George III came to the throne, and all fears of civil war seemed ended, that Edinburgh abandoned her retirement and witnessed one of the most amazing migrations

ever known in the story of any town. Everybody who could afford to do so abandoned the congested, sky-scraping city to poor toilers. In 1772 North Bridge was built across a valley and on the opposite slopes arose a new city, the magnificence of whose constructions, the regularity of whose streets and squares, the grandeur of whose position are almost unsurpassed. During recent years the old town has been modernised and adorned, some of the tallest houses have been cut down, but there has been no vandalism, nothing to prevent fancy from recalling the High Street of Edinburgh when it was the heart and centre of the life of the whole Kingdom of Scotland.

Never, perhaps, has a great city been so divided into two as when, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the New Town began to rise and lay itself out in spacious and classic modes under the rock which was Auld Reekie. This is the wonder and pathos of Edinburgh. We have always been overwhelmed by the spectacle of the Old Town, gone far to blight and poverty on its august ridge, yet still lifting its spires and roofs and battlements into the gold of morning or through the dusks of evening into pure light. When one sits in the gardens of Princes Street one does not need to look upwards to feel that most of that soaring old city, seen in silhouette, abides still in an age to which no North Bridge can lead men back. And yet much of it is of to-day, yesterday, and for ever. There doctrine is still guarded and proclaimed in Scotland. There Scottish justice is still administered. There alone can Scotland's greatest traditions be felt "along the blood and in the heart."

The glory of Edinburgh, which cannot be taken away, is her large nearness to Nature. In her busiest streets you can see the footsteps of the morning on the hills, and can look from an evening newspaper to the sunset fading from primeval cliffs. The wind of the country, or of the sea, blows along Princes Street. And these packed heights, are they not sisters of the Blackford Hills and the Pentlands, though for grass they grow houses! Scott's lines will never be old:

"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,

Valentine.

EDINBURGH.

The Black Watch passing the Netherbow, formerly one of the city gate

Photo: Valentine.

ROSLIN CHAPEL: THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR.

While the master-mason was away in Rome seeking designs for Roslin Chapel, one of his apprentices constructed this exquisite pillar, but when the master returned he became so mad with jealousy that he slaughtered the young artist on the spot.

Photochrom.

FORTH BRIDGE.

The most wonderful bridge in the world, 2,765 yards long, built 1883–90 at a cost of over £3,000,000. The deepest foundations a
88 feet below high water, and the total weight of metal is 50,000 tons.

Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high
Mine own romantic town!"

In Castle Street between the Castle and Holyrood is the wizened old Church of St. Giles with its stone tower shaped like a crown. Think what tales every stone could tell, every log that survives from the days when the church was all of wood. Here we can picture the frenzied throngs praying and weeping while they waited for news of Flodden; the great bell tolling in 1513 to summon all able-bodied men to resist the invading English; poor, daft Jennie Geddes throwing her footstool at the Dean's head and kindling flames of discontent against the English liturgy. From the artistic point of view St. Giles suffered long and severely by the zeal of reformers, but latterly a more indulgent spirit has prevailed, pews and galleries and heavy incumbrances have been removed, the Cathedral is almost what it was before the Reformation. And here we may kneel at the tomb of the great Montrose, whose mutilated body found eventual sepulture after being exposed over many gates and towers of the Kingdom.

Under the shadow of St. Giles is old Parliament House, in which are held the Courts of Session. In these buildings is Parliament Hall where the Scottish Parliament held its sittings from 1639 until the union in 1707. This building also houses the Advocates Library, which contains the most valuable collection of books and manuscripts in Scotland. The expense of maintaining the library proved a grievous financial burthen. To assist in its maintenance the Government were prepared to give a grant of £2,000, and as a result of an appeal to supplement this miserly sum, an Edinburgh merchant made in 1923 the handsome gift of £100,000, which was sufficient to establish an adequate endowment, and now for the first time the library is recognised as a Scottish public institution. In the New Hall are preserved the National Covenant of 1638, the letter of Mary Queen of Scots, written just before her execution, letters of Charles II, and many relics of Prince Charles Edward.

Edinburgh University—it was founded in 1582—is the youngest of the four Scots universities—St. Andrews, Glasgow and Aberdeen were all founded before it. The buildings are

not seen at their best as they occupy an enclosed space off North Bridge Street, otherwise the noble proportions would be more impressive to the onlooker. Unlike the students of Oxford and Cambridge, Scottish students do not live within the walls of the College, they live where they please and do what they please in their spare time.

Holyrood

Holyrood, however, remains the prime place of pilgrimage of Edinburgh, if not of Scotland. The Abbey was founded in 1128 by David I in gratitude for his escape from the assaults of a savage stag. It was burnt by the English in 1544, sacked by a revolutionary mob in 1688, robbed of its roof by a storm in 1768. Now the remaining interest centres in royal and noble tombs. The adjoining Palace was begun in 1525 and completed in 1671. Now it has been modernised and adapted to the sittings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. But visitors may still find echoes of Queen Mary's drama. Indeed Queen Mary pervades Holyrood. Here are the rooms she lived in, with her workbox and shawls; here is the chapel where she espoused Darnley; here is the closet where she supped with Rizzio; and outside the guides pretend to show blood-spots on the precise spot where he was stabbed.

Princes Street

Princes Street can have few rivals in the world. The shops, the hotels, the clubs, are fine, the views over Castle and old town are exquisite, the effects of lights at night suggest stage scenery; but the chief charm seems to depend on the original idea of leaving one side open with the houses giving on fine public gardens that were once a lake.

Facing Princes Street and the North Bridge is the General Post Office, a grand building of ornate Italian architecture. But the gem is the Register House, built by the brothers Adam and facing the Post Office. The Scottish Post Office dates from 1635, but roads were bad as late as 1678, when mail coaches, drawn by six horses, took twelve days to go to London and return.

A few yards further on, as an enthusiast has quite justly said,

Photochrom.

MELROSE ABBEY.

The finest ruin in Scotland, very beautiful with slender shafts, elaborate vaulting and exquisitely traceried windows. It was founded in the twelfth century by David I.

Photochrom.

GLASGOW: GEORGE SQUARE

The second city in the kingdom, Glasgow bids fair to rival Liverpool for shipping and Manchester for manufactures. George Square is the finest open space in the city and contains magnificent municipal buildings. In the centre is a statue of Sir Walter Scott on the top of a column 80 feet high.

Photochrom.

ALLOWAY'S AULD HAUNTED KIRK.

In the Burns country just below the auld Brig o'Doon. The interior has been stripped of its wood for snuff-boxes, and even the tombstone of the poet's father has been carried off piecemeal by relic hunters. The churchyard was merely the resting-place of unknown peasants until Burns made it the scene of Tam o'Shanter's demon revelry.

Photochrom.

GLASGOW: THE UNIVERSITY.

Founded in 1451, Glasgow University originally stood in the High Street on the side of the present College Station. It now occupies a magnificent site on Gilmorehill. The illustration shows the main building as seen from Kelvingrove Park.

Go down one of the streets beyond the Calton Jail, leaving the jangling tram-cars behind you and lift up your eyes across the railway lines and the smoking chimneys and to your utter amazement you find yourself looking right into the heart of a mountain glen. Your feet are on city pavements, city sounds are in your ears, city odours offend your nostrils, but your eyes bring your heart back to the highlands. Morning, noon or night, summer or winter, rain or shine, the same fascinating scene fills you with highland thrills. The ruined abbey on its haugh, St. Margaret's Loch and the crumbling chapel, the solitary tree, the Hunter's Bog, and stretching away to the right, Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury crags, all of them shrouded in the haunting, blue-black light of the glens, what a vision of paradise to rise above the ashes of a fœtid slum.

Seen from Princes Street, Calton Hill, with its twelve columns standing out against the skyline, arrests attention. These pillars have been called "Scottish pride and Scottish poverty." Edinburgh likes, or once liked, to be called "The Modern Athens." In order to make it look even more like Athens a public subscription was opened in 1824 to provide funds to erect a memorial to commemorate the Scottish soldiers who fell in the Peninsular War, the intention being to raise a building after the style of the Parthenon. The plan failed for lack of funds and these twelve solitary pillars, erected at a cost of £1,000 each, stand to tell the story. From the top of Calton Hill a magnificent view is obtained; on the opposite shores of the Forth the lands of Fife are seen, in the far north-east the Ochil hills and the Pentlands; and the view includes the Firth of Forth, the great Forth Bridge, the Bass Rock and the great mass of North Berwick Law.

Leith

Leith—which boasts an antiquity nearly as old as the capital city—is the port of Edinburgh and was once Scotland's chief means of communication with the Continent. The English snatched it during the absence of Mary Stuart in France, but Leslie resisted Cromwell there triumphantly until he was tempted to take the offensive, which led to disaster at Dunbar. For years Leith successfully resisted incorporation with Edinburgh, but this was accomplished in 1922.

There are many picturesque and historic places in the neigh-

bourhood of the Scottish capital. Portobello, on the shores of the Firth of Forth, Queensferry, where the Forth Bridge stretches over the wide and deep waters to the opposite shore of Fife. But the favourite excursion from Edinburgh is to Hawthornden and Roslin. Hawthornden has an inscription telling how, in 1338, Sir Lawrence Abernethy "conquered Lord Dowglass five times in one day and yet was taken prisoner before sunset." Under the house are many artificial caves of great avail in fighting days, and on the way to Roslin is a sandstone cave where Wallace hid. Hawthornden was the residence of William Drummond the poet. Here "rare Ben Jonson" paid him a memorable visit, and a large sycamore, the "Four Sisters," is still shown beneath which the two men sat. Tradition will have it that when they met Drummond said: "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben," to which the other replied in rhyme, "Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden."

Roslin

The walk to Roslin is of enchanting loveliness, with fantastic rocks and a profusion of wild flowers, and the ruins of the castle reveal a place of great strength, accessible only by a drawbridge; wonderfully picturesque on a steep promontory washed by the river on two sides. Here, on February 23rd, 1303, the Scots defeated three English armies one by one and slaughtered them to the very last man.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Roslin became a favourite haunt of the gipsies, following on the fact that Sir William St. Clair, Lord Justice General, returning from Edinburgh to Roslin, delivered once an Egyptian from the gibbet on the Burghmuir, upon which account the whole body of gipsies were accustomed to gather in the stanks of Roslin every year, where they acted several plays during the months of May and June. Two towers were allowed them for their residence, the one called Robin Hood, the other Little John, but in 1628 the Privy Council ordered them to be expelled from Roslin, complaining that they "had a peaceable abode, as if they were lawful subjects."

Roslin Chapel is universally admired for the uncanny beauty of its profuse, perhaps Spanish decoration, and there is a story

about the 'Prentice Pillar, an exquisite piece of carving there, how it was made by an apprentice while his master-mason was abroad, and the sight of this glorious piece of work so maddened him with envy on his return that he instantly slew the young artist with his hammer. Three heads, supposed to represent those of the apprentice, his weeping mother and his wicked master, were long pointed out in the chapel, and, to emphasise matters, the wound in the head of the apprentice was marked with red paint.

There are also many other strange carvings in the chapel, including thirteen figures of angels playing various musical instruments, amongst which the bagpipes figure conspicuously; Samson slaying the lion; the prodigal son feeding swine; the Crucifixion; and many representations of plants, including harts-tongue fern, the curly kail, oak leaves, and roses alone repeated more than once, perhaps with the idea that they had some connection with the name of the place.

§ 3

Stirling

After Edinburgh, Stirling is probably the most romantic of the old towns of Scotland. The castle, where Mary Stuart was crowned, has been compared to an eagle watching for its prey. Here James II stabbed the Earl of Douglas, from here James III set forth to fight and die at Sauchieburn, here James IV was born and buried and, near at hand, is the battle-ground of Bannockburn. Doune has an old castle where Prince Charlie held his Court in 1745, and the story goes how young Miss Edmondstone was asked whether she would like to kiss his hand. "Yes," she replied, "but still more his mouth," and the Prince heard and her wish was granted, and other fair maids were also kissed so that there might be no cause for jealousy. Then, there are the Banks of Allan Water, recalling the song of the miller's daughter "when brown autumn spread his store."

Forth Bridge

Travelling north from Edinburgh we cross the Forth Bridge, which has been pronounced the finest piece of engineer-

ing of its kind in the whole world. It was begun in 1883 and completed in 1890 at a cost of £3,000,000, and with the approaches covers a stretch of 2,765 yards. The total weight of metal used is 50,000 tons, or five times as much as the wonderful Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits to Anglesey. It is built on the cantilever and central girder system, the principle of which is stable equilibrium, its own weight helping to maintain it more firmly in position, and the steel towers from which the cantilevers spring are not much lower than the dome of St. Paul's.

St. Andrews

Near the north side of the bridge is the naval base of Rosyth; on the coast of Fife is Largo, birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe; and so to St. Andrews, once the ecclesiastical metropolis of Scotland, now the world's metropolis of golf, where the chief meetings are held in May and October. The Ancient and Royal Golf Club of St. Andrews is over a hundred and fifty years old, and lays down golf laws for the whole world. The royal game was introduced by the Stuart kings and became so engrossing that attempts were made to restrain it lest the people should lose their skill at archery.

The ancient Cathedral was reduced to ruins by zealots of the Reformation, but close by are a lovely arcade known as the Pends, and the remains of the square tower of St. Regulus, a Greek who was shipwrecked here with the bones of St. Andrew, Scotland's patron saint. The University is the oldest of the four in Scotland, dating back to 1411 and now comprising five hundred students.

The St. Andrews of to-day is bright with handsome buildings and wide, well-paved streets, but all its prosperity is modern. As recently as 1840 we read that "there was not a foot of side pavement in any of the streets, filth and squalor abounded unchecked, cows and pigs grazed in front of the colleges, the venerable ruins were fast going by neglect to decay and were littered with rubbish, there were few visitors of any distinction, even to the splendid links, which lay with all their vast capabilities almost untrodden, and generally St. Andrews, considering the reputation of its antiquity as an ecclesiastical capital and its rank as a

Photochrom.

LOCH LOMOND ISLANDS, FROM LUSS QUARRIES.

The largest and most beautiful of the Scottish lakes is dotted with green and rocky islands. Inchlonaig is famous for its yew trees, and at Inchcailliach (Nun's Island) is the burial place of the MacGregors.

Photochrom.

DUNOON: CASTLE HILL.

In 1646 the scene of a cruel atrocity, when the Campbells treacherously seized thirty-six loyalists and hanged them on an ash tree; "inasmuch that the Lord from heaven did declare his wrath and displeasure by striking the said tree immediately thereafter, so that the whole leaves fell from it." Soon after this the castle fell into neglect and now its bare outline can scarcely be traced.

Photochrom.

OBAN BAY.

In the lovely Firth of Lorn, usually full of yachts and steamers. As the starting-point of so many excursions, Oban has been styled "the Charing Cross of the Highlands." On the promontory to the left is Dunolly Castle, beneath which is the famous "dog-stone," where Fingal used to tie his dog Bran.

Photochrom.

INVERNESS.

The capital of North Scotland, known as the pink city, picturesquely situated at the mouth of the river Ness at the entrance to the Caledonian Canal.

seat of learning, was at the lowest pitch of miserable neglect and decay."

§ 4

The Scott Country
Melrose

Scotland has few more desirable spots than the swelling hills, the wooded streams and valleys of the glorified Borderland, rich in historical associations, brimming over with romance and legendary lore, with its many glorious ruins of famous abbeys and castles, relics of far-off stormy times, picturesque and unrivalled in scenery. Melrose, with the irresistible charm of its famous Abbey, with exquisite traceries and rich carvings, the Fairy Dean, the glorious windings of the River Tweed, and, as Mr. Andrew Lang says, "What a river it is, however you take it!" And Dryburgh is close at hand, with its own charming, secluded surroundings, where in the ruined Abbey the great Walter Scott lies buried, his tomb open to all the winds that blow:

"With the noble dead
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Amid the peer and warrior bold
And mitred abbots, stern and old,
Who sleeps in cultured aisle."

These are spots to which pilgrims from every clime wend their way. Indeed, the whole countryside seems sacred to Scott. His favourite view was above Bemersyde, looking down over the wooded valley of the Tweed. Here he was wont to stop his horse and gaze his fill. Mathieson, his old beloved coachman, related that when his master was no more and he drove him for the last time on a memorable day in September, 1832, to his final resting place, the horses of their own accord stopped at this spot as if to afford their master one last look.

The Tweed

Ashestiel on the Tweed is, of course, associated with Sir Walter, for it was here he wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and part of "Waverley."

Most of the district he has made famous in many of the Waverley Novels and his poetic romances. A short way up the Tweed we glimpse Elibank Castle, the residence of Mucklemou'd Meg (Big-Mouthed Meg) whom young Willie Scott of Harden, caught raiding Murray's cattle, was given choice to make his wife or be hanged. He preferred the gallows, but after a night's reflection changed his mind and accepted his fate. Of their descendants one was Sir Walter, and he was said to have been proud of his descent.

About here also, still on the silver Tweed, is another ruined castle, Fairnilee, where Miss Cockburn wrote the later version of "The Flowers o' the Forest," commemorating the woeful Battle of Flodden. Traquair House, farther on, is perhaps the oldest inhabited mansion house in Scotland and full of interest. Here at the end of an avenue, opening to the grounds, are seen the picturesque old gates—never opened. Two tales are offered in explanation. The first, that they were closed after the '45 by the owner, an Earl loyal to the cause of the Stuarts, who swore "that the gates should never be opened till the rightful King came back to his own again." But the second explanation is more likely to be the correct one. "The seventh Earl of Traquair, after the death of his Countess, declared that they should remain shut till they opened to admit one worthy to take the dead lady's place." That at least is the story. And on the banks of the Tweed also is Abbotsford, the baronial home of Scott, to help to build which Sir Walter wrote "Rokeby." To-day, inside and out, it remains very much as it was in his own lifetime. It is a place of literary pilgrimage where visitors from every country reverently gaze upon his armchair, his writing desk, and other relics, and in the grounds are many trees which he planted with his own hands.

The Yarrow

From Abbotsford it is but a few miles to yet another classic spot. Scott had a lifelong love for Yarrow Vale. "But of Yarrow," says Andrew Lang, "how is one to write? The task is hopeless, whether it be to speak of its beauty, of its legend, its poetry, or of its associations. From Scott and Wordsworth downwards, what poet has not sung its praises? However halt-

Photochrom.

KYLES OF BUTE.

ing may be his pen, what writer in prose has not tried in words to picture its scenes? . . . Its charm affects each one differently; each must see and feel for himself."

"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside
And see the braes o' Yarrow."

And, of course, James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, lived and wrote here and in the sister vale of the Ettrick, where he practised writing on the hillside, scratching the letters on large slate stones as he herded his sheep.

Around the Yarrow clusters a whole literature; more romance and ballad is associated with the classic Yarrow than perhaps any other stream; steeped in interesting memories, the spell of Border poetry and romance is over it all. The purring, murmuring stream, as it warbles its way through the hushed, brooding valley, with its mournful traditions, told in countless ballads of some old, unhappy, far-off thing, some immemorial, romantic sorrow, has always possessed a strange fascination of its own, casting a bewitching spell over its devotees. Newark Castle is here, and it was at Newark that the "Last Minstrel" recited his lay to Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch:

"He pass'd where Newark's stately Tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower;
The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh."

To-day it stands, a grim, grey ruin amid lovely surroundings.

I know of no scene, [says Mr. Andrew Lang] more captivating, whether you view it from Foulshiels or stand by the Castle itself, or, climbing high up on its ramparts, gaze around where wood and hill and stream blend in beauty that is matchless. And far below comes the voice of Yarrow, chafing among its rocks and boulders, moaning perhaps as it moaned that cruel day after the Battle of Philiphaugh, when on Slain Man's Lea, hard by the Castle, Leslie's prisoners were butchered in cold blood.

The Border towns—Selkirk, Galashiels, and Hawick, and the Tweedale towns—are the centre of the woollen manufacturing industry. Peebles has lost its old castle, but cherishes venerable towers and remains beautiful in its seclusion.

Where Coal is King

From these romantic Border towns to the great industrial centre of Lanarkshire, is to jump from calm, pastoral valleys into the Black Country of Scotland, where great pitheads, colossal steelworks, and tall smoking chimneys blacken the landscape—such places is Airdrie, Motherwell, and Coatbridge. In little over a century the industrial revolution in Scotland changed a poor agricultural country into a wealthy industrial community. Coal and iron have been in this period the source of much wealth. In Scotland there is a line of coalfields from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Forth, the most productive centre being Lanarkshire.

But Lanarkshire is not all coalfields and ironworks. Romantic dells and the Falls of Clyde near the town of Lanark attract many visitors. The Cora Linn, a beautiful daughter of the Clyde, sweeps over an eighty-four foot precipice in three leaps, or in one great broad sheet when the river is in flood, sparkling at times in all the hues of the rainbow. Other falls are no less picturesque.

§ 5

Glasgow

Glasgow and Edinburgh have nothing in common. They are incompatible. Glasgow is modern; Glasgow thrives and grows; she is the second city of the Empire, a great commercial centre. Her motto is "Let Glasgow flourish." The Corporation tramcars which drone through the streets bear an escutcheon which tells the story of this motto.

To the stranger this escutcheon looks a quaint hotch-potch enough, but it is simply a summary of the legends which cluster round the Patron of Glasgow, Kentigern, better known as Saint Mungo. The chief object is a tree (quite the most flourishing in Glasgow) connected with the hazel branch with which the Saint is said to have miraculously re-kindled the sacred fire at Culross. From the tree hangs the bell he brought from Rome on his appointment to the See of Glasgow. The mound below the tree points to the miracle near the Gallowgate, by which the ground rose under his feet to afford him a convenient pulpit.

Photo: Charles Reid.

HIGHLAND CATTLE.

No longer subject to the raids of lawless clansmen, the fine cattle of the Highlands now wait peacefully for Mary to call them home from the lakeside.

Photochrom.

INVERARAY.

Robert Buchanan described Inveraray as "that most depressing of fish-smelling Highland towns," but Queen Victoria thought it "splendid," with "a fine range of mountains splendidly lit up—green, pink and lilac." On the top of the hill is Duniquoich, an ancient watch-tower, and behind the town is the castle of the Dukes of Argyll, a square building with pepper-box turrets.

Central News Photo.

BRAEMAR GATHERING: THE HIGHLAND FLING.

Fling is the only word for the Highland dance, the wildest, fastest, most exhilarating dance in the world, not excepting that of the gipsies of Granada.

Central News Photo.

BRAEMAR GAMES.

March Past of the Highlanders at the gathering of the clans, which always attracts great crowds of visitors.

The fish, with a ring in its mouth, revives the story of St. Mungo's goodness to Queen Languoreth who had given her husband's gift-ring to a lover, and was ordered by her lord to produce it on pain of death, though he had himself taken it from his rival's hand and thrown it into the Clyde. The Saint and a salmon, between them, saved the lady. A robin, to which a pretty story attaches, chirps for ever on the tree top, and completes this heraldic biography of Glasgow's reputed founder. All day this symbol of an old-world story is carried up and down the city, with the words "Let Glasgow Flourish," scrolled beneath it.

"Here's to the tree that never sprung;
Here's to the bird that never sung;
Here's to the bell that never rung;
And here's to the caller salmon."

From the top of one of these ubiquitous tramcars a passenger has described the city thus: "The commercial city is all about you. You are in Argyle Street; you are in Buchanan Street; you are in Gordon Street; you are in Renfield Street; you are in Union Street and half a dozen others, and you see one from the other; they are sufficiently alike to impress and sufficiently varied to stimulate. In these splendid streets there is none of that forbidding air of business which keeps women and travellers at bay. They are for money-spending as well as money-making; the best shops are still in Buchanan Street, though to Sauchiehall Street trade and fashion have steadily drifted. Thus Central Glasgow is at once absorbed and friendly. Within this same area the great Glasgow newspapers pulsate in lordly buildings, before which you stand content; so that the very voice of the city is here, and you see the motion of her lips. Here also are clubs, housed in buildings of classic grace, next to great banks and insurance offices. The Athenæum lifts its tall front to Buchanan Street, a beacon and invitation to the young. Everywhere restaurants and teashops invite. Glasgow is the mother of all teashops.

Municipal Services

Close to all the noisy turmoil of these throbbing thoroughfares is George Square, with its flower plots and shrubs, its num-

erous statues, the great Scott column in the centre. Here are the General Post Office, and here, filling the whole of the eastern side of the square, the imposing Municipal Buildings which materialise Glasgow's reputation of being the most successfully governed city in the world. They were erected at a cost of over half a million pounds. The Corporation owns all the great public services, for Glasgow is fortunate in possessing quite a remarkable public spirit, and her tramways, water-works, markets, electricity, telephones, are models of management. The waters of far-away Loch Katrine are poured into Glasgow's wash-basins. Glasgow water is the softest in the world. "One imagines that a cake of soap might be handed down from father to son, so caressing and cleansing is this mountain water, from which no substances have been filtered, save leaves and fish. The actual saving to Glasgow in soap brought about by the adoption of this magnificent supply has been reckoned at £30,000 a year."

What one misses in Glasgow is trees; the city of Watt and Napier is a city of smoke, and probably it is hopeless to plant them. Her numerous parks nevertheless are delightful and not without their restful shades. Kelvingrove Park comprises nearly one hundred acres. The name was rendered classic by Lyle's fine song, "Let us haste to Kelvingrove." In the park are the Corporation Art Galleries, which house a very fine collection. Glasgow is also justly proud of her Botanic Gardens, but the Queen's Park is probably the finest in the city.

The Cathedral, the "High Kirk," comes as near to being set on a hill, a rather bleak, unclothed hill perhaps, and yet as hid as a great building can be. It is the most perfect of pre-Reformation Gothic architecture in Scotland; it was founded in 1123 in the reign of David I; but its completion was the work of centuries. Behind the Cathedral is the higher and tomb-spiked ridge of the Necropolis, where John Knox, book in hand, looks down from the added height of his pillar. Here lie grave divines and champions of religious liberty, among them the gifted man, Edward Irving, the friend of Thomas Carlyle, who came from London to Glasgow to die.

At Glasgow Cross we are in the centre of the Glasgow of olden times. Here the High Street, the Saltmarket, the Tron-

gate and the Gallowgate converge, a neighbourhood redolent of Scott's "Rob Roy."

Glasgow University

The University, originally in the High Street, has for long stood on the crest of Gilmorehill overlooking Kelvingrove Park, at the other end of the city. The University is a great imposing pile with the professors' houses built around it. The bells in the great spire boom over quadrangles alive with as keen, eager students as will be found anywhere. Great names linger about Glasgow's University. Adam Smith taught moral philosophy and political economy, likewise Reid held the Chair of moral philosophy; the name of Hunter is inseparably associated with the University, and amongst others greatly distinguished are the late Professor Jebb, Principal Caird, Lord Kelvin, and many another.

Glasgow made the Clyde and the Clyde made Glasgow. On the Clyde at Glasgow we look on a world of docks and shipping and shipbuilding. Here in normal times we listen to the ceaseless roll of hammers wielded by an army, thousands strong, of engineers, boiler-makers, and riveters. Here many of the greatest vessels afloat have been built and launched. Ships and craft of every type are launched from these busy ship-building yards—dreadnoughts, battle-cruisers, ocean and river steamers, tugs, dredgers, barges.

§ 6

Burns' Country

One region that offers special attraction in the west of Scotland is Ayrshire, intimately associated with the national poet, Robert Burns. The countryside here is perhaps more like that of England than anywhere else in Scotland, the fields are lush green and contain herds of fine-looking Ayrshire cattle; more noticeable here than in many other parts of Scotland are hedges to the highways, green trees round the cosy farmhouses, and great estates with orderly policies. Ayr itself is a place of great antiquity; it was the site of a Roman station, and is believed to have been the scene of a great battle between Romans and Caledonians; it was also an ancient seaport. It is associated with

Sir William Wallace, Robert the Bruce, and Oliver Cromwell. But it is none of these things, only the shrine of Burns that attracts some 30,000 persons every year. Among such pilgrims have been numbered Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Tennyson. The cottage where the poet was born, two miles or so from Ayr, is the chief centre of interest; here also is "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," renowned for the adventures of Tam O'Shanter. Here you may see the spot where "Auld Nick"

> "Screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
> Till roof and rafter a' did dirl."

Near by are "the twa brigs" of the poem—the Auld Brig o' Doon and the New Brig. The narrowness of the auld brig's roadway justified the new brig's taunt about its "poor narrow footway of a street, where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet," but before the bridge arose the only means of access was a ford where many lives were lost at times of flood, "the ford where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd." Eventually the auld brig was condemned, but the Burns Club came to the rescue and public subscriptions allowed of re-opening in 1910.

Mauchline is the scene of "The Two Jolly Beggars" and "The Holy Fair," and in the vicinity were written "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and other favourite poems, and here, too, is the poet's "Bonnie Doon." On the bank of the river Ayr are the lonely braes of Ballochmyle, which he immortalised. In Ayr itself is the Tam O'Shanter Inn, with the old kitchen in which "Tam was glorious."

Dumfries also is associated with the national bard, and it was in a house in Burns Street that he died. Dumfriesshire finds literary interest also in Ecclefechan, the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, where his remains were taken from London to be buried amongst his own people.

The West Coast of Scotland

It was probably William Black, the novelist, who with his "Princess of Thule," "White Heather," and "Macleod of Dare" first revealed the splendours and charm of the West Coast of Scotland. And most travellers who wish to tour this enchanting

Photo: Underwood.

HERRING INDUSTRY AT WICK.

Most of the herring curing is done by girls who work in groups of three, called a crew. The first woman cleans the fish, the second sorts them according to size, and the third places them in layers in barrels and sprinkles each layer with salt. Sometimes the girls start the season at Stornoway in April, then go north to the Orkneys and Shetlands, then right down the east coast to Aberdeen, Fraserburgh, Scarborough, Yarmouth and Lowestoft, returning to their Highland homes in October or November.

IONA: ST. ORAN'S

The home of Columban Christianity in Scotland, "whee savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and religion." St. Oran's Chapel, which is only 60 feet by 20 feet, is the oldest building on the island, and is probably of Norwegian workmanship. There is a replica of it at Connel Ferry, near Oban.

Photo: Charles Reid.

SHETLANDS: BRINGING HOME THE PEAT.

As in parts of Ireland, slabs of dried turf are used by Shetlanders almost exclusively for fuel. They have a wonderful glow and last interminably, but their all-pervading odour does not appeal to every nostril.

region do so by way of the Firth of Clyde. The Clyde opens out to a broad estuary, where Helensburgh stands on the north side of the river and Greenock on the southern shore. Embarking at Gourock, Greenock or Craigendoran Pier (close by Helenburgh) many hundreds of thousands of people every year set out on what is undoubtedly the most pleasant river journey in the British Isles. There the Clyde estuary opens up a range of the most beautiful sea lochs—Gareloch, along whose hillside the Highland Railway runs, unrivalled for scenery; Loch Long, at the top of which we may go by road three miles across to join Loch Lomond at Tarbet; Loch Goil; the Holy Loch; Loch Striven, Rothesay Bay, and the far-famed Kyles of Bute beyond. The Kyles of Bute begin as a broad and beautiful strait a mile in width, then contract and wind like a broad river between low cliffs and hills interspersed with wooded scenery; little islands dot the surface of the water and, every few minutes, seem as if they would bar all further progress. Rounding Ardlamont Point, the traveller may proceed to Loch Fyne, the largest and perhaps the finest of all these sea lochs, at the top of which, forty miles away, stands Inveraray.

Here, in the course of a day's sail, you have all you can desire in the choice of scenery, whether sea, mountain, moor, or glen. Along the shores of the Clyde estuary every watering place has its crowd of attractions. Rothesay Bay and other bays in the season are crowded with rowing boats and yachts of all sizes; the promenades, the beach, the roads, the soft and gentle slopes are alive with holiday crowds. It may be Gourock or Dunoon or Rothesay—to name only three—each is the gayest of watering places.

To sail up one of these sea lochs offers a panorama of exquisite scenery, something of a revelation to the southerner. Here are tortuous lochs and kyles (meaning a narrow passage or strait), glens of wistful loveliness and myrtle-scented shores; the low green platform of the old sea-margin forms terraces fringed with small towns, villages and pleasaunces; at one time we sweep the bases of purple heathered hills down which silvery streams splash and play, the land here and there rising suddenly from the water's edge, carrying the eye up and up to mountain peaks; anon we are passing wooded valleys, confronting romantic glens

and passes—all of which harbour legends and ancient memories. At frequent intervals our steamer—and the river-fleet steamers are the finest in the world—will stop to call at quaint picturesque little piers to set down a handful of passengers, and before we realise it we are again threading the open water and finding enchantment in the murmur of the clear, clean seas. Such a summer's day sailing through these magnificent waterways leaves behind it golden memories for many a year to come.

We cannot here enumerate all the various places of interest on the Clyde. Dumbarton and its weather-worn rock have played their part in history. Here William Wallace was confined for a short time after his capture, and here Robert the Bruce narrowly escaped his fate, and from here also Mary Queen of Scots, when a child, was sent for safety to France. Helensburgh, beautifully situated at the mouth of Gareloch; Dunoon, which boasts a bronze statue of Burns' Highland Mary, born near by; and Rothesay, which provided ancient Scottish Princes, and, even now, provides the Prince of Wales with the title of Duke, are the chief holiday and tourist centres. At Rothesay well-nigh fifty steamers call every day. Close to the pier are the ruins of Rothesay Castle, round which traditional Scots ballads have woven legends of unhappy wooings, unrequited love and tragedy. The ghost of the murdered "Lady Isabel" is said to haunt the Castle courtyard to this day. The ballad of "The Bluidy Stair" is one of thirteen verses. They tell of what passed between the Lord of Bute and the fair lady:

"May morning woke on the Ladye's bower,
But nae Isabel was there;
May morning broke on Rothesay's tower,
And bluid was on the stair.
And rain may fa' and time may ca'
Its lazy wheels aboot;
But the steps are red, and the stains o' bluid
Will never be washen oot."

§ 7

Loch Lomond

We cannot omit reference to renowned Loch Lomond, a freshwater loch, the largest and probably the greatest favourite

of all. It is twenty-three miles long and at its greatest breadth about five miles. Of exquisite beauty, thirty wooded islands dot its surface between which the steamers thread their way, often taking the narrowest and most impossible-looking channels. We pass delightfully picturesque villages lying low on the water's edge; we pass the mouth of many a lovely glen; the shoreland at many spots is especially attractive, the greys and browns of rock and lichen alternate with rich green of feathery trees from fairyland.

The hills, which spring up in some places from the very banks of the loch, stand out in majestic grandeur. It will take more than Wordsworth's peevish complaint that "the proportion of diffused water is too great" for us to dethrone Loch Lomond from the premier place it holds in the estimation of the world.

From Inversnaid near the head of the loch a short drive over Rob Roy's country takes us to Loch Katrine, and here we have different beauties with the bright foliage of the birch trees softening steep cliffs. What better guide could there be to this exquisite loch than Scott's "Lady of the Lake":

> "Gleaming in the setting sun,
> One burnished sheet of living gold,
> Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd.
> In all her length far winding lay
> With promontory, creek and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Float amid the livelier light,
> And mountains that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land."

And here is delightful little Ellen's Isle which has been glorified in "The Lady of the Lake." Ellen's Isle was the last fastness of the MacGregor clansmen. There is a story of an attempt to take it during the absence of the fighting men. A soldier swam out to it from the Silver Strand and had seized the gunwale of a boat when a knife in a woman's hand flashed from the branches and the lifeless body of the intruder sank in the water.

The Trossachs

Near Callander are the Trossachs or "bristling country," beginning immediately to the east of Loch Katrine. It is a ro-

mantic wooded gorge only a mile in length, the concentrated essence of wild magnificence. Every turn of the road reveals fresh glimpses of mysterious loveliness. It is one continuous maze of savage mountains, grim rocks and green woods, lofty precipices and dark ravines, shimmering cliffs and heathery knolls.

§ 8

The Land of the Clansmen

The Highlands west and north of the Grampians previous to the inroads of railway and motor remained a world apart; the land of the Highland clansmen, a land venerating its proud ancestors and their doughty deeds. Even to-day perchance, in these wild, remote mountain glens the ancient spirit is not dead. To understand the spirit of the Highlands one must be in tune with the hereditary racial atmosphere, and the glamour that attaches to the country of the clansmen and chieftains, the Mackenzies, the Macleods, the MacGregors, and many another of like ilk, and of feuds and bloody dramas long played out. These mountains and glens, moors and islands were witnesses of everlasting feuds and quarrels. Fighting, foraging and hunting were to the true Highlanders the honourable occupation for gentlemen. To-day they inherit the fighting instincts and the independent spirit that marked their worthy forbears when each clan was a community in itself ruled by its own hereditary chief. When they were disbanded as clans, and the exigencies of life drove them to the lowlands or to lands overseas, these Highlanders carried with them the spirit that "yields to neither man nor fate."

The Caledonian Canal stretches across the whole country from Fort William on the west to Inverness on the north-east. Between that line and what is known as the Highland Boundary Fault, extending from Campbeltown in Argyllshire to just south of Aberdeen, lie the Central Highlands. The Caledonian Canal consists of a chain of lakes united by artificial channels. It is sixty-two miles long and has a series of locks known as Neptune's Staircase. As a commercial enterprise it has proved a costly failure, but it has historic interest as a barrier of mediæval castles supplemented after Culloden by a wall of fortresses. Fort William, originally erected by General Monk, was rebuilt by Wil-

liam of Orange to overawe adherents of the old line of kings. Ben Nevis (4,406 feet), the highest mountain in the British Isles, can be climbed in four hours from Fort William, most of the way by bridle path, and those who go by night to see the sun rise over the North Sea are rewarded by glorious lights and shades in a vast amphitheatre of mountain peaks.

Glencoe

South of Ben Nevis at the outlet of Loch Leven, we join the railway at Ballachulish, a village famous for its exports of millions of roofing slates. Hence along a road we may walk to famous Glencoe, the "glen of weeping," the most melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the most appropriate spot imaginable for the horrors which earned it a niche in history.

It was in 1691 that William of Orange summoned the clans to swear allegiance to his person, and the chief of the Macdonalds was the last to make reluctant submission. But submission having been made, he suspected no evil when one hundred and twenty Campbells arrived under the lead of his son's uncle by marriage. Indeed, they were entertained for twelve days with lavish Highland hospitality, and on the very night of the massacre their leader was playing cards with the chieftain's sons. At five in the morning of 13th February the massacre began. Old and young men, women, children were indiscriminately slain, and those who escaped bullet and sword were frozen to death among the precipices to which they fled. Then the deserted huts of the clansmen were fired, and with light hearts the treacherous Campbells took their departure, driving before them the flocks and herds and Highland ponies which had belonged to the exterminated clan. Just below Coe Bridge stands a modern monument of the massacre, from which we may espy the house in which the chief of the Macdonalds was killed, while a mile or two up the glen clusters of green mounds and grey stones mark the sites of the ruined huts of the clan, and in a wider part of the glen rises the Signal Rock, from which the signal for the massacre was given.

A Famous Pass

The Pass of Killiecrankie is among the Grampian Hills in Perthshire, another place of storied fame. Killiecrankie was

deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth. At the head of the pass was fought the celebrated battle of Killiecrankie on 27th July, 1689. Dundee's Highlanders advanced, according to their custom, with their bodies bent forward so as to present the smallest possible surface to the fire of the enemy. Mackay, William's General, had ordered firing by platoons, but this was not attended to. The Highlanders rushed on the enemy sword in hand before they had time to screw their bayonets on to the end of their muskets, and the shock was too impetuous to be long resisted by men who, according to their own general, behaved like the vilest cowards in nature. In two minutes the battle was lost and won. All was over and the mingled torrent of red coats and tartans went raging down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie:

"Horse and man went down like driftwood,
When the floods are black at Yule;
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us,
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie
When that stubborn fight was done."

But the victory of Killiecrankie became, through the death of Dundee, the beginning of the end of King James's cause. Rising in his stirrups at the head of his men he exposed part of his left side below his cuirass, when a musket ball struck him and he fell mortally wounded.

Perthshire combines the beauties of Highland and Lowland scenery. Amongst favourite resorts just north of the town of Perth are such places as Loch Tay, Aberfeldy, and Blair Athol, a countryside of genial climate.

Deer forests are treeless stretches of mountainous moorland with hardy heather fighting bog-lands and fallen boulders. Sport is here more profitable than attempts at pasture or afforestation. Large tracts of land in the north have poor soil, and Scotland has no less than 4,200,000 acres of waste land against England's 4,000,000, a striking contrast in view of England's area.

The Deeside

From Aberdeen the Deeside may be explored, with its many places known by name at least to most readers—Aboyne, Ballater, Balmoral, Braemar. The royal family have their Scottish seat at Balmoral, and an interesting residence in Braemar bears the inscription, "Here R. L. Stevenson spent the summer of 1881 and wrote 'Treasure Island,' his first great work." The sense of seclusion, the delightful scenery and the restfulness of the Deeside have great attractions for thousands who come here year by year.

Inverness is the Highland capital built in the best Lowland style and reported to have acquired a choice English accent since Cromwell and Cumberland came as pioneers. But Inverness has a statue of Flora Macdonald, and the chief interest for the tourist is still to go out and visit bleak Drummossie Muir (Moor) where Highland hopes were shattered at Culloden. From the modern point of view the battle of Culloden was a small affair, but it was hailed in England as the greatest military achievement of all times. Parliament voted Cumberland an addition of £25,000 a year to his income, and the doom of the Highland cause was sealed.

§ 9

Iona

From Oban we may reach Iona and Staffa. Iona, bare and lonely, a little island without a harbour, is renowned for the introduction of Christianity to Scotland by St. Columba, an Irish missionary of great stature and sparkling eyes, who arrived on May 12th, 563, with twelve disciples. His temper recalls that of St. Francis of Assisi, for he loved all dumb creatures and fed the birds that fell exhausted after long flights across the sea, nursing them until they were strong enough to set out again. His monastery became famous, attracting noble students from lands as far away as Scandinavia, and the island became the burial place of Scottish kings and princes, partly perhaps in deference to an old prophecy. From the ruins of the monastery the Street of the Dead leads to Reilag Oran, which contains the graves of forty-eight Scottish, two Irish, one French and two Norwegian kings.

Staffa

Staffa, "the isle of staves or columns," is celebrated for Fingal's Cave, a natural wonder that penetrates seventy-five yards into the cliff. It is entered by a majestic domed arch resting on stupendous pillars, and we experience the incredible surprises of its coloured sea-rocks glistening through the clear waters. The Gaelic name, Uaimh Binn, means "musical cave," and the harmonies of the billows might sometimes be mistaken for sirens' songs. Otherwise the only sounds heard in the solitudes of this deserted isle are the ghostly cries of the sea-birds.

Few travellers are attracted by the grim beauties of the outer isles, even by Skye, "the island of the mist." Probably few places in Europe convey so complete a sense of loneliness, such a sense of expatriation from the modern world. And here pious Jacobites may tread in the footsteps of Prince Charlie and steep themselves in romantic memories of his wanderings after dark Drummossie's day. Flora Macdonald's grave is at Kilmuir, near the village of Uig. At Dunvegan Castle we may see the "fairy flag of the Macleod's," wrested from the infidels, and Rory More's half-gallon drinking-horn, which was emptied by every heir of the Macleods on attaining his majority.

Orkneys

The Orkneys and Shetlands, farthest north of the British Isles, were once governed by Jarls under the suzerainty of Norwegian kings. The Orkneys consist of sixty-five islands, twenty-nine of which are inhabited by people of Scandinavian race. The absence of hills gives an impression of bareness, but some of the western rocks are very beautiful, especially the Island of Hoy, where the cliffs and caves are remarkable for the richest colouring.

Shetlands

The Shetlands are usually difficult of access and comprise about one hundred islands, of which twenty-three are inhabited, the largest, Mainland, having two towns, Lerwick and Scalloway. Most of the land is divided among small proprietors who occupy themselves with agriculture and fishing, and making their wonderful wool into shawls and stockings. The islanders are

specially known for their breed of tiny ponies, and the sheep dogs are also very small.

Between the Orkneys and Shetlands is Fair Island, whose lighthouse used to be kindled only to warn the natives against the approach of invaders. Here it was that a vessel of the Spanish Armada ran ashore and her crew taught the natives how to knit after a Spanish fashion.

IRELAND

The New State

Under the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act of 1922, *Saorstat Eireann,* the Irish Free State became an equal member of the British Commonwealth of Nations with a Senate and Chamber of Deputies under the King of England. A curious feature of the constitution is the "Initiative," whereby a petition of 50,000 voters can force Parliament to discuss a law, and there is also provision for a Referendum or submission of contested laws to the vote of the whole people. The Free State has the exclusive right of controlling the armed forces of the land and, except in case of invasion, cannot be committed to any war in which Great Britain may be engaged. The principal source of revenue is a duty of 33½ per cent. on imports. English is the official language, but Irish is declared to be the national language, and many prominent Irishmen have gone so far as to translate their names into Irish. Mr. William Cosgrave, for instance, the President of the Executive Council in 1924, calls himself Liam MacCosgair.

Meanwhile six Ulster counties, comprising an area of 5,263 square miles and a population of 1,250,531, preferred to remain exempt from the new Free State and to adhere to Great Britain with representation in the Imperial Parliament.

The natural beauties and incessant surprises of Ireland, the engaging friendliness of her natives, the gay irresponsibility of her atmosphere, have always attracted visitors in spite of certain discomforts and persistent rains.

The Irish People

The Irish are a mysterious people, difficult for outsiders to understand, poetical and shrewd, whimsical and melancholy, hos-

pitable and suspicious. They love their land and emigrate. They are a mass of contradictions. Sport is idolised in theory; race-meetings are thronged throughout the hardest times. Fighting is proclaimed the chief of sports, yet there is always an eye to the main chance, a zeal for coping and doping horses and making money out of sport, a shrewdness in saving skins with great show of bravery.

There is something Oriental about Ireland, which, according to some ethnologists, may have been originally populated by Portuguese and lost tribes from Palestine. Women wear shawls over their heads, as though Donegal markets were Moorish bazaars, covering their mouths and displaying little more than eyes and noses like denizens of harems. And Oriental also are the disregard of time, the love of noise and tinsel, the tolerance of dirt and smells and unsanitary conditions of every kind.

§ 1

Dublin

"Dear, dirty Dublin" combines magnificence with squalor. For centuries she consisted of little more than Dublin Castle, two Cathedrals, and a web of narrow streets. The Castle was built by King John and remained the headquarters of English rule until the settlement of 1922. St. Patrick's Cathedral is full of memories of Dean Swift, who was considered too dull to receive a degree at Dublin University. The streets have been widened and transformed beyond recognition. Down to the latter half of the eighteenth century there was little or no sanitation, open sewers ran down the leading thoroughfare, the only lights were flickering oil-lamps, rare watchmen failed to maintain any semblance of order. Then a Mr. Beresford transformed brick into marble; St. Stephen's Green was built, one of the finest squares in Europe; Sackville Street became one of the widest streets in Europe; Phœnix Park—chiefly remembered for the murder of a Chief Secretary by the Fenians—is now one of the handsomest public spaces in the world with great broad drives and sylvan scenes. At the time of Beresford's reconstruction of Dublin, there was a period of gaiety, mad irresponsible gaiety, whereof Buck Whaley of Daly's Clubhouse was a prototype. He won a

Photo: W. Lawrence.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

An enormous mass of columned rocks at the very north of Ireland, a natural curiosity assuming the most fantastic shapes and inspiring romantic legends.

Photo: W. Lawrence.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

The seat of the Government and the residence of the Viceroy from the reign of Elizabeth till 1922. Dublin Castle has been used as a fortress, a prison and Government offices.

Photo: W. Lawrence.

KILLARNEY: BRICKEEN BRIDGE.

The picturesque "Bridge of the Little Trout" connects Brickeen Island with the mainland. It is very fascinating with its Gothic arch and ivy-covered parapet, and affords some charming views of the lakes and mountains.

Photo: W. Lawrence.

A MAID OF ACHILL.

Achill is a big irregular island off the west coast of Ireland, edged by prodigious precipices and exposed to all the gales of the Atlantic, yet blessed with a mild climate, lovely summer weather, gorgeous displays of heather and gorse, and an abundance of wild birds and beasts. Its handsome people speak the Irish language.

bet by jumping out of his St. Stephen's Green window into a carriage full of ladies, and then he set out to walk to Jerusalem because a boon companion dared him to do so. The Law Courts, known as the Four Courts, the Houses of Parliament on College Green, Trinity College, the huge Guinness brewery, a dozen stately palaces are considered worthy of any capital; but Dublin retains more than her share of mean streets.

To invent an Irish bull, the greatest charms of Dublin are to be found outside. The Wicklow mountains, behind the fashionable watering-place of Bray, are full of pretty lakes, smiling vales, waterfalls, and solitary places crowned by cromlechs and Druidical remains. But the chief beauty consists in the soft, ever-changing colours. Katherine Tynan writes: "I have seen a mountain as red as a rose, and I have seen one black as a black pansy and as velvety. Sometimes they are veiled in silver, with the soft feet of the flying rain upon them, and sometimes, because the sun is shining somewhere, that same rain will be a garment of silver or of the rainbow. England may think she wears the green, but as compared with Ireland her green is rust-coloured and dust-coloured." Green is, indeed, the characteristic, all pervading note of Ireland and, whatever else her people may have to boast about, they are simply justified in toasting their "own green isle," and they seem to find joy in the greenness, though it has to be paid for by submission to incessant rains. "Good Heavens!" cried John Mitchel, on returning from twenty years in Australia, "isn't that shower over yet?"

The South

The south of Ireland is backward, comfortless, beautiful, romantic, typical of the Ireland of tradition and fiction. In Wicklow we find ruined castles, ruined cathedrals, savage glens with memories of massacred English armies. Here and in Wexford, memories also survive of the Rebellion of 1798, "*the* Rebellion" it is still styled in Ireland, as though there had not been many others. "A Wexford man," you may be told, "will never look at a Tipperary man because Tipperary did not rise in the Rebellion."

A war-time song has represented Tipperary as the home of sentiment, to which hearts went out from distant lands. In re-

ality it is a dreary overgrown village of singularly unfriendly aspect, where the population seems always on the watch for some calamity. Limerick is dismal in a different way. The stone walls do seem to make prisons of the houses, the best streets resemble remote country roads, the atmosphere reeks of untidiness, recklessness, and stale whiskey, though Limerick is galvanised from time to time by artificial gaiety, when market-day fills the squares with the liveliest of live stock, or when everybody rattles about recklessly in throngs of jaunting-cars to attend a race-meeting.

Cork again suggests joviality, wit, all the effusion of a Southern land; there is a rollicking sound about the very name, especially when the "r's" are rolled with local brogue. Irish wit flows most naturally here. And the men of Cork are more clannish than any other Irishmen, keeping up a fierce freemasonry wherever they meet in any part of the world. There is quite an air of prosperity about Cork with her long convenient quays beside the River Lee, the stately Corinthian columns of her Court House, the harmonious beauties of her Cathedral, and the fine shops and arcades of St. Patrick's Street.

The name of Cork Harbour is given to the immense harbour or inland sea of the Lee estuary, and here Queenstown (Cobh) provides a stage for great Atlantic liners. A few miles away is Blarney Castle, where the famous stone is built into a parapet, and those who kiss it acquire irresistible gifts of eloquence. To accomplish this task a man must be held downwards from the summit by his heels, and several young men have lost their lives in the attempt, which is all the more regrettable as there is another stone, easy of access inside the parapet, said to confer the self-same gifts.

Killarney

Killarney is a mean little town, but it thrives exceedingly on the three lakes which bear its name. The glories of these lakes and their verdant isles and creeks have been sung too often to warrant fresh tributes. Among the chief attractions are the Gap of Dunloe, a defile four miles in length with narrow pathways overhung by projecting rocks; Macgillycuddy's Reeks, the highest hills of Ireland; the Purple Mountain; the Eagle's Nest with surprising echoes; the old Abbey of Innisfallen Island and Old

Weir Bridge, under which our boat may shoot the rapids known as the Meeting of the Waters.

Glengarriff

South of Killarney, near the recesses of Bantry Bay, is the fishing village of Glengarriff, whose delicate loveliness is said to rival anything in Switzerland or Italy. Towering in lofty magnificence above the bay are Hungry Hill and the Sugar Loaf Mountain with gorgeous views, and the Caha mountain, which enfold 365 little lakes, one for every day of the year.

Galway

Galway is now a scene of poverty and utter desolation and turmoil, a bogland of mud cabins shared with pigs, the heart of strife and disaffection which no self-government will ever heal. During the eighteenth century the wild life of Galway can scarcely have been exaggerated by Charles Lever's novels and Miss Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent." Drinking, racing, gambling, mad pranks, above all duelling were the sole preoccupations. It was a frequent practice to ride on a tailless horse facing the crupper and challenge any unwary stranger who dared to smile. And when all else failed, recourse was had to trailing a coat through a fair to provoke a combat. One characteristic of Galway is Claddagh village, which has provided Ireland and souvenir hunters with quaint betrothal rings consisting of two hands clasping a heart. Once upon a time Claddagh used to elect a king of its own, a paternal despot who remained a modest fisherman with no idea of regal pomp. The village still continues its old ceremony of blessing the sea, but with the secrecy of the Western Irish persists in hiding it even from Galway neighbours.

Donegal is just as wild as Galway, but simpler and more friendly.

A Donegal farm, [says Miss Tynan] is something to remember. The one crop the ground grows freely is stones—stones in millions, boulders as great sometimes as a small house. There are glens that are nothing but stones from end to end, about as promising ground as the Giant's Causeway for a farmer. In such places you may see a little field, the

size of a tablecloth snatched from the aridity of Nature by the incredible industry of man.

§ 2

Northern Ireland

From the Irish point of view, the people of north-east Ulster, the people who obtained exemption from Home Rule in 1922, are not Irish at all. From the point of view of north-east Ulster her people are the only ones who count in Ireland at all. They are certainly the most thrifty, energetic and capable; hard, unfriendly, virtuous, Bible-reading folk, whose only form of sentiment is to gloat over memories of the Battle of Boyne Water. In 1573 Belfast consisted of 120 miserable huts crouching round a castle, and it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that she began to erect magnificent buildings, to perfect her municipal institutions, and to assume her present position as the most important industrial and commercial centre of Ireland. It was the linen industry, a very ancient Irish craft, that contributed chiefly to the riches of Belfast and assured her supremacy. Her chief sights are the City Hall of 1898-1906, a square building of grey Portland stone surmounted by a great dome flanked by four belfries; the Botanic Gardens Park with a wonderful fernery and zigzag paths in a deep ravine; and Royal Avenue, a prosperous and animated thoroughfare which remained a slum until 1880. In the neighbourhood is Cave Hill, a rugged cliff said to resemble Napoleon's features, or else a goddess of liberty wearing a Phrygian cap like the figures on French coins. Londonderry, largely peopled by Scotsmen, is almost as prosperous as Belfast. Her chief pride is in her stout ramparts which permitted her to hold out for 105 days in 1689 against King James.

The Giant's Causeway

Right at the north of County Antrim is the Giant's Causeway, one of the chief curiosities of Ireland, a row of innumerable basaltic columns advancing into the sea for two hundred yards, between two small bays. This enormous mass is divided into three distinct parts comprising some 45,000 blocks of every size and the strangest shapes, all so precisely arranged that it is difficult to believe they can be due to the caprices of Nature. Legend

attributes the Causeway to an Irish giant named Finn, but scientists find more convincing explanations in a volcanic origin during some prehistoric age.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

The Channel Islands are the last remnant of the Normandy which conquered England. All the rest of Normandy has become French since 1066, and now, instead of England belonging to Normandy, the Channel Islands have become part of England, although the French still style them "the Norman Isles," and although the natives still speak old Norman French. During the French wars the islanders eked out a livelihood by smuggling and privateering, but ever since they have thriven exceedingly by legitimate trade, blessed by the wonderful mildness of their climate.

All these centuries the islands have retained their old laws and customs, which differ from those of England and France, and the islanders are practically exempt from imperial taxation. For purposes of Government there are two bailiwicks, one for Jersey and one for the other islands, the Crown appointing a military lieutenant-governor and a bailiff for civil and judicial functions; and there is an elected States Assembly, which registers the Acts of the British Parliament and passes local laws. Some of the laws relating to property are very peculiar, and all male inhabitants are bound to serve in the local militia. Jersey has a copper coinage of her own.

Jersey

Jersey consists of 28,717 acres with high romantic cliffs and creeks on the north, and beautiful bays and beaches elsewhere. The interior has many streams and valleys and old roads hidden among hedges and trees. St. Helier, the capital, has a Court House called Cohue Royale, a Parliament House, an odd gilt statue of George II, and a great modern fortress, which cost £1,000,000 and eclipses the picturesque old Elizabeth Castle, perched on a rock in the harbour. Half an hour away by rail are the striking ruins of Orgueil Castle (Castle Pride), where Charles II resided during his exile. At Plémont weird fantastic caves may be visited at low water.

Guernsey

Guernsey, "the green isle," is a triangle of nine miles by six, with finer coast scenery, but a less pleasing interior than Jersey. St. Peter Port, the capital, has little of interest save Hauteville House, where Victor Hugo lived in exile from 1855 to 1870. It is gloomy without, but his study on the top storey with roof and floor of glass commands a gorgeous view of the islands. On a little island in the harbour is Castle Cornet, the old residence of the Governor. It was blown up in 1672, and next day the Govenor's infant daughter was found peacefully asleep among the ruins; she lived to be Countess of Winchelsea and the mother of thirty children. In the interior of Guernsey is the Gouffre, a rocky cauldron, approached by a narrow path skirting the tops of the cliffs. There is also a deserted watch-house which has been identified with the haunted house in the "Toilers of the Sea."

Alderney and Sark

Alderney has grand cliffs of granite and porphyry, but the beach is difficult of access either by land or water. Among the finest points are the Lovers' Chair and the Hanging Rock, a strange isolated column of sandstone sixty feet high. Sark is one of the most singular spots in the world. The Government is vested in a Seigneur or Lord of the Island, who nominally enjoys almost absolute powers in conjunction with a miniature parliament of his tenants. Among other seignorial rights he is entitled to one-half of all unclaimed wrecks. It is not so long ago that visitors were rowed to the foot of perpendicular rocks and left to land by climbing up a rope to a distance of some three hundred feet. There is, however, a tiny harbour, known as the Creux or Hollow, from which the island must be reached by a long tunnel through the solid rock. The difficulties of visiting the island are, however, fully compensated by the profusion of honeysuckle and woodbine and other fragrant flowers, the mellow notes of many birds, and the friendliness of the people who have found there a paradise.

POPULATION, PRODUCTS, ETC.

Scotland.—Area, 30,405 square miles, population (1921), 4,882,-288. Edinburgh (the capital) has a population of 420,264. Other cities

Photo: W. Lawrence.

ROPE BRIDGE AT CARRICK-A-REDE.

Eighty feet high and some sixty feet across, this perilous bridge is mainly used by fishermen for carrying salmon from an island to the mainland. But it proves a great attraction for dare-devil tourists on their way to the Giant's Causeway. A second-hand rope has lately been added.

Photo: F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

ST. PETER PORT, GUERNSEY.

The capital of Guernsey rises gently from a shallow bay. Highly favoured by Nature, it thrives exceedingly on flowers and early vegetables. Here Victor Hugo spent long years of exile, writing in a glass room at the top of a gloomy house.

Topical.

A CANVAS RESERVOIR.

Forest fires are an ever-present menace to the Canadian woodsman, and precautions have to be taken by bringing up water from more fortunate districts. This is done by means of motors, which bring up the water in tanks and pump it into a canvas reservoir before passing on to the next district.

Topical.

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES.

Sometimes the moss which carpets the forest will smoulder for weeks before the whole place bursts into flames, and then all hands are pressed into service, equipped with spades, axes and anything else that comes handy, for stamping out the smouldering grass.

and towns are Glasgow, the commercial capital (1,040,000), Dundee (168,320), Aberdeen (158,964), Paisley (84,840), and Greenock (81,-130). In the Highlands the chief industries are connected with fishing, sport, and sheep-rearing. The Midland Valley generally produces coal and iron, and there are manufactures of textiles, chemicals, linoleum, glass, pottery, etc. Glasgow with the Clyde is the chief engineering area, producing ships, locomotives, and iron and steel goods of all kinds. In the Southern Uplands sheep and the woolen industry are important. Dairying and the manufacture of butter, margarine and cheese centre in Ayrshire and the south-west, and Perthshire is a noted agricultural area. Aberdeen and Peterhead are famous for granite.

Ireland.—Area, 32,586 square miles, population (1922 estimate for the Free State), 3,100,000. Dublin (the capital has a population of 403,100. Other towns are Cork (76,800) and Limerick (36,000). Industries include brewing, agriculture and dairying, distilling, shipbuilding (Northern Ireland), and textiles.

Channel Islands.—Area, 75 square miles, population (1921), 89,-614. St. Helier (Jersey) and St. Peter Port (Guernsey) are the chief towns. Exports include all kinds of early fruit, flowers and vegetables.

III. CANADA

Its Vast Area

The Dominion of Canada is in many ways the most important of all the countries that go to make up the British Empire. It is young and vigorous land, a country of vast extent and almost boundless resources. In its total area of 3,729,665 square miles (of which 126,329 are water) it comprises nearly one-third of the 13,000,000 square miles of the whole British Empire. The Dominion is thirty times as large as the United Kingdom and hardly less extensive than all Europe.

To realise its length "From Sea to Sea" (which, by the way, is the motto of the Dominion), let us board the fastest train at Halifax on the east, on a Monday morning, travel day and night without a pause, and it will not be until the following Thursday that we reach Vancouver on the west coast. During this long journey we shall have traversed eight large provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatche-

wan, Alberta and British Columbia: all this without touching Prince Edward Province, or catching a glimpse of the great Northern Territories.

Instead of thinking of the Dominion of Canada as the vast broad territory depicted on the map, we shall obtain a far clearer idea of its settled part by thinking of it as an incredibly long, narrow estate with a lodge at its entrance (which is Halifax); the St. Lawrence, a marvellous drive one thousand miles long, leads up to Quebec, the beautiful entrance hall of the estate we are depicting. For, broad as Canada is from ocean to ocean, it is a narrow strip *as regards actual settlement*. The large cities and small towns lie mostly along the south. The northern areas are the regions of snow and ice, of vast barren lands, great forests and prairies interspersed with lakes.

To illustrate the unique peculiarity of narrowness which comprises the settled parts, a strip of tape an inch wide laid lengthwise on a map of the Dominion, three hundred miles to the inch, would blot out nineteen-twentieths of its towns, its population and its railways, from sea to sea. But this tape would cover only about a tenth of the Dominion's area which extends three thousand miles on the north, and indeed, to the Pole itself. It is just as though a similar strip of tape, only twenty miles wide, were laid across England from Dover to Penzance and all the rest of the country were wilderness.

Wild Life

The northern areas are in many parts covered by great forests in which there still roam the moose and the wapiti, the grizzly bear and the grey wolf, while the splash of the hunter's paddle following his line of beaver or otter traps, or the tap of the prospector's hammer searching for silver or gold, have long been the only echo of the white man. Nomadic tribes of American Indians still build their tepees beside the still waters of far inland lakes, and follow the highway of river and stream, to quote a well-known writer.

Many and various have been the opportunities of the unchecked hunter. He might meet in the barren lands of the far north the musk ox; or, exploring in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, the grizzly bear; or, amid the loftiest crags of the

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada.

NIAGARA FALLS.

The Indian name, Niagara—meaning Thunder of Waters—is singularly well chosen, with twelve million cubic feet crashing and roaring over the falls every minute. The waters have now been harnessed by means of power gates, the electricity being used for manufacturing, lighting and railways. According to the Indians, the falls exact a toll of two human lives each year.

same stupendous range, the tracks of the white mountain goat and of the American big-horn sheep might come under his eye, leading him to the chase of these surprisingly agile animals as they leap unerringly from one rocky ledge to another. The lordly moose still calls to his mate in a hundred different fastnesses from the Atlantic on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and from the Alaskan boundary in the north to the frontiers of New Brunswick and Maine in the south. In the Atlantic Provinces the caribou or reindeer and the Virginian deer are plentiful, and the big wapiti are successfully hunted in Southern Manitoba and the Peace River district. The graceful prong buck still courses the western prairies, and the black-tailed or mule deer which inhabit the bush country of the north-west have latterly grown more abundant.

The forests of Canada are vast, numerous and dense, but they have suffered terribly in the past from fire, and often for scores of miles the traveller finds myriads of charred and blackened stumps where once a noble forest cast its shade. Tens of thousands of square miles have thus been denuded, mainly owing to deeds of carelessness. Fire rangers are now appointed by the Dominion authorities to keep constant watch over the forests and prevent or remedy the carelessness of the prospectors and tourists who pass through, and more recently aeroplane patrols, provided with wireless, have been helping to fight the conflagrations.

Canada is a country of immense rivers and mighty lakes. Some of her inland lakes are in themselves of greater size than many of the countries of Europe. Lake Superior, for example, would engulf the whole of England with room to spare. We may travel by steamship through Lake Superior a whole day without sighting land, and, maybe, experience rough seas there.

The railways of the Dominion of Canada likewise are of vast extent. There are two transcontinental systems, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Climate of Canada

Canada is a land of sunshine as it is of snow and biting frost; it experiences extremes of temperature. The summer and the autumn are the periods of glowing vegetation. Then is the happy season of the trout fisherman, the yachtsman and canoer,

the woodland camper-out, the season when all who can live out of doors.

In winter the air is, as a rule, so dry and still that the cold is rather exhilarating than trying; as Kipling has said, it "puts the iron into a man's blood." The thermometer may drop as low as fifty degrees below zero, and yet we might take off our coats and keep ourselves warm by active exercise or work. But there may be stinging winds and driving blizzards that defy the warmest clothing. There are times in certain parts where in such circumstances it is even dangerous to be out of doors. "The violent snowstorms which sometimes come on at such times are known as blizzards, and they are greatly dreaded. The air grows black, the snow turns into frozen particles of ice, with sharp, cutting edges, and the wind drives them with the speed of shotcorns discharged from a gun. It is impossible to hold up your head against them; they would very soon cut your cheeks into ribbons."

But in the matter of climate, as well as scenery and vegetation, all Canada is not alike. There are parts on the Pacific slope and on Vancouver Island where it is as mild and as damp as in southern England. Contrasting with the forests and prairies, there are garden-like districts full of vineyards and orchards, such as the Niagara peninsula, Prince Edward Island, or the Annapolis Valley, where every acre is neatly tilled. And as the Dominion differs in its countryside, so it does in its urban character. There are peaceful, long-settled provincial towns whose population has been comparatively stationary for forty years, and there are noisy hives of commerce and industry where progress is spectacular; and there are others which are ancient, grave and historical, suggesting nothing of the hustling new Canada at all.

§ 1

First French Settlement

It was Jacques Cartier who, in 1535, ascended the St. Lawrence to Montreal and gave France her first footing in Canada. In 1608 Champlain, the French explorer, established the first permanent French settlement in Canada, and in the middle of the seventeenth century the King of France granted lands there to

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

ICE-YACHTING.

A perilous and fascinating winter sport that has been brought to great perfection in Canada, where ice extends for miles and there is no speed-limit to check the wildest runs.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

LOGGING ON THE MADAWASKA RIVER.

Near any sawmill in Canada we may see vast multitudes of logs huddled together like a flock of sheep in a sheepfold. They are floated downstream in spring, sometimes travelling for weeks, accompanied by men who live on rafts throughout the entire journey.

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

A prosperous seaport at the head of a small harbour, Yarmouth is mainly noted for its beautiful hedges. It has a large trade in fish and lumber, and also manufactures woollen cloth and sails.

Topical.

THE INDIAN WHEELLESS CARRIAGE.

In the old Arcadian days when Canada was Acadie and there were no roads, little use was found for wheels. So the ingenious Indian invented a carriage which could be taken with safety over any kind of ground. The lady in the picture has provided her papoose with a very luxurious perambulator, thereby earning the first prize at an annual pageant.

French gentlemen, who became known as *seigneurs* or lords of the manor. The condition of their tenure was that they should clear the land, and they parcelled it out on feudal lines to emigrants, who were known as *habitants* (inhabitants). To encourage them still further, the King sent out "bride-ships" full of young girls, who were married to the settlers under the auspices of the Ursuline nuns. But the colony did not prosper. Feudal customs and a landlord and tenant system do not bear transportation to a new country where land is cheap and plentiful, and, above all, when it is clothed with virgin forest that the tenant has first to clear at the cost of great personal labour. The ragged, penniless *noblesse* in their small rude manor houses fared no better than the peasantry, and soon preferred the free life of the woods, hunting, exploration, and fur-trading, in defiance of the Crown's monopoly. If they were bad farmers, they made sterling defenders when the Indians or the English had to be faced. To this day the people of the Province of Quebec are French in speech and manners and social institutions, yet, despite the sharp struggle for supremacy between Britain and France from 1735 to 1759, the French Canadians of to-day yield to no man in passionate devotion to the British Crown.

The decisive struggle for Canada took place at Quebec on the night of September 12th–13th, 1759, an epic night that bulks largely in history and song—

> ". . . that dark September night
> That saw the British frigates pour
> Their crowded troops on Abraham's Height,
> And Wolfe knew wounds were not in vain,
> Ere Death from shock of battle bore
> To where our wars are fought no more
> Two warrior souls, each born to be
> Contending nations' stars of victory."

How the British came

The two warrior souls were the Marquis of Montcalm, who defended the place for France, and General Wolfe, whose name will be glorified so long as Britain survives. Since July, Wolfe had suffered repulses and been prostrated by illness, but on that

dark September night his troops were landed above Quebec, stole down the river through the black silence, scaled cliffs long deemed inaccessible, overpowered French sentinels, and drew up in battle-line on the Plains of Abraham. While Wolfe reconnoitred the position from a boat, he recited Gray's "Elegy," and said to his companions, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written that poem than beat the French to-morrow." And on the morning of the 13th the great fight took place with frightful carnage, signing the death-warrant of Greater France and proclaiming the coming of age of Greater Britain. Both leaders fell on the field, Wolfe dying on the spot and Montcalm being mortally wounded. The British struggle with France ended in 1763 by the cession to Britain of Canada and practically all its dependencies.

The "Indians"

Before the coming of the white man the whole continent was patchily, scantily occupied by a copper-coloured race to whom the name Indians was misapplied by early Spanish explorers in the days when the New World was thought to be an extension of Asia. They were divided into almost innumerable tribes; besides the Eskimo to the north, Micmacs, Montagnais, Chippewas, Ottawas, Crees, Blackfeet, Huron-Iroquois and others. Gradually the white pioneers encroached on the lodges of the Amerindians, and the early history of Canada is filled with battles, forays and massacres in which one side or the other were victims. But British policy from the first was to make treaties with the Amerindians, granting them reservations and money subsidies, and these treaties have been faithfully observed. In 1923 there were 110,596 of the aboriginal inhabitants within the borders of the Dominion, settled on 1,460 land-reserves, altogether covering nearly eight thousand miles. On the whole they were well cared for and content. In the east many of them are occupied in farming, or such industries as basket-making, or else they obtain employment as sporting guides, boatmen and fishermen. In the west they are found in salmon canneries, saw-mills and in the fur-seal fishery. But there are still large numbers who remain hunters and trappers, although the extinction of the buffalo has deprived prairie dwellers of their chief means of subsistence.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

FISH-DRYING AT DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA.

The miraculous draughts of fishes in Canada defy description and, apart from the great "canneries," all sorts of primitive methods are in use. Here we see a great catch being stocked in the sun like hay, and away into the distance rows and rows of fish-mows stretch away under canvas to protect them from the rain.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

TUNA FISHING: NOVA SCOTIA.

For over three hundred years great fleets of fishing boats from Europe and Canada have braved the perils of the deep, fishing on the inexhaustible "banks of Newfoundland," the pioneers being hardy fishermen from Brittany and the Basque country.

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada.

OLD BLOCK HOUSE: NEW BRUNSWICK.

Military block houses are very numerous in Canada, and were at one time very useful as refuges against marauding Indians.

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada.

TADOUSSAC.

The oldest European settlement in Canada, Tadoussac is picturesquely situated just below the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay. It contains a quaint little Chapel of the Jesuit Mission with the tomb of the last Jesuit missionary and a bell that has seen more than three centuries of service.

All the Canadian Amerindian tribes have a racial kinship with the rest of the "Red Indians" of the United States, Mexico, and South America. They are quite distinct from the Eskimo, who, to the number of five to six thousand, still hold the whole Arctic littoral from Labrador to Alaska and Behring Straits (both sides), and have never spread inland. The Eskimos are long-headed Mongols, more purely Mongolian in bodily characteristics than the "Red Indians," and more recent in their migration from Arctic Asia, where they have left behind tribes in close relationship.

THE NINE PROVINCES

§ 2

Canada is divided into nine Provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, besides the Yukon Territory and the N. W. Territories.

The traveller from Europe may enter the Dominion by one of several routes, according to the particular line of steamers he chooses. He may land at Halifax or St. John, or he may go on through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up the famous river to land at Quebec or Montreal.

Nova Scotia

The large peninsula on the Atlantic seaboard is Nova Scotia, and it bears the full force and fury of the Atlantic gales. It includes the islands of Cape Breton. Nova Scotia was discovered by John Cabot in 1497, and a century later colonised by the French under the name of Acadie. In 1621, King James I, who insisted on the prior English claim, granted the peninsula to one of his Scottish courtiers, Sir William Alexander, under the name of Nova Scotia, which means New Scotland.

The Province, which has a population of only something over half a million all told, is mainly British, with a strong Scottish and Highland element, some of the latter in Cape Breton still talking Gaelic. But there is a considerable infusion of French Acadians. Though a pleasant and diversified country,

Nova Scotia attracts few emigrants, save miners to her collieries, and does little more than supply the deficit made by her own emigrants to the West. The best lands have long since been cleared, and success in the future lies in fruit and intensive farming; perhaps also in fox-breeding for the production of furs.

Halifax, charmingly situated on one of the most magnificent natural harbours of the world, and with a population of 70,000, is one of Canada's two Atlantic winter ports, a pleasant place to live in, and along the sea coasts are many picturesque summer resorts, while (alas!) in the backwoods the more adventurous sportsmen may still hunt such wild animals as moose, deer, bear, otter or mink.

Nova Scotia is a famous apple-producing country, and the Annapolis Valley, the centre of the Province's fruit-growing, is one of the most beautiful and productive stretches of cultivated land on the continent. Nova Scotia has been famous for its blood-red apples ever since it commenced to export them in quantities to England forty years ago.

New Brunswick

The adjoining Province of New Brunswick once formed part of Nova Scotia, and its chief city, St. John, which was founded by the United Empire Loyalists, is an ocean port with the largest dry-dock in the world. New Brunswick is still largely covered with forests, and has large areas of fertile land as yet uncleared. Big game abounds. The population is mostly Canadian-born, and its capital, Fredericton, is an attractive little city, with wide elm-shaded streets and a comfortable old-world air not often to be found in hustling, thriving twentieth-century Canada.

Prince Edward Island

Prince Edward Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 150 miles long, is the smallest Province in the Dominion. Its natural fertility and beauty have gained for it the name of "The Garden Province of Canada." The redness of the soil recalls the characteristic feature of Devonshire. Differing from the other Maritime Provinces all the land that is tillable has been tilled, producing excellent crops. There are nearly fifteen thousand farms.

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada.

QUEBEC: CITADEL.

Quebec is unexampled on the American continent for the picturesqueness and magnificence of her position. At her feet flows the St. Lawrence, and high up on the plateau rise the long lines of one of the world's famous citadels—the Gibraltar of America.

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

Known as the Canadian Lourdes, a modern shrine that attracts 150,000 pilgrims every year. As at the Scala Santa in Rome, they obtain indulgences by ascending a staircase on their knees.

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

LACHINE BRIDGE: MONTREAL.

This fine bridge spans the St. Lawrence just above the Lachine Rapids, the shortest but most violent rapids on the river. La Chine is French for China, and the name was given to a town in derision of some of La Salle's men who deserted to try and find a route to China.

Topical.

TOBOGGANING IN CANADA.

One of the most glorious runs in this paradise of winter sports is provided by Park Slide in Mount Royal Park at Montreal. It starts near the summit of the mountain and is over half a mile long with six different tracks.

In addition to a flourishing lobster and oyster industry, some years ago the Prince Edward Islanders originated the occupation of fox ranching, and there are now over five hundred fox ranches breeding black and silver-grey foxes. This breeding of the fox for fur was a far more sensible proceeding than the process of extermination hitherto pursued by the Fur Trade.

§ 3

Quebec

The Province of Quebec, which is now the largest Province in the Dominion, was more than doubled in extent in 1912, when the district of Ungava (now called New Quebec) was added, making it six times the area of the British Isles. Of its population of less than two and a half millions, the majority are French-speaking and Roman Catholics. They are chiefly engaged in farming, but there are vast timber forests, numerous flourishing mines and rapidly-growing manufactures. Four-fifths of the world's asbestos comes from this province. Although it lacks coal, there is a powerful substitute in the abundant water-power, of which some 900,000 horse-power is now utilised. Quebec has been called the Laurentian Province, because the mighty river, the St. Lawrence—which the Amerindians well named "a river that is without end"—penetrates, divides, supports and beautifies its most settled area.

Great Rivers

The St. Lawrence is one of the noble rivers of the world, measuring from the first lighthouse in the Gulf to where it issues from Lake Ontario over five hundred miles, and it continues a thousand miles beyond that under other designations. In its upper course it is from one to seven miles wide, but below Quebec it expands to as great a width as twenty-five and even thirty miles. For large ocean vessels the river is navigable as far as Montreal, although the tidal wave limit is fifty miles short of that city; while river steamers, avoiding the rapids by means of the canals, can travel all the way to the Great Lakes. But this traffic is in summer and autumn, because for four or five

months of the year the frozen surface of the river blocks all navigation.

Right and left along the river are towns, villages, and fishing hamlets which have their place in Canadian history, the scene, perhaps, of some fight with "Red Indians" or some early Colonial tragedy; an old fur-trading post; a Jesuit mission, or the landing place of one or other of the several New England expeditions that sought to capture that mighty fortress, which was finally reserved for the courage and audacity of Wolfe to conquer for the Empire.

Such a historic spot is that at Tadoussac, whence there emerges from the north one of the most remarkable streams in the world, the Saguenay. It is well over a hundred miles long, in parts two miles wide, immensely deep, bordered by hills and precipices of sombre grandeur, of from eight hundred to two thousand feet in height, bleak and sterile save for the scantiest vegetation. No sign of life breaks the solitude that hovers over the face of these grim walls. An occasional white porpoise is sometimes seen above the surface of the ice-cold waters, whose depth equals the height of the overhanging heights. Even the sea birds and wildfowl seem to shun the precincts of this grim and forbidding stream. Few craft ply upon it. The summit of its grandeur is achieved at the point where Capes Eternity and Trinity rise in their dark nakedness two thousand feet sheer out of the flood. Approaching Chicoutimi, at the head of navigation, from which a railway leads to Lake St. John, the scenery lightens. Lake St. John may be called a veritable oasis in the wilderness of Northern Quebec. It has a diameter of about twenty-five miles, and around its shores and near them dwell a numerous French-speaking population of sixty thousand, and some Amerindians raising wheat, oats, potatoes and live stock. There is also considerable dairying.

Quebec City

At a point where the St. Lawrence narrows to a width of only a mile, and is joined by the River St. Charles, high on a steep promontory, stands the most picturesque and romantic city on the continent—Quebec. The eye glimpses a great pile of monumental buildings, stone churches, colleges and public

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada.

LAKE MINNEWANKA: BANFF NATIONAL PARK.

The Banff National Park covers about 3,800 square miles, and rivals the Yosemite Valley in grandeur and variety of scenery. It contains the beautiful Lake Minnewanka, with its

buildings, while on the highest level of the wall-girt plateau rises the famous Citadel. Streets and buildings follow the lines laid down by the original pioneers, who built on the rugged face of Cape Diamond. The thoroughfares assume the quaint curves caused by the ruggedness of the rock, or were thrust into sharp angles and dark corners by the great religious edifices with their courtyards and gardens of the seventeenth century.

In such a setting there is something incongruous in the incessant movement of the electric trams which rush up and down the steep streets leading from the lower to the upper town. Far better for the visitor to make the ascent on foot by the quaint and winding streets, by long flights of steps, or seated in that characteristic local conveyance, the *calèche*—a relic of the seventeenth century, still popular in this part of the Province. The *calèche* is a chariot swung high on leathern straps stretched on steel springs and mounted on two wheels.

As we ascend the face of the rock, stone houses with steep gables and French windows tower above our heads, and a venerable wall of whitewashed mud, capped with tiles of a kind common in Normandy villages, shuts out from view the leafy garden of Laval. At one point an array of guns known as the Grand Battery thrust their muzzles over the brink of the precipice overlooking the roofs of the lower town, and across the shipping of the river to the heights of Lévis on the opposite shore.

In the streets is a jostling medley of priests and friars, nuns and sisters, soldiers and sailors, professional men and students, country folk with market baskets, tourists and "Red Indians."

Quebec Bridge

The wonderful Quebec Bridge, which spans the St. Lawrence River, is one of the engineering triumphs of the world. Its main span, 1,800 feet, is the longest in the world, being ninety feet greater than that of the famous Forth Bridge. The total length of this gigantic bridge is no less than 3,240 feet, and the weight of steel used in construction is 66,000 tons.

The Canadian Lourdes

Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the "Canadian Lourdes," is a spot luminous in the annals of the French-Canadian Church, and

familiar by name to everyone in North America, owing to the thousands of pilgrims who flock there. Ste. Anne itself is a village of 2,500 inhabitants, lying just opposite the lower point of the Island of Orléans. The modern church, whither a hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims annually turn their steps, is heaped high with crutches and votive offerings.

Lumber Camps

The lumber trade is worth forty millions of dollars annually to the province. Lumber camps are a notable feature of Canadian life, and draw annually thousands into the wilderness. These "shantymen" are generally a rough, pugnacious and reckless lot, half navvy, half sailor, as for many months at a time they are battling with waters. They are divided into camps of forty or fifty men who fell the timber and get the logs ready against the time when the rivers and lakes are freed from the icy grip of winter.

> A favourite pastime with them, [says Mr. Bealby] is log-rolling. Wearing boots for that purpose—boots shod with sharp steel spikes—they walk out, each man on a broad log, and set it rolling. Once the log is started, it begins to roll at an increasing speed. Faster and faster go the feet of the raftsman; faster and faster spins the log. With arms outstretched and every muscle tense, the raftsman preserves his balance long after an ordinary landsman would have gone over—souse!—into the stream.

A generation ago lumbering operations pressed further and further into the back country, which, fortunately, is almost everywhere a network of streams and lakes. As the price of timber fluctuated, so the great advancing wave, to use a rough simile, would leap forward rapidly or stand almost still. Then it was that the Americans, whose own supply was exhausted, began to call for pulp wood for paper-making. Not only on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, both below and above Quebec, but in Ontario and British Columbia, pulp mills, representing investments of million of dollars, have been established to utilise the almost inexhaustible amount of spruce and balsam timber.

The traveller may, if he chooses, exchange his steamer at Quebec for the railway. But whether by rail or river, he will be carried through the heart of French Canada, past scores of

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada.

OTTAWA: PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Situated on a bluff overlooking the river, the Parliament Buildings are the most conspicuous feature in Ottawa. The original buildings were destroyed by fire in 1916, but have since been rebuilt on practically the same plans, and are surrounded by beautifully kept lawns and flower beds.

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

MAPLE SUGAR INDUSTRY.

In spring the maple yields a very sweet sap, the trees being tapped by boring a small hole and fixing a pail beneath. The sap is boiled in iron pots hung over a fire in the woods, an occasion for much merrymaking and jollification in the old days.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways

YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Toronto only received its city charter in 1834, but is now the second city in Canada, with streets laid out at right angles and handsome substantial buildings of the sky-scraper type.

prosperous farms, where the old-time conservatism of the rural French-Canadian has at last broken down; in place of the simple antiquated tools his father and grandfather used, he calls in the aid of the thresher, reaper and binder, and various modern inventions. In the latter half of the journey the country shows an interesting density of population. Moderate-sized towns become more frequent, and evidences multiply of industrial activity, until at last Montreal is reached, and the traveller finds himself in the midst of that atmosphere of stress and strain and ceaseless turmoil which marks the life of a modern transatlantic city.

Montreal

Montreal is built on a fertile island, of about the size and of precisely the same diamond shape as the Isle of Wight. Two of the four mouths of the Ottawa River cut it off from the mainland on the north; two others skirt it on the west, while the St. Lawrence floods the south and east. The site of Montreal was discovered, and even occupied for a brief time in 1535, by Jacques Cartier, the St. Malo mariner.

Many records of the picturesque and dramatic history of the city, and of French-Canada, besides old views, furniture and relics have been gathered together in the Château de Ramezay, the old residence of the French Governors and their British successors, which stands to-day like a ghost of the old régime in the busy heart of the modern city. And that modern city grows more modern daily, the busiest, richest and most populous in Canada, with over 600,000 people, rows of great wharves along the river, and a fleet of sailing ships and ocean steamers.

The streets ascend one above the other on a gentle slope from the river-side to the foot of Mount Royal (Mont-réal of the old days) or the Mountain, whose summit, the most beautiful city park in North America, affords a wondrous panorama bristling with countless spires. Gloomy, owing to the lofty and massive nature of the buildings, mostly of grey limestone quarried in the neighbourhood, the business streets of Montreal appear narrower than they are, and perhaps a trifle dingy. But if one ascends the easy slope to the gayer streets of fashionable shops and residences, the same air of wealth and solidity is seen.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral modelled upon St. Peter's at Rome, is an immense and imposing edifice. McGill University, with its spacious grounds and long blocks of buildings in the middle of the fashionable quarter of the city on Sherbrooke Street, is very justly the pride of Montreal, and has been richly endowed by many wealthy Scots-Canadians.

Life in Montreal

Here one finds virtually the same climate as Quebec, both cities being much colder in winter and hotter in summer than those of Ontario, except Ottawa. From December to the end of March there is almost continuous snow and frost, and a temperature ranging from twenty above to twenty below zero. But bright skies and sunshine prevail, and not only in the city, but in the country as well the healthy dry cold offers no real inconvenience. The *habitant,* knowing how to warm his house, is able to enjoy the winter, for the roads are then good for sleighing, and he can haul his crops to market easily, and certainly two or three centuries of Canadian winters do not seem to have impaired his hardiness or vitality. Montreal has always thriven on winter sport, the proximity of Mount Royal making it possible to indulge in the finest ski-ing and tobogganing and snow-shoeing. In the winter an organised programme of winter sports lasting throughout January and February is carried out. One of the sights of Montreal in winter is the huge skating rink where three or four thousand may be seen skating of an evening or on Saturday afternoon, to the strains of a fine band, and there are numerous ice hockey and curling clubs.

Most of the wealthier people in Montreal are British, and mainly of Scottish extraction. Indeed a certain Scottish flavour permeates Canadian society; the atmosphere of Montreal and Toronto show more affinity to Scottish than to American cities. On the other hand, Montreal is the fifth French-speaking city of the world.

Great sheets of moving water and of woodlands, in parts still untamed, give zest and character to country life round Montreal. There are large châteaux of grey limestone, with acres of trim lawns and flower beds, and ornate cottages of wood and stone, but all have ample space and stand apart in grounds shaded

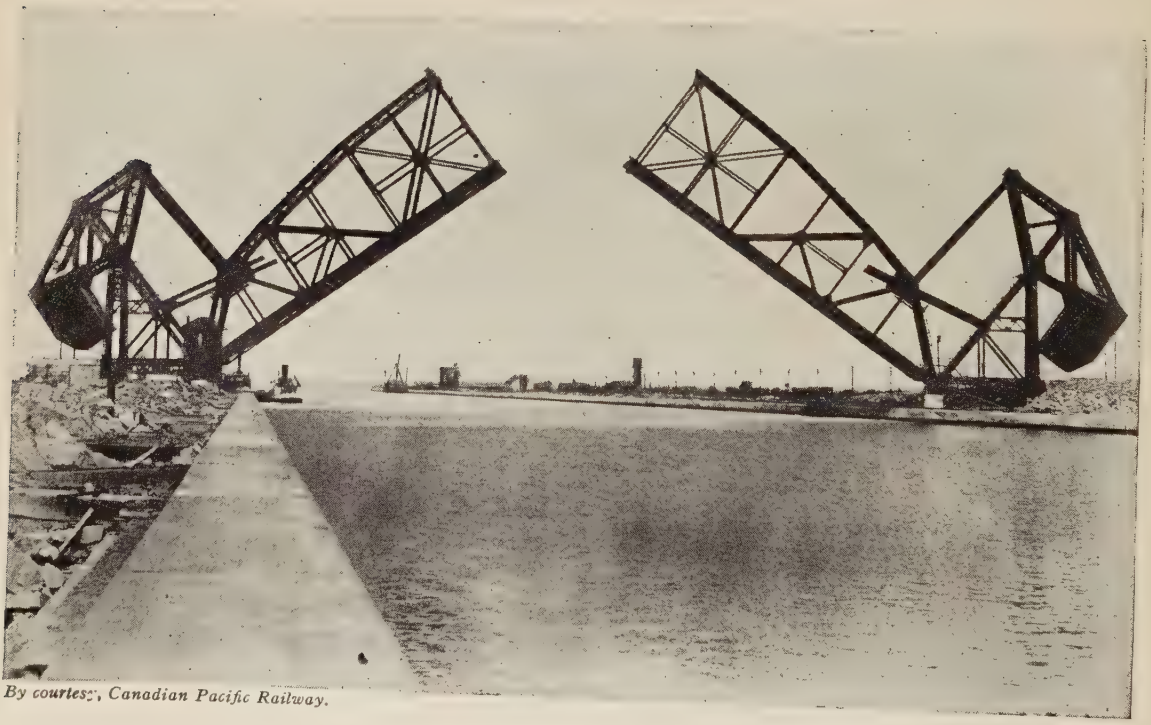
NIAGARA IN WINTER.

Niagara is even more wonderful in winter than summer. A strange white mantle of snow and ice has stifled the roar of the waters and transformed the rainbow sheen into a sparkle of white crystal.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

THE SILVERY HARVEST OF THE SEA.

Herrings are among the most profitable rewards of the fishing industry of British Columbia. Here at Prince Rupert we see men standing up to their waists in fish during the process of unloading in trucks for conveyance to the railway.



By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

SAULT STE. MARIE: BASCULE BRIDGE.

An alarming bridge that suddenly breaks in two and leaps up into the air to allow the passage of steamers through the canal

by old forest trees, which slope down to the rocky shores of lake or river.

An Ancient Shrine

Situated at the west end of the island of Montreal is the picturesque shrine of Ste. Anne. Nestling near the shore of the Ottawa River, and within a stone's throw of the railway, is the ancient little church in which the early *voyageurs* stopped to pay their vows while paddling their way to the interior of the country, an experience which inspired Moore, in his "Canadian Boat Song," to write:

> "Faintly as tolls the evening chime
> Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
> Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
> We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
> Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
> The Rapids are near and the daylight's past."

The Great Lakes

Embedded in the heart of the Continent toss and roll the waters of five great perennial reservoirs of the River St. Lawrence. Amongst the wonders of the world are these Great Lakes or inland freshwater seas, namely, Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario, which have an aggregate area larger than Great Britain.

Lake Superior is the largest sheet of fresh water on the globe, 380 miles by 162, receiving no less than two hundred streams. The water is clear as crystal and icy cold, even at midsummer. Some of the rocky scenery is very fine, especially Thunder Cape, a huge volcanic mass rising 1,300 feet above the lake. Silver Islet, just below this rock, yielded some four million dollars' worth of silver between 1870 and 1884. Whitefish Point and Whitefish Bay recall another lucrative product of the lake, the famous whitefish, which rival the sterlet of the Volga in delicacy of flavour.

The beautiful St. Mary's River connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron, so-called from the French word *hure* (wild pig) applied by early settlers to the Wyandotte Indians on account of their strange head-dress. Between the two lakes is

Sault Sainte Marie, commonly called Soo, a busy port with blast furnaces, paper mills and electric smelters, dependent on the harnessing of the river. Here the great sport is to shoot the rapids, an exciting but reasonably safe adventure. On either side of the river is a ship canal, developed from one made in 1798, and their joint annual tonnage exceeds that of the more famous Suez Canal. The north and east coasts of Lake Huron are flanked by bold limestone cliffs, and there are countless islands (one estimate gives as many as 36,000), including Grand Manitoulin, the "Island of the Great Spirit" with peculiar currents and an Indian reservation, where tourists delight to buy souvenirs.

Michigan, west of Huron, is entirely in United States territory; Huron, Erie and Ontario are frontier lakes. Erie, the scene of very busy navigation, pours its waters into Lake Ontario by the rushing, mighty Niagara River, and is connected with the Atlantic seaboard by the New York State barge canal. Ontario, whose first sailing vessel was built for La Salle in 1679, has low shores and many excellent harbours. It receives the waters of the upper lakes through the Niagara River, and discharges at its east end into the St. Lawrence. At the beginning of Ontario are the Thousand Islands, a summer resort of wondrous beauty compared by Americans to fairyland.

§ 4

Ontario

Apart from trifling settlements of French-Canadians or aliens, the population of Ontario is entirely British. The inhabited portion, of course, is but a fraction of its geographical area, and consists of a strip along the water front forty or fifty miles deep. Of the 234,000,000 acres in the Province, the cleared land amounts to only 15,000,000 acres. Many millions of acres of land are available as free grants and homesteads, and almost every farmer and agriculturist owns his land and is free to do as he will.

Ottawa

Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, lies for about two miles on the right bank of the Ottawa River, at its confluence

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

FORT WILLIAM: ONTARIO.

One of the many huge grain elevators at Fort William, where immense quantities of grain from Manitoba and the North-West are stored. On the left hand side of the building we see the spouts which deliver the grain direct into the steamer's hold.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

MUSKOKA LAKES FROM BEAUMARIS.

The Muskoka Lakes district is an ideal pleasure resort, combining lovely scenery with joyous life-giving air. There are three lakes and about 400 islets dotted with summer cottages and camps.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

ON THE ROBSON TRAIL, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Travel is full of excitement amid the vast forests of British Columbia. Swift torrents must be forded, trees blazed, trails followed indistinguishable to the untrained eye. And adventures may be expected at every turn.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

SCOWMEN ON THE FRASER RIVER.

The swift Fraser is broken up by many falls and rapids, and is therefore unsuited to continuous navigation. Broad, flat barges, known as scows, are used for traffic, braving the most troubled waters.

with the Rideau. The founding of Ottawa is curious. A century or so ago a settler from New England named Philemon Wright was the sole inhabitant of the whole locality. After twenty years he sold the opposite side of the river, namely, the present site of the city, for two hundred dollars. When, in 1827, the Rideau Canal was built to enable ships to ply between the two Canadas without exposing themselves to United States interruption in case of war, and the lumber business increased, Bytown (as the backwoods village was called, after an engineer, Colonel By) became important. When a capital was sought for the first two united provinces of the Canadian Federation, the choice was left to Queen Victoria, who chose Bytown (otherwise Ottawa), and in 1860 the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) laid the foundation stone of the Parliament Buildings. By 1865 the Government buildings were finished, and two years later the new Dominion of Canada entered into possession. Commanding a view over the Ottawa and the vast stretches of plain, forest, and mountain beyond, no Government in the world is more proudly seated.

The Dominion Parliament

Ottawa is the seat of the Parliament of the whole Dominion, which meets in February; the length of the session depends entirely on the work to be accomplished. The senate contains ninety-six members, who are appointed nominally by the Crown for life, and perform much the same political functions as the British House of Lords. The Chamber is modelled on that of the House of Lords at Westminster, and has a Throne; for the Senate Chamber is the place of State ceremonials at the opening and proroguing of Parliament, when the King's Speech —prepared by the Cabinet for the Governor-General—is read in English and French by the Governor-General. The Lower House has two hundred and forty-one members.

Toronto

The "Queen City," the second city of Canada, Toronto, is the social, commercial, and political capital of Ontario. It is beautifully situated in a sheltered bay at the north-western end of Lake Ontario. Its position, its shipping trade, its impor-

tance as a railway centre, and its proximity to all the most fertile land of the Province, make it perhaps the most popular place of residence in Canada for those newcomers to whom the choice is free.

Toronto is laid out in parallelograms, the chief and busiest streets, such as King and Queen Streets, are in alignment with the lake shore—the others crossing them and ascending along, very gentle slopes. The city, whose growth has been phenomenal (its present population is 521,893), was founded by the United Empire Loyalists in 1793, under the name of York.

The Niagara Peninsula is one of the finest fruit-producing regions of Canada; grapes, peaches and all kinds of fruit of the temperate regions are grown in large quantities.

Niagara

Niagara Falls are too world-famous to need much description here. While there are waterfalls of greater height, the immense volume of water and the sheer descent of the unbroken plunge of one hundred and sixty feet into the caldron beneath, lend Niagara a sublimity which mere height cannot impart. The deep, seething gorge and the tumultuous rapids below the falls, add to the grandeur of the scene. The roaring waters rush downward through a deep tortuous canyon, dashing from shore to shore in Titanic fury as they are hurled against great rocks, rolling in majestic waves, then breaking in a wild confusion of glittering foam and spray.

Sir Charles Lyell thus described the effect produced on his mind:

> We first came in sight of the Falls of Niagara when they were about three miles distant. The sun was shining full upon them—no building in view—nothing but the green wood, the falling waters and the white foam. At that moment they appeared to me more beautiful than I expected, and less grand; but after several days, when I had enjoyed a nearer view of the two cataracts, had listened to their thundering sound, and gazed on them for hours from above and below, and had watched the river foaming over the rapids, then plunging headlong into the dark pool, and when I had explored the delightful island which divides the falls, where the solitude of the ancient forest is still unbroken, I at last learned by degrees to comprehend the wonders of the scene, and to feel its full magnificence.

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

The highest point of the Canadian Pacific Railway, this rustic arch also marks the boundary between British Columbia and Alberta. A few yards away a small stream divides itself into two parts, one emptying into the Atlantic, the other taking the shorter journey to the Pacific.

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada

BRANDON: MANITOBA.

One of the chief markets for the vast crops of wheat grown on the surrounding prairies. As in most towns in Manitoba, the grain elevators are a conspicuous feature of the town.

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

ALPINE CLIMBERS.

Preparing for the ascent of Mount Queen Mary (10,600 feet high) in the British Royal group of mountains near Palliser Pass.

Topical.

NATURE'S PAINT-BOX.

At Vermilion, in the Canadian Rockies, there are three pools of natural pigments, equal to the finest commercial paints. They are ochre, vermilion and green, and are due to natural deposits. The Kootenay Indians use the colours to decorate their tepees as well as for the war paint which constituted their uniform in battle. In the picture, an artist is painting an arrow on his horse with colour taken from the pool.

The falls attract every year hundreds of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world, and now also play an extraordinary important part in industry through the enormous amount of electrical power that is developed here. It is computed that the electrical power generated has relieved Ontario of the necessity to import six million tons of coal per annum.

Over "The Bridge"

As we arrive within forty or fifty miles east of Winnipeg, the forests that wrap the eastern half of North America as with a mantle, save where cleared by the settler's axe, grow threadbare. The first patches of prairie dispute with the woods the richer and more level lands over which the train now runs at an increasing speed. The thousand miles of "The Bridge," the rugged wilderness which the Canadian Pacific, in a good hour for Canada, and with fine audacity cut its way through, and in so doing truly consummated the federation of the Dominion, are now fairly passed. Tunnels and bridges, trestles and cuttings, sinuous curves and giddy viaducts, fire-smitten forests and tumbling streams, are done with, to be exchanged for another thousand miles of prairie land, freed from the obstacles whose overcoming was the engineering triumph of the day. The great road leaps forward without let or hindrance to those still greater triumphs which mark the conquest of the Rockies.

§ 5

"Manitoba lay where the sunflowers blow,
And sang to the chime of the Red River's flow;
'I am a child of the Spirit whom all men own;
My prairie no longer is green and lone,
For the hosts of the settler ringed me round,
And his Bride am I with the harvest crowned.'"

Manitoba: The Prairie Provinces

With Manitoba begins the great central plain of the North-West where so many Britishers have settled—one vast open plain, grassy meadows or ploughed land as far as the eye can

reach. It may not be "the land of promise," but it is a prosperous land.

Red River Settlement

A century or so ago all this land between the Red River and Hudson Bay was claimed by the great fur-trading company, and was the haunt of fox, beaver, moose and bison. But in 1811 a benevolent Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Selkirk, moved by the poverty of his peasant countrymen, obtained a grant from the Hudson Bay Company, and began a settlement at Red River on a considerable scale. This did not meet the views of the rival fur-traders on the spot, especially the Amerindians and half-breeds, who attacked the settlement and for several years there were some strange scenes of bloodshed and violence, finally culminating in a pitched battle in which the Governor of the new colony was slain. In 1870 the Hudson Bay Company surrendered its Charter, the Red River Colony became Manitoba, and immigrants poured into it from the British Isles.

Winnipeg

In 1870, Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, was a little village amidst a population of some ten thousand souls. The rival fur-trading companies had hitherto controlled the country to the Pacific. Its fertility was of course known, but the companies' business was fur trading, not farming. Earlier in the century settlers had been actually hunted out of the district by the fur traders, and on one occasion a whole party was murdered by the North-Western Company's people. By 1881-82 the great railway came along, and with it the land boom. Speculators rushed in from all parts of Canada and Great Britain; property assumed the fictitious values common to Western booms. People made fortunes and lost them in a week. Land was sold at prices almost as high as it would fetch to-day. But after a period of natural reaction Winnipeg's growth became healthier and more stable. It is now a great town of 179,100 inhabitants, and the third city of Canada. It is the largest grain market in the British Empire, and handles more wheat than Chicago—all this from a hamlet of 213 people little more than half a century ago.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

AMETHYST LAKE: JASPER NATIONAL PARK.

Flanked on one side by the towering ramparts with gleaming glaciers and dark rock slides, and on the other by peaceful meadows and sloping forests, the Amethyst Lake displays Nature in one of her most entrancing moods.

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada.

SALMON TRAPS.

Nearly all the salmon canned in the Dominion comes from British Columbia. When the fish begin to "run"—which merely means start on their annual migration from the upper reaches of the river to the sea—they find their way barred by these traps, from which they are captured to be killed, cooked and canned. Sometimes there are such huge quantities of fish that a man can scarcely thrust his hand into a shoal.

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

NANAIMO: HUDSON BAY FORT.

This Blockhouse dates from 1883 and stands in a coal-mining town which so far forgets itself as to have pretty rose-gardened cottages instead of the grimy desolate hovels which characterise most coal-mining districts.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

AMERINDIANS AT HOME.

The "Indians" have adopted civilised dress, but still prefer to live in their primitive tepees in the trackless forest.

The Prairie

Once out of Winnipeg, and, presto! the landscape undergoes a change. Here is the rolling prairie, as far as the eye can reach, not dreary, not monotonous, as many suppose, but a huge patchwork of colour. Flowers bloom as rankly as the weeds by the prairie roadside and on the border of the golden wheatfields. In the spring the prairie looks its brightest, when the wild crocuses abound. Besides wild barley, wild rye and fireweed and thistle, there are prairie roses creeping and twining, while goldenrod and prairie sunflower delight the eye. In the distance a score or two of gaily painted homesteads catch the sunlight, flanked by groups of circular stacks and long sweeps of stubble, golden and unbleached by the frosts; or a ribbon of red fallow sloping down to where some sluggish brook, heavy with reeds and rushes, wherein teal or black duck lurk, winds through meadows of timothy or red-top grass.

Most of the dwellers on the prairie have learnt to love it as the mountain dweller loves the mountains. They cannot endure the cramped surroundings of the East. The vast sweep of sky and rolling plain suits them. And, again, many of the old conditions which made for monotony and isolation have disappeared or are disappearing. Where, a generation ago, a rude shack or wooden dwelling stood amongst fifty acres of wheat and oat stubble, often unfenced, on a wide prairie, we now see a substantial homestead of brick or timber, well warmed, equipped with modern appliances and surrounded by vegetable gardens.

Saskatchewan

Saskatchewan is another huge rectangular province, carved out of the prairie. Regina, the capital, has a population of over 40,000, and is a great distributing point. It stands unrelieved upon the flat prairie, and boasts the usual glories of elevators, mills, stores, and brand-new factories. It used to be the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police.

The Dominion Mounted Police

This world-famous body was established half a century ago to look after the "Indians" and maintain law and order

over the whole of the North-West up to Alaska. And right valiantly did it perform its task. Every bad "Indian" or white horse-thief, smuggler or bandit, stood in awe of these tireless "riders of the plains"—1,670 picked men in all, famous for their strict military discipline.

From Moosejaw westward, we are virtually in a ranching country and within the semi-arid belt. Herds of cattle or horses appear with frequency on the bleak rolling plains. Homesteads become scarce; for miles, perhaps, there is no sign of life, so wide are the ranges and so far scattered the haunts of the ranchmen.

Alberta

The province of Alberta stretches to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Edmonton, its capital, is the centre of a prosperous agricultural district, a clearing house of the fur trade with coal-mines near at hand. A well-built city, thriving at a really spectacular rate, as indeed may be said of nearly all the towns in Western Canada. Calgary, the prosperous centre of the ranching country, differs strikingly from all the other towns we have yet seen in the Canadian West in its architecture, situation and environment. It is largely built of fine light-grey local sandstone on the banks of the Bow River, which has the features and character of a broad mountain stream, cold clear and tumbling upon a rocky bed. Around it rise swelling hills, through which other mountain-born streams come breaking their way. In the distance ascend the lofty Rocky Mountains, snow-peaked and savage of outline, cutting the sky.

The Rockies

The Rockies are a surprise. They are unlike anything a stranger had expected to find. One morning emerging from our hotel at Calgary we espy a patch of white cloud quite far up in the sky. We expect to see it after a time float away, but it remains. Its fixity and something luminous about it begin to pique our interest, and then, due to some distant atmospheric change, no doubt, the luminosity increases, is changed until what we had taken for a cloud, rises awe-inspiring, like a wall crowned with snow-striped, fang-like summits, up from the bosom of the

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

VANCOUVER: GRANVILLE STREET

Vancouver, the largest city in British Columbia, dates from 1885 only, but is now a very imposing place on very modern lines.

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

VICTORIA: PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is a quiet, attractive little city, on Vancouver island, with substantial buildings and wide, well-kept streets and gay flower gardens. On the dome of Parliament Buildings, facing the Inner Harbour, stands a statue to Captain Vancouver, the great British seaman from whom the island takes its name.

By courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway.

BOUNDARY BETWEEN ALASKA AND YUKON.

The exact boundary between Alaska and Canada was not settled till 1903, when a Commission finally disposed of the question. Metal pillars have been erected at intervals and flags hoisted to mark the frontier.

prairies high into the heavens. On certain days they seem so near that new arrivals have been known to set out to walk to them between breakfast and tea-time. Yet they are sixty miles away!

The best way to enjoy the first matchless spectacle of the Rockies is to climb one of the bluffs above the Bow River at Calgary—a matter of four or five hundred feet—but the view, beautiful as it is, is only a foretaste of that in the very heart of the mountains. There is a certain barbaric, even ferocious quality about these peaks which is not to be found elsewhere.

There is a certain sameness in this whole tortured region of the earth's surface, but the majesty and impressiveness remain. And the seasons bring variety to the view. One day no lights or shadows play upon the mountains which either frown down at us in grim savagery, or come and go in the wrack of whirling clouds. And on another day all is lit and radiant in sunshine, the green and gold of the forests relieve the sternness of the heights beyond.

The Rocky Mountains Park set apart by the Dominion Government as a national pleasure ground, covers 3,800 square miles, and is cut in half by the Bow River. It is reserved as a sanctuary for wild animals, and though packed with bear, caribou, deer, mountain goats and wild sheep, shooting is not allowed within its limits.

The Great Divide

After Banff, in the very bosom of the mountains, we continue along the swampy valley of the Bow River, with fine views of the Bow Mountains and their lofty peaks, past the exquisite Lake Louise and on to the wild and beautiful Kicking Horse Pass. From now on it is Switzerland all over again, new ranges of mountains, loftier and still loftier peaks—one of them, Sir Donald (10,808 feet), named after the late Lord Strathcona. Hence the Bow River is followed nearly to the Great Divide, where the railway follows a trickling streamlet to the top of the pass, whose waters descend on one side towards the Atlantic, on the other to the Pacific Ocean. On the summit of the ridge a glimpse is caught of the distant glaciers. One of these, not far away to the northward, pours its streams not only into the Atlantic and

Pacific, but sends a third stream to mingle with the icy waters of the Arctic. Remember that northward nothing exists for hundreds of miles but these grim, inaccessible solitudes, peak upon peak, valley upon valley; uninhabited, untrodden and varied only by lonely lakes, reflecting the shadows of the everlasting pines and of the eastern hills.

"The Valley of a Thousand Falls"

Mount Robson (13,068 feet) is on the western boundary of Alberta, and offers a scene of amazing grandeur. Following the Grand Fork River, which rushes through many a narrow canyon, we may thread our way through giant cedars, ford glacier streams and reach "The Valley of a Thousand Falls," where we may gaze on waterfalls with a drop of two thousand feet, and by means of trestles bolted to sheer cliffs we may ascend a thousand feet or more.

§ 6

British Columbia

The settled part of British Columbia is sprinkled about in deep valleys by the side of lakes or rivers. Much of this high inland country, though pleasant in summer, has a winter nearly as cold as that of Alberta, and with about the same slender rainfall. But on the coast there is a heavier rainfall than in North Wales, and a climate as warm as Devonshire.

British Columbia has a forest area of no less than 180 million acres; within its mountains are rich storehouses of coal and other minerals; but salmon is perhaps the product for which it is most famous, and the tales told of their marvellous abundance, how they "jostle each other running up the streams," are no exaggeration.

The Fraser River

At the mouth of the Fraser the salmon canneries are too large extent owned by British companies and run by British capital. The scenery along the upper Fraser is picturesque to a degree, the river abounding in rapids, falls and small canyons, while numerous pretty streams dash down the mountain slopes forming attractive cascades.

Photo supplied by J. R

FUR-FREIGHTING TEAMS: MANITOBA.

Every spring a crowd of trappers and hunters bring the bales of fur which they have collected during the winter to the nearest trading post to exchange them for money and everything else men could desire. Here we see the newly arrived dog-teams at Le Pas, which has been described as "the last township in Canada."

By courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

FAMILY TREES OF THE RED INDIANS.

At Kitwanga, British Columbia, said to be the finest Amerindian village in the world, these extraordinary examples of primitive art have long intrigued ethnologists. It is thought that some of the carvings represent "Indians'" names, which are frequently derived from animals and flowers. At Alert Bay totem poles are also numerous.

Vancouver

As we confront Vancouver and note the busy city covering the slopes beside the water, the big ships and liners lying off it in one of the world's most beautiful harbours, it is hard to realise that forty years ago this whole site was a desert. When the Canadian Pacific Railway made its terminus here in 1887 the transformation began. Besides having become the chief Canadian seaport for the Pacific, Vancouver has profited by the building of the Panama Canal. It has now a population of 117,200, and is therefore the fourth city of Canada. Some of the houses in the residential quarter, with their lawns and gardens, are very beautiful, and the business blocks are mainly of grey stone.

Fortunately for the Canadian housewife, in this part of the Dominion the Asiatic is a prominent feature, both Japanese and Chinese being here in great numbers. They form almost the only domestic servants, every well-to-do household having one or two. As laundrymen, besides, the Chinese are conspicuous throughout Western Canada, and monopolise the business. They work on farms and in the lumber camps, on the wharves, and as gold-washers and fishermen.

The Yukon

A thousand miles north of Vancouver by water and by land, on one of the most tragic gold-hunter's trails of the world, followed in the depths of winter by thousands of eager, restless men, lies the Klondike mining district in the heart of the Yukon territory. It was in 1896 that gold was discovered in these sub-Arctic wilds; the usual stampede of prospectors set in, the town of Dawson sprang into being, and the world rang with the story of great fortunes made in a night, gambling hells, drinking palaces, robberies and suicides. Two years later the Yukon territory, as large as France, was carved out of the old North-West Territories, and the gallant North-West Mounted Policemen were set to the task of preserving order in this wild, heterogeneous community. And then the slump came. In 1900 the placer miners took $22,275,000 from the various creeks of the Klondike. That was the record year. As the yield declined the population melted away. In 1923 the gold output for the

whole district fell to $1,042,536. But now the metal is recovered in several ways, among which figure enormous dredgers and huge hydraulic machines.

Hudson Bay

Hudson Bay and Strait are two large arms of the Atlantic Ocean, both well outside the Arctic circle. The bay—350,000 square miles in extent—is the third largest inland sea in the world. Ice does not form on its waters; although field ice is found in large quantities, but never impedes navigation. In 1911 a railway was begun from a point in Manitoba, and is being carried on to Fort Churchill, an old trading post and harbour of the Hudson Bay Company. This line will help to shorten the route from Saskatoon to Liverpool by 1,200 miles, as compared with the present route *via* the Great Lakes and Montreal. There are several fur-trading posts on Hudson Bay.

POPULATION AND PRODUCTS

Canada has an area of 3,603,336 square miles exclusive of 126,329 square miles of water. The total population (1921) is 8,788,500, which includes some 100,000 Amerindians and over 3,000 Eskimos. Ottawa (107,893) is the Dominion capital, but Montreal (618,506) is the largest city. Other cities are Toronto (521,893), Winnipeg (179,100), Vancouver (117,200), Hamilton (114,200), Quebec (95,200), Calgary (63,400), London (61,000), Edmonton (58,900), Halifax (59,400), and St. John (N.B. 47,200). Canada's industries are many and varied. Her agricultural and dairying operations are an imperial asset of inestimable value. She leads the world, for example, in the export of cheese, which is mainly Cheddar, and is taken up chiefly by the United Kingdom and the United States. Manitoba No. 1 Hard is the world's standard wheat. Of asbestos Canada has practically a world monopoly, her only serious competitor being Rhodesia. The Canadian fishing waters are the most extensive on the face of the earth, and produce salmon (the chief fish), cod, halibut, herring, lobster, albacore (tuna), whitefish and dozens of other varieties. By-products of the fishing industry include caviare (made from sturgeon roe), fish fertilizers, fish meals, cod liver oil, isinglass, and glue. Timber of all kinds, pulp for paper, and maple sugar, etc., are provided in abundance by the enormous forests. Among minerals, gold is very important as is also nickel, in the production of which Canada claims a world hegemony.

IV—NEWFOUNDLAND

The Oldest British Colony

Newfoundland is reputed to be—though Barbardos disputes the claim—the oldest British Dominion. It is now self-governing and is not, of course, part of the Dominion of Canada. Five years after Columbus's first voyage, John Cabot (a Genoese merchant naturalised in England) sailed out of the port of Bristol, in the service of King Henry VII, with a crew of sturdy West of England sailors. He came to Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland, and laid the foundations of England's claim to territorial sovereignty in the New World.

Owing to its extraordinary indentations Newfoundland has a coast of six thousand miles. More than one third of its area is covered by lakes, one of which, Grand Lake, on the west side of the island is fifty-six miles long.

The Fisheries

The fisheries of Newfoundland are proverbial for their extent, richness and variety. The cod fishery of Newfoundland is the most extensive of the kind in the world. At one time codfish was the national currency, payment of debts being made in kind. There are many other varieties of fish found in the waters round the island; halibut, haddock, turbot, eels and conger, besides herring, salmon, lobsters, caplin and squid. All these fish may be caught in inexhaustible quantities within three miles of the shores of the island.

Timberland

The manufacture of wood pulp and paper in Newfoundland is a trade of recent growth, and one that offers promise of extensive development in the future. The black spruce of the island is one of the best known materials from which wood pulp can be made; the local fir is also largely used in its manufacture.

St. John's

The entrance to the harbour of St. John's, the capital, is striking and picturesque. As the inbound vessel approaches the

shore a narrow opening suddenly appears in the rocky wall, as if some convulsion of Nature had rent the rampart asunder and the sea had rushed in. Hills from five hundred to six hundred feet high stand guard on either side of this opening, and as the vessel glides between them the traveller raises his eyes, not without a feeling of awe, to the great cliffs of dark red sandstone piled in broken masses on a foundation of grey slate.

POPULATION, PRODUCTS, ETC.

Newfoundland has an area of 42,734 square miles and a population of 263,000. Its dependency, Labrador, has an area of 120,000 square miles and a population of 3,700. Towns in Newfoundland include the capital, St. John's (37,100), Bonavista (4,000), Harbour Grace (4,000), and Grand Falls. Besides its very extensive cod fisheries, the Dominion also controls an important sealing industry, and, apart altogether from the fisheries, the most important product is probably paper pulp from the great forests of the hinterland. There are important mineral resources in copper and iron ores, some coal, and argentiferous lead. Agriculture is progressive, the chief cereal crop being oats, and Newfoundland must not be overlooked as a centre for the sportsman. The Dominion is dependent for its trade to a very large extent on Spain and Portugal, Italy, Greece and other Mediterranean countries in which the codfish is a staple article of food, as well as on certain South American countries, notably Brazil, to which Newfoundland exports a large amount of codfish each year. The chaotic exchanges which followed the conclusion of the Great War caused a grave set-back to the prosperity and economic advancement of the Dominion. There are about a thousand miles of railways, mainly on the 3-foot 6½-inch gauge. Labrador is much frequented in summer by fishermen from Newfoundland, who catch and cure great quantities of fish in the coastal waters and return home after the fishing season is over.

V.—THE WEST INDIES

§ 1

The Bermudas

Most people know that Shakespeare placed the scene of his play, "The Tempest," in the Bermudas, or to give them the name the Spaniards gave them, *Los Diablos,* the Devils. Yet,

Photo: Canadian National Railways.

ENGLISH BAY: VANCOUVER.

A rapidly-growing and fashionable suburb with a fine beach and distant glimpses of friendly mountains.

Photo: R. E. Holloway.

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Newfoundland.

HERRING NECK, NOTRE DAME BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Broken up by creeks so that it resembles the bones of a herring's neck. The water winds in and out among hundreds of islands affording a fine panorama of picturesque fishing villages and superb coast scenery.

Photo: Underwood.

BERMUDAS: CORAL ISLANDS.

It is not only in the Pacific that blue lagoons and coral strands afford romantic charms. It may also be said of the Bermudas that "every prospect pleases . . ."

Photo: Underwood.

SAWING CORAL IN THE BERMUDAS.

Coral is so abundant here that, instead of being sold in tiny pieces as rings and necklaces, it is sawn into blocks for building houses.

though the approaches are forbidding, fended as they are by dangerous reefs, which wrought disaster to the first ships that ventured near to those "still-vexed Bermoothes," this cluster of islands and islets is really delightful rather than diabolical.

At the first glance the visitor is struck by the colouring, white and green—pure white, dazzling white; the sombre greens of cedars, the golden greens of palms and bananas. "The green hills of many islets," wrote an artist many years ago, "rise above the brilliant opalescent tints of its lucid waves above the snowy coral reefs . . . The stranger floating here, above the white shoals, will be wonderstruck by the marvellous clearness of the sea-water and the strange effects. The sunlight reaches many fathoms deep into this vast submarine plain, displaying every object clearly to the gaze, as one glides swiftly over it. And then the colour: that beautiful bewildering green—just the shade that one catches in the gleam of an opal, or the tint of malachite."

Over a century ago Thomas Moore indulged in rhapsodies over the Bermudas:

"Could you but view the scenery fair,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think that Nature lavished there
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in."

§ 2

The Bahamas

What we call Bahama and the Bahamas are some three thousand coral islands, only a few of which are peopled, and many little more than reefs. The entire chain has the same formation, a thin but fertile soil supporting a semi-tropical vegetation.

Though the first discovered of the West Indies, they were among the last to become permanently settled. The present inhabitants of the Bahamas, like their predecessors, the first settlers, derive their living mainly from the sea; not from wrecking or privateering as of old.

A notable curiosity in the principal island is called the "Lake of Fire" about a thousand feet in length, and connected with the sea by a small canal. It is a phosphorescent lake shining only at night, when it is at its best. The darker the night, the more brilliant the phosphorescent flame that envelops the oars, spouts out in spray from the bows, and clothes the naked Negro boys with flames as they swim alongside, as well as the fish, which dart away by hundreds with fiery trails in their wake.

§ 3

Jamaica

"A land of springs and streams," the aborigines called Jamaica (and this is said to be the meaning of Jamaica), but the world in general to-day would probably think "the land of mountains, negroes, rum and bananas" more appropriate. It is the largest and richest of all the British Islands of the West Indies, and has had a chequered history since its discovery by Columbus in 1494 and its subsequent Spanish domination. To-day its British character is undeniable.

Kingston

Before the disastrous earthquake and fire of January, 1907, Kingston was the seat of government and commercial port of Jamaica. It possesses a beautiful environment of hills and mountains, groves of cocos, giant ceiba trees, and luxuriant gardens.

Port Antonio

Port Antonio on the north-east coast is the centre of the Jamaica banana trade, and is now the second town in commercial importance on the island. Over half a century ago a certain Captain Baker, a skipper from Boston, sailing his schooner in these waters was struck by the possibilities of selling tropical fruit to American cities. At that time this part of Jamaica was all but abandoned by the whites and given over to African savagery, and millions of bananas and oranges were rotting on the ground. Accordingly he collected and took a small cargo northward in 1868. From that small beginning arose the immense industry

Photo: Underwood.

JAMAICA: TOBACCO DRYING.

Jamaica is so fertile that a minimum of labour is required, but even that minimum is difficult to find nowadays. We must go back to the old days of slavery to find great fortunes made rapidly. Sugar and tobacco, however, still yield good profits, the tobacco-leaves growing to an unusual size and possessing a special flavour.

Photo: Sport and General.

ST. KITTS: A MIDDLE ISLAND CHURCH.

St. Kitts was the second island in the West Indies to be settled by the British. There are fine palm groves and jungles filled with African monkeys, descended from the pets of British soldiers.

that has saved Jamaica from absolute ruin, restored thousands of acres to prosperity, given employment to many thousand labourers, created wealth and activity, and made sleepy little Port Antonio populous and opulent.

Barbados

Barbados is not only different from any of the other West Indian islands, but it is one of the oldest, most noteworthy colonies in the British Empire, and a really remarkable island. "Bimshire" or "Little England" its people proudly call it, although nine-tenths of them are black or coloured.

The scenery of Barbados is not striking. It is primarily a sugar-island, and everything is given up to sugar.

§ 4

Trinidad

Trinidad, the southernmost island of the West Indies, ten degrees north of the equator, is in many respects the most interesting in the Caribbean Archipelago. It was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage, nearly six years after his first landing in the Bahamas, on the last day of July 1498. After a tedious voyage from Spain, when his wine, water and provisions were almost exhausted, he sighted at last the triple peaked mountain known to-day as the "Three Sisters," which he named Trinidad, or the Trinity. Nothing can be imagined more picturesque than some of the hills and valleys of the island, clothed in luxuriant forests, with expanses of shrubbery radiant with glorious flowers, flame-coloured and golden, crimson and yellow, blue and purple.

Trinidad contains to-day about 365,000 inhabitants, of whom some 61,000 reside in the capital, Port-of-Spain, and its suburbs, presenting an astonishing diversity of race.

Here, as in Grenada, cacao is King. No fewer than 850 estates are devoted to its growth, while on others cocoanuts (nothing to do with cocoa) are the chief product. The island also boasts valuable petroleum deposits, and the famous "Pitch Lake" composed of asphaltum.

Tobago

The picturesque and historically interesting island of Tobago, like Trinidad, twenty miles distant, is physically a fragment of the South American continent. But what is more interesting, is the assertion that Tobago is the real island of Robinson Crusoe's adventures, the very island which Defoe had in mind when he wrecked his hero on its shores off the north-east coast of South America. If proof be demanded by the incredulous, the natives show a cave—the veritable cave in which Robinson Crusoe found the dying goat—and the alleged imprints of Man Friday's feet on the sands!

§ 5

Antigua and Dominica

The Government of the Leeward Islands consists of St. Kitt's, Nevis, Barbuda, Monserrat, Dominica, Anguilla and the Virgin Islands. Five presidencies make up the leeward federal colony, each of which has an Administrator or Commissioner, with a Governor-in-Chief who resides in Antigua. This, unlike its neighbours, is comparatively level, with rolling fields, few hills, no mountains and few forests.

Dominica can boast of a giant saw-beetle, the *Dynastes hercules,* six or eight inches in length. But its chief sight is the famous Boiling Lake—in reality a great geyser, occupying an ancient crater on the eastern slope of the Grande Soufrière Mountain. It is about 100 by 200 feet in extent, and is sometimes dry as a bone, sometimes boiling with excessive fury and threatening to overflow its brim. It was discovered, strange to relate, less than half a century ago (in 1877), a fact which illustrates the forbidding wildness of Dominica's interior, small as the island is.

St. Kitts and Nevis

Although the island of Saint Christopher (locally contracted and corrupted to Saint Kitts), is highly cultivated, so far as affluence goes it might be the most sterile of any in the Antilles. Surrounded by a good motor road, Saint Kitts is some seventy square miles in area, with a big mountain in the

Photo: Underwood.

JAMAICA: BANANA PLANTATION.

Bananas, which are the most important export of the island, grow like a species of mammoth weed, each producing a single bunch which must be cut before it is ripe. The green pergolas are very impressive with their big purple flowers and hanging bunches, some of which weigh as much as eighty pounds.

Photo: Sport and General.

TOBAGO: ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

Tobago is reputed to have been the most fiercely contested bit of ground in the western hemisphere, having been constantly disputed by French, Spanish and English, to whom it finally fell in 1803. It claims to be the real Crusoe island, and Friday's foot-prints are still shown to simple visitors.

middle. This mountain is an extinct volcano, 4,000 feet high, called Mount Misery, which may be ascended without great effort. Under the leeward slope of Mount Misery, on the Caribbean side, is "Brimstone Hill," crowned by a fortress erected in the years when French and English were fighting for possession here. Millions sterling were expended upon this fortress, which became so strong that it was known as "the Gibraltar of the West Indies," but it has now fallen into ruin and the only inhabitants are the wild African monkeys with which the forests above abound.

When Columbus on his second voyage (1493) first beheld what is now Nevis, he called it "Nieve," a word signifying snow, after the white clouds which hung about the summit of its single mountain. It is chiefly inhabited by Negroes, and with all its beauty presents a general aspect of desolation. A curious thing about the island is that some of the original settlers (between 1630-40) were Irish, and some of their black descendants still speak English with a brogue. The story is told of a would-be immigrant from County Cork being rowed ashore by a gentleman whose disclosures gave him such a shock that he immediately changed his mind and returned to the ship. "Bedad," he said, "that Irishman towld me he was afther bein' here only tin years, and, bejabber, he was as black as Father Hennessy's hat!"

§ 6

St. Lucia

St. Lucia with about 240 square miles, is the largest as well as the most northerly island of the group called the Windward Islands. St. Lucia is volcanic, with high hills and mountains tossed into wild shapes, rugged and irregular, with deep and fertile valleys between their ridges and slopes. These hills are covered with a virgin forest, and valuable cabinet woods fill the valleys, through which run rapid and attractive streams. The island has always been noted for its rich soil and abundant facilities for successful tropical agriculture, and so long ago as 1650 tobacco, ginger and cotton were raised here, to be succeeded later by sugar cane, coffee and cocoa. The first settlers and planters were French, and this accounts for the names of bays, mountains, valleys, rivers and even towns.

St. Lucia has two enemies. The rank forest growth, the lagoons and swamps, are not conducive to health. But worse than its climate is the deadly serpent known as the *fer-de-lance,* which grows to a length of six or seven feet, and often bites without warning or provocation; it is abundant in cane fields as well as forests, and the natives are in constant terror of it. The introduction of the East Indian mongoose, however, has reduced its numbers.

St. Vincent

Twenty-one miles from St. Lucia is the island of St. Vincent, eighteen miles long. A goodly portion consists of hills and mountains, ravines, gullies, rivers, and precipitous cliffs. It has been compared in its clean-cut outline to a lovely emerald. But its beauty, like some of the other islands, touches tragedy closely. In the terrible eruption of May, 1902, its Soufrière exploded with a force that devastated one-third of the island and killed more than two thousand of its inhabitants.

Grenada

Grenada is the last island of the Caribbees, or volcanic islands. It is from eighteen to twenty miles in length; is mountainous and picturesque, with its central volcano, sparkling lakes within their walls of vine-draped rock, forest-covered hills and tropical vegetation.

The town of Saint George's, largely built of red-tiled brick, contains some five thousand of the island's sixty thousand inhabitants, most of whom are either black or coloured. The climate is healthy though hot, and the island is almost exempt from disastrous hurricanes.

The staple products of Grenada are cacao, nutmegs, and rum, in about the order given. The cacao and nutmegs are exported; but the rum is consumed on the island, perhaps up to the amount of sixty thousand gallons a year, or about a gallon per head for every man, woman and child.

POPULATION, PRODUCTS, ETC.

The Bahamas have an area of 4,000 square miles and a population of 53,000. Sponges form the chief product. Nassau is the capital.

Photo: F. Deaville Walker.

THE COLOSSUS OF MYSORE.

A colossal statue of Gomatasvara, a Jain saint, 70 feet 3 inches in height. It is 1,000 years old, hewn from the living rock, on the top of a lofty hill, and looks as new as though it had been freshly carved. The creeping plants round the thighs and arms symbolise the deep abstraction of the sage, allowing plants to climb round him unnoticed.

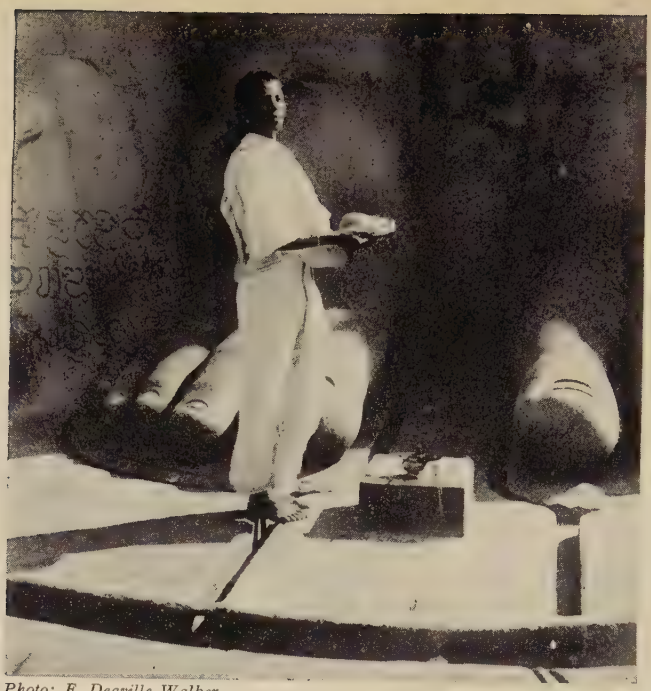


Photo: F. Deaville Walker.

AT THE FEET OF THE COLOSSUS.

Priest making an offering to the huge idol seen on the preceding page. The toes serve to illustrate the immense size. Note the inscription on the left hand of illustration.

Photo: F. Deaville Walker.

A TYPICAL "HOLY MAN" OF NORTH INDIA.

With his body smeared with sacred ashes and daubed with streaks of vermilion, he is not a prepossessing object, but he symbolises the patience of his creed. His household goods do not err on the side of extravagance.

Jamaica has an area of 4,200 square miles and a population of 858,200. The capital is Kingston (62,700). Attached to Jamaica are the Turks and Caicos groups, 224 square miles in area. Bananas cover the greatest area, with sugar-cane running them closely. Barbados, has an area of 166 square miles, and a population of 155,500. Bridgetown (13,500) is the capital. Cotton and sugar are the chief products. Tobacco (area 114 square miles) is a dependency of Trinidad which has an area of 1,860 square miles and a population of 365,000. Port of Spain (61,500) is the capital. Products include asphalt and petroleum oil. Tobago produces tobacco, cotton, rubber and cocoanuts. The Leeward Islands have a total area of 715 square miles and a population of 122,250. Their staples are sugar and molasses, which are displaced in Dominica and Montserrat by the production of lime-juice, limes, citrate of lime, papain and cocoanuts. The Windward Islands include Grenada, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia, and have an area of 133 square miles and a population of 66,300. Cocoa, nutmegs, cotton-seeds and raw cotton are the chief products, but St. Vincent is especially noted for its arrowroot. Islands not mentioned in the text include the Grenadines in the Windward group, and politically divded between Grenada and St. Vincent; and the British Virgin Islands, thirty-one in number if Sombrero, a dependency, be included. The Virgin group has an area of 58 square miles, population 5,000; chief town and port, Road Town (5,000) on Tortola Island; chief product, cotton.

§ 7

Other Possessions

The coast looks like Holland and we find British Guiana below the level of the Atlantic, and then we find canals that were constructed by the old Dutch owners of the colony. A map makes British Guiana look very small on the face of the South American Continent, and there is a shock in finding it twice as big as Great Britain, infinitely more times as big when we try to travel about, when we contrast "crowflies" with human wings. There are 78,500 square miles of densest jungle, so dense that only infinitesimal fractions have ever attracted the most sanguine wood-chopper, and almost the only hope of travel is by rivers that either dry up or break out into uncharted waterfalls. The life there is illustrated by this sort of phrase: "We trotted over hundreds of acres looking for a troop of mares

in charge of a tyrannical stallion . . . we went over to Brazil and brought back twenty cows and calves, driving them to the river, lassooing and dragging them down the bank, rolling in mud, taking each calf across in the leaky dugout, the mother swimming behind." It is very easy to speed away from every rudiment of civilisation, and Nature is just as quick in her methods—lakes disappear in a night, rivers rise from nothing to ten feet in a few hours. Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, has a population of 55,278, a Governor who draws a salary of £5,250 a year, and a "Court of Policy" that counts almost as a Parliament in a Crown Colony. Georgetown is unpleasantly near Devil's Island, but our officials there are content to make sacrifices in the interests of the South American portion of our Empire.

British Honduras

This outshoot of the British Empire in Central America, between Mexico, Guatemala and the Caribbean Sea, is damp, hot, not unpleasant or unhealthy. It consists chiefly of the forest primæval and produces not only expensive woods like mahogany, but logwood, which is prized as a dye. Sugar and rubber are grown, and most of the fruits of hot-houses. A swampy coast-line leads to hills which rise from 500 to 4,000 feet. There are treeless plains known as savannahs, and sandy stretches just capable of supporting pines, and better plains where cattle contrive to run profitably.

The Falkland Islands

A big cluster of islands and sandbanks in the South Atlantic, chiefly bogland, which suits sheep, the Falklands have a long uneventful history, which began in 1592, and attracted French, Spaniards, Argentines, Americans. They became a British colony in 1833, the southernmost colony of the British Empire, and in 1914 they witnessed the defeat of a German squadron by British ships. The Falklands have dependencies spreading over more than three million square miles, and their whaling industry is greater than that of all the rest of the world. Otherwise the Falkland Islands might remain a playground for observ-

atories and meteorological expeditions. The area is 6,500 square miles, the population 2,094.

VI.—INDIA

Immensity

India is not, as most people suppose, a mere country. She is a continent, nay, a world of her own. From south to north the distance is as great as from Greece to Lapland; from Afghanistan on the west to China on the east is as far as from the Pyrenees to the Arctic. The 320 million inhabitants (over one-fifth of the population of the globe) comprise a greater swarm of subjects than any other Empire that history has ever known. Two hundred and twenty languages are spoken in India; the races are almost as numerous as their gods; the religions range from the coldest philosophies of Brahmanism to the most fantastic expressions of Nature worship and grovelling veneration of the lower animals. The civilisation may be older than any in Europe, though its development has been so slow that the West regards it as still in its infancy. But perhaps the West does not understand, for the West is frankly materialistic, while the East exalts mystical ideals. On the other hand, perhaps, too much emphasis is sometimes laid on the incomprehensibility of India. We are told too often that East and West can never meet. They meet every day, and practically everything about the Indian atmosphere, temperament, mentality, traditions, all that astonishing compound of blindness and second sight, has been analysed, docketed, perfectly understood for a century, not only by scientific experts but by the humblest of self-sacrificing Indian civil servants. And yet, when the West seems to comprehend most clearly, something happens to suggest that it has been groping darkly all the time.

The Birthplace of Man

To the really wise men and women of the earth at the present day—not perhaps more than a thousand in number—India occupies an unique position of interest as having been, in its northwest portion, the area in which the human family, if not the human genus, originated. In the Siwalik Hills—a com-

paratively low range of mountains not much exceeding 7,000 feet to the south of the main Himalayas and with Simla on their north-west flank—lie scarcely concealed from the researches of intelligent Europeans and Americans (only about ten persons in the Indian population of 320 millions have any conception of Palæontology) the bones of a marvellous extinct fauna of the Tertiary epoch. There is no region of the world, save Egypt, that can offer any parallel in this respect to north-west India and adjoining portions of Baluchistan. Our atlas makers, map-drawers, are still living in a land of darkness and often fail to mark the Siwalik Hills on the map. But they contain the most amazing collection of fossil mammalia that has yet been discovered; later in age than the creatures of the Nile delta and the Thebes area, which were revealed to us some twenty years ago, but illustrating not only the history of Man and of the anthropoid apes (of which Egypt shows us the Oligocene beginnings), but the extravagant developments of the Giraffe family, the early forms of the Oxen, the birth of the true elephants, and many other marvals of creation. Some of the forms illustrated by these fossil remains are still living, but far away from north-west India now: in Java, the Malay peninsula, Sumatra and Celebes; and Baluchistan, which once possessed the biggest land beast the world has ever known—a gigantic rhinoceros, the *Baluchitherium*—has now a very poor fauna in its blighted, semi-desert condition. It is, however, this wealth of wonders in its rocks that draws increasing numbers of Americans, Scotsmen and Englishmen to research in India, truly the most remarkable region of the earth, and probably the birthplace of Man.

Hinduism

Out of the 320 millions modern inhabitants of India, 216 millions are Hindus. From ancient times the Hindus have worshipped Nature. Some three thousand years ago their divine Trinity was Rain and Fire and Sun. Then followed the idea of Brahma, the universal spirit which pervades everything. But Brahma came to be adored in various aspects, with symbols surprising to Western minds. Brahma was the Creator, with four heads and four arms, but he was also Vishnu, the Preserver, with a quoit, a shell, a club, and a lotus in his four hands,

Photo: Underwood.

NAUTCH GIRLS.

Dancing women are married symbolically to trees and are housed in Hindu temples to entertain the gods. They are held in high respect and their daughters are brought up to follow their career.

Photo: F. Deaville Walker.

A POOR INDIAN'S HOME.

Comfort cannot be said to play a great part in the lives of lower class Indians. Furniture is absent, everything squatting on the floor against bare walls. The hearth and kitchen consist of a low tank in the centre. The food is a little grain in a basket. But the master of the house is full of dignity and proud of his big pipe.

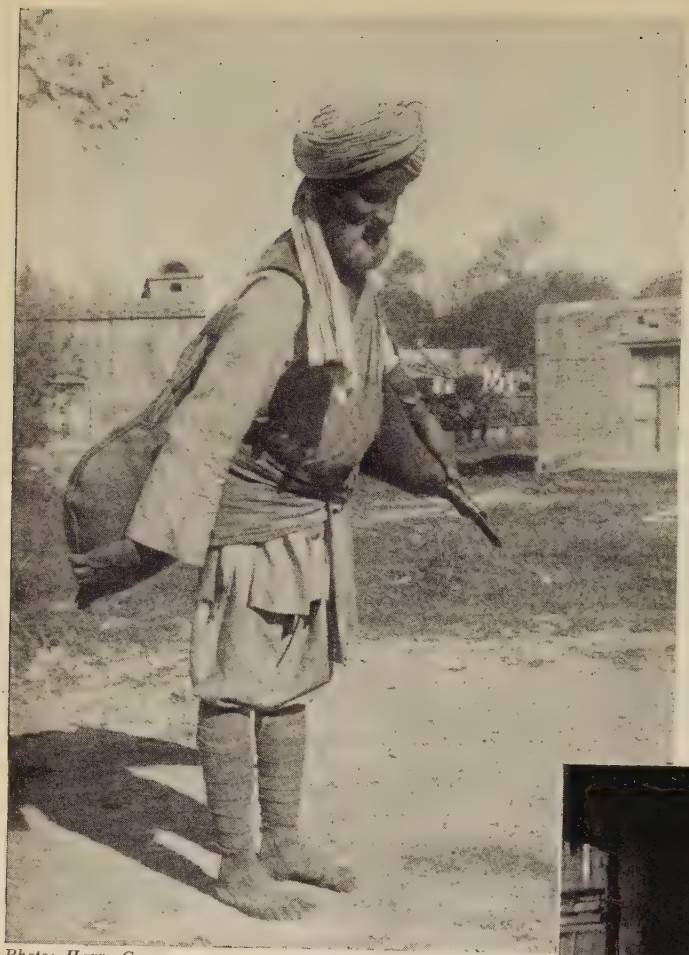


Photo: Harry Cox.

THE BHISTI (WATER CARRIER)

Water is so precious in some parts of India that no such mechanical contrivance as a tap is used. Instead, a picturesque old man carries it through the street and offers it for sale in a skin like those used by the Spaniards for their wine, sometimes giving the liquid a very peculiar flavour.

Photo: F. Deaville Walker.

CALCUTTA: A KEEPER OF IDOLS.

There are some very beautiful, rich gods in India, but some are the most hideous and grotesque dolls or draped masks. Ugliness, however, does not prevent them from attracting offerings, and their guardians watch over them most solemnly, ringing bells at stated times.

and Siva, the Destroyer and Restorer, with a tiger's skin about his loins. Then came the nine incarnations of Brahma, including a fish, a tortoise, a boar, a man-lion, the hero Rama, Krishna, and last of all Buddha, who was accepted as a compromise to propitiate the Buddhists. Rama had a servant Hanuman, who is worshipped as a monkey smeared with vermilion. Krishna is painted blue and stands on a snake and plays the flute; he had countless wives and children and is especially the god of the working classes. Vishnu's wife, goddess of wealth and beauty, sprang from the foam of the sea like Venus, and is, oddly enough, the favourite of shopkeepers. Siva haunts cemeteries and burning-grounds, and his wife, Kali, known as "the Terrible," has to be propitiated with sacrifices. Their sons are Ganesh, the luck-bringer, with a fat body and an elephant's head, and Kartikkeya, god of war and leader of good spirits.

The Most Religious of Mankind

There are many other gods and goddesses, and for centuries India has been covered with sanctuaries, shrines, statues under trees, rudely carved stones near a spring or a rock recalling at every step that the gods are invisible yet present everywhere. As Herodotus said of the ancient Egyptians, the Hindus are "the most religious of mankind." Fetishism and the worship of high places and stones and waters and sacred trees, are as prevalent as in old Brittany. Polytheism, anthropomorphism, mythologies, legends and epics of heroes recall the religions of classic Greece and Rome. And Hinduism is a very real religion, for to this day every sort of miracle is credited. Saints are said to be able to cut off tongues and make them grow again, and when even sceptical Englishmen affirm that they have seen a man throw a rope into the air so that it remains taut, seen him climb up it in pursuit of a boy, and seen the boy come down in bleeding fragments to be instantly restored to life, such incidents may be hypnotic illusions, but they illustrate the mystery of India. It seems as though anything may happen there.

The religion includes asceticism as well as hedonism. Sages devote themselves to contemplation and cultivate their souls at the expense of their bodies. They reduce their clothes to a loin cloth and their food to an incredible minimum. Some have been

known to hang themselves on hooks in front of the sanctuary of Siva, others to bury themselves alive, others to hold up their arms until they wither. The religion depends largely on secret formulas known to the priests alone, and evil as well as good can be wrought by using them. When such powers are misused for invoking demons a man's teeth may be extracted to prevent him from pronouncing the formulas effectively.

Pleasure again is part of religion. Temples contain dwellings for dancing girls, who sing and dance in honour of the gods during divine service, accompanied by one-stringed fiddles, trumpets, drums, cymbals, dulcimers and all kinds of music. The girls are married symbolically to trees or stones and enjoy high consideration. Every Hindu of the uneducated class believes in omens. He will give up a journey or a business deal if he meets an unlucky animal at his door. The native newspapers publish lists of lucky and unlucky days, and everybody acts on them. It is not at all unusual for a high official to arrive at a town on important business and wait indefinitely at the station for the auspicious moment to proceed on his way.

§ 1

Caste

The keynotes of the Hindu religion, however, are caste and the transmigration of souls. Four castes—priests, soldiers, artisans and menials—were instituted by the code of Manu in the third century B.C. Then castes were multiplied. There was one for every trade, and now the number of castes has risen from sixty-nine in 1872 to 2,378 in 1901, and many more to-day. Hindus consider themselves polluted and may lose caste by contact with unbelievers, or with members of inferior castes. Not only marriage and trades are restricted to castes, but pollution arises from eating in the presence of outsiders, from the defiling touch of a pan or a glass or a hand. A man who loses caste is more completely excommunicated than a heretic in the Middle Ages, or a boycotted Irishman in the days of the Land League; he becomes an object of horror and dread like a leper, he cannot join a lower class, and he can be restored to his own caste only by sacrificing part of his fortune and submitting to disgust-

Photo: Underwood.

SNAKE CHARMERS.

They rival the jugglers in popular displays and seem to have reduced the most venomous reptiles to complete tameness and friendliness, charming them with music if not by mystic powers. They add to their income by going to private houses to catch snakes, which come in handy for future shows.

Photo: The Mount Everest Committee.

MOUNT EVEREST.

The loftiest mountain in the world (29,002 feet), Everest is imposing and forbidding with its rocky north face and granite summits. The mountain has yet to be conquered, although determined assaults have already been made upon it.

ing penances. On an Indian liner we may see the poorest passengers of the steerage eating proudly and furtively with infinite precautions so that they may not be contaminated by an unbeliever's gaze; infinite precautions are also taken at railway stations to dispense water from public taps without the risk that a drinking vessel may be touched by an infidel or an inferior; even in the prisons, the worst criminals will refuse rice or millet unless satisfied that it has been prepared by a member of their own caste.

Transmigration of Souls

Karma, or transmigration, is the belief that souls are reborn in other human beings or animals, high or low according to merit. Thus a bad man may reappear on earth as a fish or a worm. Accordingly, all animals, being the possible possessors of human-souls, are immune from slaughter. A mother refrains from hurting a scorpion that has bitten her child; when rivers overflow, stranded fishes are carefully restored to the water; during the plague of 1896 the municipal council of Amritsar offered rewards for the capture of rats, which were kept to be released after the passing of the epidemic; in many places crows render town life intolerable, and plunder houses while other birds ravage the crops unhindered. Indeed, all animals are treated so kindly that they become incredibly tame. Squirrels make themselves at home in houses, birds build their nests in rooms. On entering a temple we may be suddenly surprised by impudent little creatures leaping upon our shoulders, pulling our hair, slipping cold little hands up our sleeves—they are a family of monkeys who settled in the precincts long ago and bred and mustered undisturbed. In the markets we see monkeys hopping about from stall to stall and helping themselves to fruit while the owner solemnly salutes the thieves. But then the monkey is deemed a sacred animal. So are the cobra (though responsible for countless deaths every year in India), the elephant, the peacock, the eagle, the parrot (dedicated to Kama, the divinity of love), and above all the cow. We see cows everywhere with their horns either painted or adorned with copper. It has been said that the Indian Mutiny could have been avoided if the British had made cow-killing a hanging matter, and one

of the main causes for the revolt of the Hindu Sepoys was serving them with cow-greased bullets. Not long ago, Hindu soldiers mutinied because they had been ordered to load trucks with tins of Australian beef.

Other Religions

Hinduism has been spreading, slowly but steadily, for centuries, more especially since railways came. It thrives chiefly through absorbing other creeds by compromise, and even claims to be at one with Buddhism. And Buddhism has poor powers of resistance, for it teaches contemplation, relegates its best men to monasteries and induces them to live by begging. The eleven million remaining Buddhists are nearly all in Burma.

The sixty-eight million Muhammadans possess very different powers of resistance. They are fighting people, consumers of meat, not only better fed, but more prolific than the Hindus. Those in the north are strict and fervent, but the others are descended from converts and keep up old Hindu practices, even share temples with Hindus. The strict Muhammadans raise riots when Hindus hold marriage processions during Muharram (the Muhammaden Lent), but there is a general tendency for the two creeds to co-operate politically, especially on behalf of Indian nationalism.

The three million Sikhs belong to a Hindu sect founded in 1469 under Moslem influences to combat idolatry, castes, the burning of widows, infanticide and pilgrimages. They are fighters, and have fought stoutly for the British Empire in Africa, from Egypt to the Zambezi. Equally warlike are the Hindu Mahrattas, whose name means "great warriors." The infamous Suraj-ad-Daulah of the Black Hole of Calcutta, who was smashingly defeated by Clive at Palasi (Plassey), was not of the Mahrattas, but was being attacked by them when he wreaked his wrath on the British at Calcutta, and so precipitated the formation of the British Indian Empire in 1757. There are also about ten million Animists in India, who worship Nature and practice magic; over one million Jains, who profess to have been Buddhists before the coming of Buddha; some 100,000 Parsi fire-worshippers, and nearly five million Christians.

Photochrom.

AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

The Temple at Madura is dedicated to Siva and his wife, "the goddess with the fish's eyes." It is larger than the Paris Louvre, infinitely more ornate, and, according to Pierre Loti, it "probably contains as many marvels."

§ 2

Law

In their government of India the British have displayed great patience, wisdom and tenacity. From the earliest days of their rule they have respected native laws and prejudices to the utmost, introducing their own civilisation with a degree of reserve that has often resembled reluctance. Joseph Cailley, an impartial French critic writes: "Are Anglo-Indian laws good? The English have done their best to make them so. Anglo-Indian laws are supple and varied, adapted to the conditions of each region." But have Anglo-Indian laws been successful? Britain has certainly imposed peace and security, but she has had to impose them by force. And the great diversity of peoples and languages has not excluded a national sentiment, so that it was found necessary to grant a wide measure of Home Rule in 1919. The Secretary of State for India is the head of Indian administration and governs India from England, possessing extensive powers that enable him to overrule the Viceroy and his council; but the Government of India Act of 1919 set up an Indian Legislature consisting of two Chambers. This legislature is subject to restrictions and a veto by the Viceroy, the theory being that, as the Government is responsible to the Imperial Parliament, it must have power to reject adverse votes.

Nationalism

It was only in 1905 that the Nationalist movement began to disturb the Imperial Government. Oddly enough, the troubles commenced in Bengal, which had always been regarded as the most patient region. There were protests against Lord Curzon's proposal to divide Bengal into two provinces; then there came a demand for a national University of Bengal; then British goods were boycotted and the newspapers proclaimed revolutionary ideas, glorified Mazzini, Kossuth, Parnell, any champion of insurrection. The Italian War against Turkey roused Muhammadans against all Christians, and it soon became apparent that little or nothing short of independence would satisfy Indian aspirations. Especially during the Great War when Indians fought heroically for Britain, India pressed her claim to be ac-

cepted as a self-governing Dominion. The Home Rule of 1919 was considered insufficient, and discontent was fanned that year by a famine. Boycotting was adopted on a gigantic scale, lawyers were recommended to desert the law-courts, taxpayers to cease paying taxes, children to stay away from school, workmen to go on strike, and, most emphatic of all, voters to keep away from the polling booths. The Government of India Act gave a vote to only one male out of 180, and only one-fourth of these voted for the provincial councils, one-fifth for the legislative assembly. Gandhi, the Nationalist leader, is regarded as a saint, a Mahatma, a new Messiah; combined with his gentle ways and frail body he possesses a strong individuality, infinite patience and an obstinacy capable of removing mountains. It would have been a mistake to make a martyr of him, as the Government realised when it released him from gaol in 1924.

Climate

On the whole, the Indian climate is hard for white men to endure. About half of India is in the tropics; the extremes of heat and cold are to be found in the north-west; the Himalayas are moist and cold; but Bombay, Madras and Calcutta are equable. India depends for fertility on the monsoon rains, the south-west monsoon reaching the west coast in June, the north-west monsoon reaching Madras in the autumn.

§ 3

The Himalayas

The vast, amazing, almost inaccessible barrier of the Himalayas spreads beyond the northern frontiers of India, running for 1,500 miles from north-west to south-east with a breadth of 150 to 200 miles and a general height of 20,000 feet, culminating in Mount Everest, over 29,000 feet high, the loftiest peak yet measured on the globe. Geologists tell us that they are the youngest range of mountains in the world, that they are still in process of formation, in fact not yet grown up. The slopes range from tropical to arctic zones, and include such varieties of vegetation as ilex, pine, cedar, oats and barley, such fauna as

Photo: Harry Cox.

THE BEST WAY TO KEEP COOL.

Water buffaloes enjoying a siesta in the hot, arid plains.

Topical.

SIMLA.

The ground upon which Simla stands was retained by the British as a sanatorium after the war of 1815–16, and the first residence was erected in 1819. But now Simla is the summer capital of India, whither the Europeans migrate as soon as the hot weather sets in.

Photo: Underwood.

ADEN

Although Aden is not really in India at all, it belongs officially to the Province of Bombay. All the boats from the Suez Canal stop at Aden, although only for a few hours, and to most travellers Aden is the first glimpse of the East, with its lordly Arabs, shock-headed Somalis, sleek Indian merchants and smart British officers and their wives.

Photo: F. Deaville Walker.

COLLECTING TODDY.

Toddy is a palm-wine prepared simply by allowing the sweet juice of a palm tree to ferment. An incision is made and the juice allowed to run into a picturesque bowl. It collected and drunk early in the morning, it is quite innocuous, but if left in the sun for a few hours it ferments and has the worst effects.

yak, wild sheep, wild goats, bears, elephants, monkeys, tigers, eagles, partridges and pheasants. In the temperate zones there are many health resorts, including Simla, the summer seat of Government, and Darjeeling, the tea-planting district, which offers the most wonderful views of the mountain giants. Of these, Kinchinjanga (28,156 feet) is peculiarly impressive when sunrise or sunset imparts fairy colours, and clouds roll away to display bare granite summits, glittering white walls of everlasting snow and vast chasms breathing the mysteries of untold ages.

The Hills

During the hot weather officials dream of a holiday in Kashmir where life is lounged away in houseboats, where lakes and rivers teem with fish, where hunting and all sorts of sports are infinite. But busy officials cannot go so far, and they find full happiness in the hills, where sleep is possible at night without punkahs and mosquito curtains and, if we credit Mr. Kipling's tales, life is not always taken too seriously. Who shall depict the thousand fugitive aspects of the hills, their jungles of giant rhododendrons, some of which rival centennial oaks in size; red flowers bursting over the sombre foliage of the deodars, while a league away some incredible glacier glitters in the sunshine; the proud grace of Lake Naini Tal, whose shores are now fresh and seductive, now dark and full of tragedy?

The Himalayas are the reservoir of India, watering the rich plains of Indus, Ganges, and the Lower Brahmaputra, a name we associate with ugly, useful fowls. The Indus and Ganges are the source of the bounteous system of irrigation by canals, and the most famous prosperous parts of India lie in the basins of those mighty streams. There the dense agricultural population rises to nine hundred per square mile, supported by two harvests every year.

The southern boundary of the northern plains is provided by the Vindhya Mountains. Southern India, known as the Deccan, is a triangular plateau bounded by those mountains and the Malabar and Coromandel coasts. Southern India has always been influenced by its geography. The south-west coast, shut in by mountains, is primitive and slow, the south-east is more open and progressive. In this region are primeval forests, where

teak, ebony, satinwood, sandal, palm, and bamboo abound; rice, millett, cotton, oilseeds, coffee, tea, indigo, tobacco and quinine afford huge profits; snakes are ubiquitous, and exact a serious toll of human lives.

India Yesterday and To-day

One way of dividing India is to contrast the regions which are steeped in the past and those which belong to the present and dream of change. The India of to-day embraces cosmopolitan Bombay; Karachi, conquered from the desert and thriving as a great depository for corn; Rangoon, a port of yesterday, plucked by the British from the mud of the Irawadi, growing rich on rice and precious woods, and hoping to snatch the trade of the Shan States and western Yunnan; Calcutta, pride of the peninsula, with great wide spaces, a city of toil and pleasure, a centre of immense affairs.

The India of the past embraces remote villages where a white man's foot rarely presses the sacred soil, where men shrink from rock-gods when thunder growls, where young brides and bridegrooms pray to fetish-trees; beautiful Udaipur, whose royal dynasty goes back to the sun-gods; Hyderabad, whose secret terraces recall the "Thousand and One Nights"; Madura, the sanctuary of sacred elephants; holy Benares, where Mother Ganges sanctifies and purifies.

§ 4

Aden

The traveller from Europe first touches an outlying province of India at Aden, which is in Arabia but is counted as part of the Presidency of Bombay. Aden certainly affords a vivid impression of the East. As the steamer anchors, boats congregate filled with dark-skinned Somali boys, crying, "I dive, I dive." And dive they do indeed. Throw them a copper coin and they smile contemptuously, but no sooner do they catch the glint of silver than, splash! whizz! in they go and retrieve before the metal has sunk a yard. Though sharks abound here and take toll, as we may see in badly mutilated boys. The seaward ex-

Photo: Underwood.

BOMBAY: VICTORIA STATION.

India is a land of contrasts, which are conspicuous in the varied means of conveyance, Sedan chairs, bullock carts, luxurious limousines. Victoria Station is one of the finest railway stations in the world, in Italian Gothic style, elaborately ornamented with sculpture.

Photochrom.

BOMBAY: GIRGAUM ROAD.

Bombay is said to be unrivalled by any city in the East for beauty of scenery, and it is certainly very picturesque. The crowd of native craft in the harbour, the throngs of people dressed in brilliant and varied costumes who parade the streets, the gaily painted bullock carts, all combine to make a lasting impression.

Photo: Harry Cox.

CAMPBELPUR: BAZAAR SCENE.

A typical Indian bazaar, with tiny hutch-like enclosures where the needs of man are purveyed. They are very picturesque with their brightly-coloured fruits and silks under the ragged awnings which provide shade from the scorching sun.

tremities of Aden are very hot and sterile, but not far away—north, east and west—we are in fertile mountainous country with a rainy season. The seaport town is very hot, though healthy and full of peculiar charm. The natives of the Aden territory (which comprises more than half the south coast of Arabia) are proud Arabs, Parsis, Mahrattas, and strange friendly Somalis with shock heads and a stench of rancid oil.

King Solomon's Tanks

A curiosity of the town of Aden is the system of tanks for collecting and preserving rain water. They certainly are of ancient construction, but at what date we do not know. They fell into disrepair and languished until their restoration in 1856. Rain falls very rarely at Aden, and every drop is precious; but the ravines, which intersect the plateau of the crater, converge into one valley and a slight rainfall sends a considerable torrent down. The tanks are capable of holding 8,000,000 gallons, and they are constructed so that the overflow of upper tanks is retained by lower ones. The salt-pans of Aden are also interesting—sea-water is pumped into them and allowed to evaporate, and we see the salt being accumulated in hillocks that resemble snow.

Bombay

The name "Bombay" is said by some to be derived from Boa Bahia, the Portuguese for Fair Bay, and Bombay certainly possesses one of the finest harbours in the world. It was built on an island and though it has spread over the mainland, the original town remains terribly congested with narrow streets and tall tenements that recall old Edinburgh on a vaster scale. The newcomer from Europe is staggered by the vivid Oriental scenes—the fantastic native craft in the harbour, the brilliant costumes of the dense crowds in the streets, the gaily painted bullock-carts, the carved houses with projecting storeys, the gaudy mosques and temples, the infinite variety of peoples and languages, the soft patter of bare feet, the indescribable, unforgettable odours of India. And presently he finds himself in a splendid modern city with palace hotels and palatial public buildings, museums, immense Courts of Justice, and the wonderful Crawford Market with a double iron roof and flagstones from Caithness, all admir-

ably clean and all opening upon shady green gardens. Here all kinds of plantains and bananas are on sale, mangoes from Bangalore, oranges from Nagpur, luscious grapes from Aurangabad, turtles from Karachi, the palla fish, known as the salmon of India, the most exquisite little oysters, pomflet, snipe, curlew, teal and sometimes florican. Close to the Roman Catholic Cathedral is the native Infirmary for Sick Animals, a strange institution that might well be copied in Europe, covering several acres and including a temple of "the Lord of the Simple." On the map, Bombay looks like the claws of a crayfish, and one claw is composed of Malabar Hill, where the chief Europeans and rich natives dwell amid lovely gardens and entrancing scenery, and Malabar Point with Government House and the Temple of the Sand Lord, from which crowds of Hindus emerge with fresh class marks on their foreheads. Below Malabar Hill are the famous Hanging Gardens and the five Parsi Towers of Silence.

Parsis

Parsis are not merely fire-worshippers and followers of the old Persian philosopher Zoroaster, nor need we take much account of the fact that they number only 100,000 out of the 320,000,000 people of India. They are the most successful traders in the world, honest, frugal, generous, unfettered by prejudices of caste, ever faithful to British rule. Whatever prosperity India possesses apart from British tutelage is undoubtedly due to the Parsis. Fire is not the only element they venerate. They will not allow it to be polluted by the cremation of corpses, but neither must earth or water be offended by burial in land or sea or stream. So the dead are carried stark naked by bearded men to the tops of towers—the largest of which is 276 feet round and 25 feet high—to be devoured by vultures.

Towers of Silence

These evil-looking scavengers congregate close by on trees, and a body has not been exposed half an hour on a Tower of Silence before it is stripped of every particle of flesh and only a skeleton remains. This is left to bleach in the sun and wind, and when it is absolutely dry, Parsi undertakers come with gloves and tongs to cast it into a well within the tower. The bleached

bones are reduced to dust so quickly that during forty years the well has risen only five feet. Round about the Towers of Silence are beautiful gardens, where mourners meet and meditate, and gardens with tapering cypresses, which, the Parsis imagine, point the way to heaven. Parsis consent to use fire for cooking food, but the strictest consider it sacrilege to smoke.

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